



Sirius, Book II

Legacy of the Letai

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 1

Alps was on his knees, looking around with wide eyes, his teeth gritted in fear. Around him, he saw on all sides nothing but a vast wasteland. There was scorched earth, and glowing cracks spider webbing devastation across the landscape, as if he were on a cooling lava flow. There were no mountains. No volcanoes, just this wasteland. And in sparse places, he saw walls. Ruined buildings and crumbled battlements sparsely dotted the landscape. This was a land scorched by a very powerful mage war. Who lived here now? Who could live here? The sand had been turned to glass, and the dirt a lifeless barren ash. A seed could not take root here. The horizon shimmered with the heat of arcane fire as he got to his feet, which were bare, and yet, the smoking ground did not burn him.

The lupine slave began to walk, his eyes half closed with resignation that he had no idea where to go, or where he was. How did he get here? What had happened here? How would he get back? As he walked, for what seemed like close to an hour, he finally caught a glimpse of something green. It was deep in the center of this lifeless plain, away from any walls or ruins. There was grass in this vast wasteland. Surrounded by eternal ember and wind-stoked flash fire, there was green, cool, soft-looking grass. Alps was comforted by it, and started to move closer. As he drew near, he spotted a figure, kneeling in the grass. The slave padded slowly closer to that figure, not caring if it were friend or foe. He wanted to sit on the grass. He wanted to be at least standing on something other than wasteland. He could no longer tolerate the thought of that sterile dust under his feet.

As he neared the grass, he saw that the figure was a robed lupine. Closer still, he saw it was a lady, evidently a priestess by the ornate nature of her robes. Finally, he stood upon the grass. It was cool. It was soft. Slightly wet. It was exactly as he had hoped. He gazed at the figure. She was on her knees, with her head bowed, her hands on the grass. Around her hands was an aura... a light, violet and blue in color, pulsing from her as if in tune with her heart. Alps looked at the edge of the grass. It was growing outwards with each pulse... it was like watching a 360 degree tide going out, waves slipping further down the shore each time. In the grass on one side seemed to take root a sapling, and another, trees popping up on the grass, the area having grown quite a bit larger than a house now.

The lupine slave knelt down onto his knees, canting his head in silent curiosity of this lady lupine. He looked at her very carefully, entranced almost immediately. Her robes were deep green and purple, with a blue ribbon tying it in the middle. On her head was a simple silver circlet. But what triggered Alps' interest the most... was her fur. The lady lupine, at least what Alps could see, was white all over. Her hands, her long, fluffy tail, her head, her face, her lovely bare feet all white, though with pink pads, rather than black like his own. She had very long hair, bound in a ponytail down her back, almost all the way to the base of her tail. She was very well groomed, an image of total pristine beauty. Finally, as Alps gazed at her silently on his knees before her stunning countenance, she looked up. Her eyes, one violet, one green, looked him over carefully. Alps' heart caught in his throat. Who was she? Where did she come from, and why was she using magic to return this wasteland to a fertile plain?

"I... I am sorry to disturb you." he said in almost a whisper. "I... I was walking through the wastes, and I saw the grass. It's very beautiful." he stated lightly. "You must be a very powerful sorceress." The robed figure looked at Alps, and slicked her lovely ears back. The expression she wore was one of unfathomable grief.

"It's too late..." she murmured, her voice sounding cracked and weak. "My heart cries out to restore life lost, but only the grass and trees will come back... none of the children that used to play here... None of the laughing lovers who rolled on this grass tickling each other, and making promises of forever to one another - I can't bring them back. Even when this land is restored, and the ruins lie amid grass and trees in the beauty of a paradise, it will merely be a living monument to those who will never see it, those who will never live another happy day, because of him." She then inhaled deeply, sniffing back tears. Her voice was so soft and gentle and feathery and young. "I gave up everything to become a Letai priestess to help. They said I was the strongest... and this paradise proves it, yes?" She looked up at Alps, and the slave lupine looked around again. The wasteland... It was all suddenly gone. As her tears fell, the grass, the trees, all of it quickly consumed the wasteland. The place was again a beautiful field. How long did it take? How long was he really just looking at her, and nothing else? Alps did not know. He swallowed, and said softly,

"I think it does... You are certainly the most powerful I have ever seen..." he replied in his own gentle feathery tone. He wanted to ask her. He wanted to know who she was... Why she looked so similar to him. He couldn't though, not as he watched her cry. Then, he saw her lift her head up, and she stood, her hands quivering.

"Oh no... He... He has come for me... As he has the others. I used all my power to restore the land. I cannot fight him. All is truly lost!" she cried, backing up a little bit. Alps got up fearfully, and looked in the direction the lady

lupine was looking. There was another figure, walking across the grass. He wore a long black coat which masked his appearance a bit, but he was lupine as well, his fur not only black, but not even reflecting light. Looking at him was like looking into a living shadow, like he had an aura about him that merely did not let light escape it. His eyes, however, glowed with a deep orange fire. They were in slits, as if squinting against the bright sunlight. He carried a glowing green orb in his left hand and a tall, gnarled staff in his right. He held it up, and spoke, his voice, having neither echo, nor substance and vibration. It was like hearing words from a book in one's mind, rather than into their ears.

"Luna... You mock me by healing the land where your comrades fell. Your power would have been so much sweeter in my hands... in the Sphere of Ressaia." he growled menacingly. Alps looked back and forth between them. The girl's name was Luna. It was such a lovely name too. Luna was the name of the goddess priestess, who watched over the Letai in legend. Many daughters of priestesses had that name. It suited her too, for the power she had. Alps stood beside her as she faced the figure that moved closer. But what could he do, if even a powerful priestess like Luna feared this dark figure?

"I have no intention of just giving you all my power. Take me weakened if you really must, but I gave things a chance to grow on this ruined land once again." she growled, her voice much deeper and louder. She stood firmly, bravely. Alps backed up a little. He would have no part of a battle between mages. He was helpless.

"You are the last one I need Luna... and all the others are gone now. You have no reason to resist me. Come to me... give me your essence and I will have eternal life, by the unbelievable healing powers of the Letai. I will live forever with your memories of this suffering inside the sphere. The rest of the world will fall you know..." the black-furred lupine stated, almost hissing. "If you are in here, you will not see it fall. You will have only your memories of your failure to live over and over again in an eternal wasteland I have prepared for you." He held his sphere up, and it glowed more brightly. Alps gritted his teeth. What was he seeing? What was all this about? Why?

"You are wrong, Mannus." the lovely lupine said softly, back to her feathered voice, relaxing, standing there proudly. "There will be a day that you lose the life from this sphere, and it answers to someone else. Our will can never be fully dominated, even by the Sphere of Ressaia. Someday, someone more powerful will come along, and strip it from you, and when it happens, your soul will have ceased to be, it will have burned out in your living body at the time you were supposed to die. Trade off your consciousness for eternal life, Mannus and you will lose the one thing that war, and even death, were not originally able to take away from you."

"Enough!" the black furred lupine barked. "I have had enough of your

words. They are meaningless. Why would I fear what becomes of my soul when I can never die? What fear have I of defeat when my powers cannot be overcome!?" The sphere glowed more brightly, enough that Alps had to squint. The black furred lupine that Luna called Mannus, the dark lord Misty taught him about not so long ago, held up his staff. Luna simply smiled, as he called out, "Bind this spirit before me to the darkness, and let this power she holds answer only to me! Suffer in silence... SHADOWFALL!"

Alps fell backwards, his body aching all over as the spell was cast. The lady lupine shrieked and fell - her eyes white and vacant as she lay on her back, her hands no longer glowing. The trees right around Alps, and the grass Luna lay on, instantly died, and her form shimmered and then vanished. Alps fell on his knees. This one spot was back to the ruins he had seen before. The dark figure was gone, and the sky cast over with jet black storm clouds. A soft voice filtered to him through the wind, "None of the children that used to play here... None of the laughing lovers who rolled on this grass tickling each other, and making promises of forever to one another - I can't bring them back... But we cannot allow them all to be silenced. We cannot allow this darkness... these ruins to consume everything. But the Letai have fallen. The essence of life has left those who were alive to use it... who now will stand against the power that seeks to undo the life we tried to save?" and then silence. For a long time, there was silence, and it began to rain. In the rainfall, Alps could hear crying. The trees, the blades of grass, all were mourning in the cold, drenching rain.

Alps cried out and sat up, shaking, his eyes wet with tears. His heart was pounding hard in his chest, and his body felt chilled. He looked around. He was in Nita's room, where he usually slept now. He was back. Or did he ever leave? It was a dream. It was *that* dream again. Alps looked out the balcony window, which was closed. It was raining outside. He sat up, and rubbed his eyes and inhaled deeply, trying to fight away the feeling of despair that the dream left him with. When he had been sick before, and near death, he had that dream. And since then, several more times he'd had it. Alps got dressed in a pair of dark pants and a vest, his usual garments, and left the bedroom, walking through the chilly hallway and down the stairs to the main hall, to see if Nita and Nidaja were there. Seeing them would comfort him. As he entered the main hall, he saw Nita, but Nidaja wasn't there. Nita was reading some kind of scroll, silently, looking pretty focused, and another male lupine, brown fur and crested with gray to show their age, knelt before her. A courier. Nita spoke to him softly.

"Well then, show her in. If she has useful information to me, I will listen. I have a few moments of free time at least..." Alps padded over to Nita, and sat on

the floor by her throne. This is where he was supposed to sit, after all. It's where his place was as her slave. After several months had passed and his appearance improved from good food and good care, the queen had made a rather specific show of having him around her. Alps knew that it was because of his exotic fur, but a strange thing had happened. People stopped regarding it as a defect, and began to see it as what it was advertised to be. Exotic. People were fascinated now, as it became associated with the queen's power. This was a definite advantage for Alps, who could go down into the city of Diera and shop and dine without much harassment anymore.

Nita's hand immediately came down between his ears, as she petted him lovingly. Alps' heart quickened just a bit and he sighed happily. Nita's touch chased the shadows from his heart, making him feel better. The courier left for a moment, and returned. He led into the room a gray-furred lupine female. Slender, short, wearing leather armor, her hair cut short, but her bangs long, cresting over one eye. Alps cried out and stood up, looking at her intently. Nita looked up at the wolf and gritted her teeth.

"Alps what are you doing? Sit down! I told you that you were to remain silent when I was in meeting!" The gray-furred girl lupine laughed softly, and shook her head, as the slave peered intently at her.

"It's alright your majesty." she said softly, "I know why he's reacting that way. I would have too, if I were in his place." Nita looked at Alps, then the girl, and canted her head. This was likely confusing to her. She shook her head and then asked softly, but sternly,

"What is the meaning of this? Explain yourself. Who are you, and why have you demanded audience with me?" Nita shouted, seeming irritated at the familiarity with her slave. She was, at least around strangers, rather possessive of Alps, especially after the incident with Neit.

"He knows me. From long ago." the girl said softly, without shrinking away in front of Nita's anger.

"...Then it *is* you!" Alps cried, seeming to completely ignore Nita, much to her shock and increased irritation. She looked wide eyed at her slave as he left her side and wandered over to the girl. He stood face to face with her then, paused for a while. "Tia... It really is you?" He caressed her face, and lifted her hair. The eye that was uncovered was hazel, common for the mountain tribes which she was a part of. But under that wave of silver hair over her eye, was a blue eye. Alps cried out and threw his arms around her, hugging her tightly, with a soft yelp from the girl lupine. "It *is*! It is you, Tia! Oh, by the light's warmth, I thought you were... I thought you were." He just went silent, continuously hugging her. Nita flicked her ears. This was still a stranger to her, no matter how familiar Alps appeared to be with her.

"Tia, is it?" Nita said flatly, keeping the demeanor of a queen the entire time. "Tell me Tia, how is it you know my slave, and why is it you have come seeking audience with me? My time is short so you can have your reunion later." Tia broke the hug with Alps, and nudged him back in the direction of the queen. Alps blushed, and nodded, sauntering back over to her, and sitting at Nita's right side again.

"I beg your apology, your highness." Tia stood firm, not kneeling. Alps gritted his teeth, and looked to Nita, who watched sternly. The slave motioned Tia to kneel. She shook her head at Alps, as the emerald female watched intently.

"Why do you stand?" Nita growled. Failure to kneel before the queen was generally considered scorn and disrespect to her.

"I do not acknowledge your sovereignty over me, your majesty." Heer words hit the slave like a sap, and his ears fell back in horror. "My name is Tia Reed. I am the messenger of the Spirits of Silverlight." Nita stood up and growled long and low.

"What do you want with the royal house? Your group declared separation from this nation, so a messenger of your tribe without a nation has no purpose in my house!" Nita fairly shouted. Alps widened his eyes. He was not very familiar with all the politics behind this, but he didn't want to see *these* two females fight.

"The royal house has given up! They have forsaken life, and have forsaken victory over the encroaching darkness. More and more, as your forces fall, ours continue to grow. Rumors of surrender to the dark ones filter through your ranks, and they desert you, to join the new army. You are the one who should kneel to *me*, for the Spirits of Silverlight are the ones who will deliver *your* people, and ours, from the darkness, and when that happens, you will have to give up the throne to our leader, for your favor with the people of Amani will have fallen into the abyss!" Tia shouted back. Alps shank back further, feeling a bit sick. How long had Tia been gone? How could she have fallen into such disillusionment?

"How *dare* you!" Nita shouted, moving from her throne toward Tia. "You realize I have the power to just... stop your heart with my will alone?!" the queen nearly spat through her shouting. The grey-furred female glared at Alps' mistress.

"That would be the chosen action of the Queen of Amani, wouldn't it? To kill the one who offers help in the darkest hours. That's why you will lead your people right to the mouth of the beast!" Tia shouted. Alps gritted his teeth and felt his heartbeat become more rapid. He'd never seen *anyone* stand up to Nita

like this before. It was always bowing and scraping.

"You will leave! I have nothing to talk to a deserter about! Go!" Nita shouted. Two guards arrived, brandishing spears. Tia stood firmly and glared at Nita Razelle, with a fire in that one visible hazel eye. She then turned and walked toward the doors.

"I am not here for you. I came for the benefit of all your people. It's them you should think of first, not your own pride..." she said, before walking out the door. There was a dull slam as it closed behind her. Alps looked at the floor, his eyes wide, trembling a bit. That did not go well at all. He looked up at Nita, who then sighed and shook her head, her face warming after seeing the fear in her slave's eyes. She loved him. She didn't want to scare him.

"I am sorry, sweetie." The queen churred delicately. "I know that you know nothing about all that, and that girl was a friend of yours, but she cannot come here. She can't be trusted. She's far worse than a thief. Her very words are poison to the happiness in your life, and all that we hold dear. It is true, things could be going better, but separation is a weakening force, dividing us will only further the will of the dark one." Nita caressed Alps' face and ushered for the guards to leave the hall again. The queen's slave remained quiet, stunned into silence by that exchange. Nita finally spoke up again, to break the awkward emptiness in their conversation. "Who was she Alps? Who was she before all this?" The white wolf swallowed softly. He still felt like he was going to be sick.

"Tia Reed. When I was little... after I had been auctioned the first time as a slave, she lived down the road from me. We were just kids, you know? It was in the town of Luca. We were really good friends. My mistress was very mean, and Tia used to help me hide from her when Chana was drunk sometimes, and would go on adventures with me, treasure hunting, she said. She used to always do stuff like that. She said one day she would be the greatest treasure hunter to live, and find all the ancient artifacts of the Letai race..." Alps twitched. Letai. In the dream. That dream. Were the dreams of the Letai an omen to Tia's return? "She had to move to another small border town because of her father being ill. They had family there. A few weeks after they moved there, the town was completely wiped out by Orcish raids. It was... about eight years ago. I thought that she was killed. All this time I thought she was dead..." Alps lowered his head softly. Nita sighed and caressed the slave's ears.

"I am very sorry about that Alps. She has chosen her path though, and it doesn't cross with yours. Just... know that she is alive, even if she has deserted her own nation." Alps nodded softly.

"I know... It is good to know she's okay, but... why would she desert? It doesn't make sense. Who are the Spirits of Silverlight?" Alps asked softly. Nita inhaled deeply, and then nodded, getting comfortable, it seemed, so she could

explain, her fingers between Alps' flat, unhappy ears.

"They are a group that formed about 40 years ago, after the Uruk golems, the orcs, started chewing away at the outer regions, and wiping out small villages. It was like the raids you spoke of. It's difficult for my forces to protect those villages, so the survivors of those raids created a small band of fighters called the Spirits of Silverlight. They have become a legend in some places, and a few of the outer border villages have stopped paying taxes or reporting on the status of their villages, preferring, instead, the protection of the Spirits of Silverlight. Four towns are now controlled by them, and they refuse to accept my dominion over those outlying areas. With the war against the Uruk already heated, it's impossible for me to do anything about it, but I refuse to have them in my own throne room, trying to issue warnings, orders, or anything like that. If they refuse to accept me as the rightful leader of this nation, I refuse to lift a finger to help *them* out. The *last* thing I want to do is become a puppet for their little rag-tag alliance of farmers and merchants. They do not understand the complexity of the problem, and will learn only once the dark one decides they are a nuisance and wipes them out, along with the towns they are trying to protect. There is no way to fight the sheer numbers of orcs out there, we can only keep a balance by guarding our borders, and hope that final attack never comes. The Spirits of Silverlight want to take back the lands we have lost, and push back the hordes. It's not possible. They will learn this too late." the queen explained, before sighing softly.

Nita paused for a bit, lost in thought, and then churred softly, "Alps... I will need to speak of the incident in private with Nidaja and the rest of the council, so I can send some intelligence gathering groups to find out what it is that group is up to. I want you to go to the guard barracks and take the bedding to the eastern wing so the washers can clean them." she stated, getting up and stretching. "This will likely take a few hours..." She caressed between the wolf's ears, and padded to the door. Alps sighed again softly. So complicated. Why couldn't life just be simpler? He padded out the door, and took a left, going toward the north wing, to the barracks. He did have duties other than just making Nita happy, after all, and he was always happy to do them. However, at the moment he did so with a heavy heart.

Alps arrived in the barracks and looked around. It was empty, of course. It was the middle of the day. The night watch had their separate sleeping quarters, as they were paid a bit better than the day watch, who used the barracks. The salve began stripping down the beds, about forty of them, small, but warm and comfortable. It was a rather cheery place with tapestries and

carpets and the like, so it didn't have a strict military feel to it. Alps had come to know a few of the guards as time had gone by. He could smell them on the sheets that he pulled off. The slave worked diligently, filling a large cloth sack with the bed linens, until he heard a dull *click* behind him. He lifted his head. Perhaps one of the guards came back to get something. He turned, and then gritted his teeth, falling backwards over the bag of bedclothes. He scrambled to his feet, and shook his head. It was Tia, standing there, clad in her black leather armor, her hand on the lock to the barracks. Her eyes were on him, rather serious and stern.

"Tia, you can't be here! We will both get in a lot of trouble! You are a deserter..." Alps said, backing until he hit the edge of a bed, forcing him to sit rather heavily. The bed was pretty firm.

"Alps... Nita will turn away the help of the Spirits of Silverlight. The Spirits of Silverlight will turn back Nita's help. I am here against the wishes of both. There has to be a change, Alps... It's not for the survival of the royal family, or for the survival of the Spirits of Silverlight. It's for the survival of all the Amani people! If something's not done, in a matter of years, we could all be wiped out. Every single last one of us!" She moved toward Alps and sat on the bed. "We were friends before. I know I can trust you. You have never been untrue a day in your life." She took the white-furred slave's hand in hers. "I am here to appeal to you as a friend, not an envoy for any nation, or separatist group. I am here to ask for your help, Alps." she stated. Alps' heart skipped a beat. Tia used to hold his hands before. But he was still young. He never thought much of it, other than that she was his friend, and that made him happy, but now, this young lady held his hand, and he found her so beautiful. She had definitely grown. While she looked much tougher in leather armor, and black leather breeches, she was still the same girl that he was friends with so long ago. His heart quickened a bit.

"How can I help, Tia? I am just a slave. I'm not able to do anything but serve my mistress, and those she shares this castle with." he explained softly, a little sad that he was unable to help his friend. Tia scooted closer, and shook her head.

"You are wrong Alps... even the smallest hand can still start a snowball rolling." The wolf's ear flicked. Tia was a mountain grey, like Misha, so the snow reference was pretty stereotypical. The girl inhaled softly, and brought her lips to Alps' own. It was so sudden! The slave gasped through his nose as he felt those soft, gentle velvety lips touch his. He had thought before of kissing her, and hated himself for not doing it before she died. But now, she was alive again, and he was kissing her. His body weakened, and he drifted backwards, his lips to hers, his arms sliding around the young female, his heart speeding up even more. His dear friend... the first he ever had. How could he turn her away? How could he explain to Nita how he felt about her? What explanation was there for this cry of his heart?

The white lupine moaned very faintly as he felt her slender, warm tongue slide into his muzzle, to share the passion of the kiss with him in silent intimacy. A soft struggle began in his muzzle between those two ribbons of muscular pink velvet. Alps quivered softly, and began to pet down Tia's back. He didn't know whose bed this was, but he was thankful for it. In this kiss, his legs would not be strong enough to stand with for very long. His eyes closed, and he caressed the back of the girl's neck tenderly. Exposed by her short hair, it was slender and delicate. She felt so odd pressed close in that hard leather armor. The slave tilted his head the opposite way as they kissed eagerly. He felt the heat of arousal growing in his body. He could not turn this girl away. He couldn't help it at all. For years, Tia was all he had. For years, his only happiness in life was because of her. He would not deny her this moment, if even just this once.

Alps felt his hand move to Tia's shoulder, and with a soft *clink* he popped one of the buckles of her armor at her shoulder. She pulled away from the kiss slowly, and looked down at the white lupine lying on the bed before her, sitting up at the edge of the bed, licking her kissed lips. She looked at the shoulder where Alps had popped the buckle. It was loose there now. Not as tight or restrictive. She gazed at the slave silently for a moment, in thought, with neither happiness nor anger nor sadness in her eyes, just thought as she looked into Alps' eyes. The white wolf tensed up, and felt stupid. He had been with Nidaja and Nita and Uri and Misha and Misty, and all of them welcomed his touch, his advances. In fact, they expected it. He had just started undressing his childhood friend, without even asking. She looked at Alps for a long time, and then smiled softly. Her hand moved to the other shoulder, and she unclasped the armor there too. Then, slowly undid the four front clasps. The nervous slave felt a tingle go through him as he watched.

Tia was here, all grown up. She was alive, and she was... undressing for him? It felt like a dream. Surely, Alps would wake up soon. It was too bizarre to be real. It was too odd. But he wasn't waking up. Tia cast off the armor finally, and let it drop to the floor. She wore a light cotton shirt beneath it with short sleeves. Her build was accentuated by the shirt, which hung rather loosely. Her breasts were firm and round, leaving Nita looking a bit modestly built.

The grey lupine female then lowered herself back down over Alps, her lips sealed over his. The kiss resumed, this time, with Alps able to feel a woman's body pressing close, and not an armored courier. He slid his arms around her again, his body warming more and more, his desire to hold her more intimately creeping steadily into his mind. He wanted her. Almost every other time he'd made love, it was because it was expected, and he was doing as required for a slave. He was not even allowed to be with Tia much less expected to be intimate with her, but he found himself wanting her. Wanting to know what it would be like to make love to his friend. Someone he had felt was dead for eight years.

Her hands came to Alps' chest, and she began to untie his vest slowly, with calm and steady hands. She pressed her generously built chest to his, and Alps could feel her heartbeat, quick like his. She was excited? Or was she scared? She was, after all, making moves on the queen's personal slave while she herself was a deserter. Alps shook his head. No. She was excited. She would not take such a chance if she didn't have feelings for Alps personally. The slave didn't try to stop her, as she opened his vest, and pressed herself into the soft fur of his chest and tummy. He would give herself to her, if she wished it. Perhaps she felt as he did. She missed the chance to kiss him before and she would never miss the chance again. His friend would not give up the chance to know what it was like, and to consummate their long time friendship and let him know how she felt.

Alps slid his hands up and down her back slowly, feeling her muscular, but trim form. He then felt her hips, straddling over his. They were not clad in leather. He could feel that much, even through his clothing. He slid his hand down her body, over the base of her tail, and to her rump. Cotton. Soft, loose cotton shorts. She had slipped out of her pants at some point during all this. The white male gasped lightly through his nose in the kiss as he felt a soft tug at his belt, releasing it. There was little question left in his heart now. She was going to do this. She was going to give herself to her long time friend. Why? Alps wondered about this deep in his heart. Surely she knew she could never really be with him. Was this... a goodbye? It was certainly better than thinking she was dead suddenly. He would accept it.

He arched his back a little as she helped him wriggle out of his own pants. The slave was already fully aroused. He could not help but be. Her gentle hand immediately found that hardness, and closed around it, giving a little squeeze. Not a word had she spoken since the kiss, and Alps would not force one. He slid his hands along her sides, and lifted her shirt slowly, tenderly revealing her heavy, warm breasts topped by firm blackish nipples. The male lowered his head a bit, separating from the kiss as Tia lay on her side, and kept her hand on his pink, throbbing shaft. He looked into her eyes as she smiled at him. The girl's eyes were half open with a soft, pleasant smile. Her small, but strong hand glided up and down slowly over that turgid pink flesh. Alps gave a little roll of his hips as he savored her gentle attentions, and drifted forward, his muzzle greeting the first black nipple perked to his lips. He licked slowly, feeling that hard, rubbery flesh glide under that sensitive pink tongue.

The slave slid his hand down his long-lost friend's body, feeling her lovely, curved form from shoulders to cotton-clad rump. He did not try to remove her shorts though. He wanted to let that much be her decision, so he could be sure he didn't force any of this. Tia moaned very softly as she felt that soft, silky hot tongue pass over her nipple. Alps tightened the muscles in his rump and legs so he could feel that small, careful hand on his length pump slowly up and down, those sensations moving through him utterly electrifying. He wondered how

many times Tia had made love... or if it was her first time. Her hands were secure and sure of themselves. He felt she had likely done this before, but she had likely had a very different life since leaving the small, innocent town of Luca.

His muzzle closing a bit while he suckled on one of her nipples, Alps looked up at Tia. Her eyes were down at his shaft, a warm and relaxed smile on her lips. No. She was no virgin. Not with that sure, confident and relaxed expression. She knew quite well how to handle a male in bed. He suckled eagerly at that dark nipple for a moment, watching her beautiful face, her half closed hazel eye. She was lovely.

She finally looked up from the turgid flesh that she was so lovingly working, and gazed at Alps' eager, longing face. She placed one of her hands on his chest, and rolled him onto his back, pulling away, her nipple coming out of the slave's muzzle with a soft pop. Alps gritted his teeth, looking up at her. Had she changed her mind? No... She didn't. As Alps rested on his back, she put her legs under her rump, sitting somewhat on her knees on the bed. She lowered her head and Alps whimpered softly, wantonly, as he felt his pulsing, tingling cock engulfed in warmth as her muzzle shut around it gently, her tongue sliding back and forth along the bottom side of his shaft, and the tip of his length pressed against the roof of the girl's mouth, tightly.

Alps let his hands drop at his sides, and he gripped the as yet unchanged sheets. The sensations were incredible. He closed his eyes tightly, and caressed over her ears, loving every second, wishing only for more. An eternity feeling like this would be the true meaning of heaven to the wolf. She gripped the base of that thick, pulsing length of his need, nine inches between her hand and her muzzle. She used her pinky and her thumb, closed in a circle near the base of Alps' cock, against his groin, to keep him throbbing and solid. Her muzzle slid slowly at first, up and down in smooth, languid strokes. Her hair blocked Alps' view of one side of her face, but, as he looked down, he could see that she was looking up at him, reading the expressions of pleasure on his face.

Her other hand slid from over his tummy, down between his legs. She hefted and cupped his sack in her warm, small hand. Tia was a bit shorter than Uri, actually, so she was a good head and a half shorter than Alps. She always was smaller than him though. And so lady like. He could see her like this again, as she used her small, but gentle hands to pleasure him. Every bit the girl he was such good friends with back then. He lowered his head against the bed again as he felt her hand on his sack begin to gently massage, encouraging the production of those hot fluids he would either be spilling inside her hot muzzle, or painting her lovely face and breasts with.

Tia crooned very softly in a wanting tone as she slowly moved her hips to the side, straddling Alps' chest now, her knees on either side of his ribs, her legs crossing a bit under his shoulders, so that she could feel she was holding him

more securely. Alps winced as she took his length deep into her muzzle, and began sucking firmly. Her tongue stroked hard against the top of it now, the tip still squeezed against the ribbed roof of her lupine muzzle. The pressure was very tight as she suckled hard. Alps brought both of his hands to her rump and he squeezed lustfully. He felt his sack drawing closer to his body. He would not be able to take much more of this without giving up every drop to her. He tightened his legs again, and then grabbed one of the loose legs of her shorts, and just pulled it to the side, revealing her wet, pouting sex. Her thick, heavy folds were swollen, and her clit visible between those tightly puffy lips. Alps couldn't resist this kind of temptation. He could not deny this gorgeous image of lust and desire.

The male slave opened his muzzle slightly, and pressed his lips to those tightly pursed, dripping folds and stuffed his tongue eagerly into his friend, who whined loudly through her nose, and arched her back, suckling even harder, and beginning to raise and lower her head, dragging the tingling sensitive tip of Alps' cock over the ribbed roof of her muzzle, her tongue swirling over the underside of his sensitive tip. The hand whose fingers were squeezing the base of Alps' cock lightened a bit, so he could feel more of these incredible sensations as the other hand, over his sack, just rubbed encouragingly. Alps could not help but let his hips roll against the ministering of affection on his pulsing member. He panted softly against that dewed sex as his tongue drew back a syrupy prize of nectar from his long time friend.

Alps could scarcely believe he was doing this to his sweet Tia, but nature had kind of driven them to it after all. His tongue scooped deep inside her as he wriggled his muzzle, letting his chin rub over that hard clit. He held her hips tightly as he pressed his tongue more eagerly into that tangy honey pot, drawing her essence and enjoying as he had a few others before, but feeling very different about it. An existing totally non-sexual relationship had just become suddenly heavily sexual. Her head bucked up and down a little faster on his throbbing masculinity, the white slave drawing closer and closer to climax. He felt he had to break the silence, and just let Tia know he missed her. Let her know she wasn't making him hate her for this or anything. His voice croaked out desperately,

"... Oh sweet Tia... I... I can't take a lot of..." He wriggled a bit, his muscles flexing. Tia only sped up, switching her hand for her muzzle a moment, as she licked her lips eagerly.

"Alps..." she panted, "Don't hold it back... I want it... I want to taste you... I want to feel you... I want to have you! For years I have wanted to do this, and wondered if I would ever find you. I should have given myself to you back then, even though we were only teenagers." she whimpered, arching her back a bit. "Oh Alps, yes!" she cried suddenly. The grateful slave snickered loudly, and almost choked as a flood of juices splashed his muzzle. He pressed tighter, and

drank of her, very messily really, given how copious those fluids were. He'd never seen a girl climax so... wetly.

Alps was washed with those warm fluids as Tia cried out softly and bucked her hips. Suddenly, the lady lupine took a trail of white from her ear down her muzzle as the first heady thick rope of wolf seed jetted hard from Alps, his balls snapping tight against his body. Tia cried out again in excitement, and her head came down, her muzzle suckling and stroking over Alps' thick cock, drinking down as much of his cum as she could, a bit more dribbling down her neck as it escaped the sides of her muzzle. She then encircled the base of his cock again, with her pinky and thumb, as the last drops were drawn from Alps. Her muzzle tightened on his length, and Alps groaned loudly as she continued to suck.

With her fingers wrapped tight on his base like that, it didn't allow the blood to rush back out of his cock, and it kept him rock hard, even after his climax. Slowly, her head began to bob again. Alps licked slowly at her still convulsing sex, his face soaked, his eyes wet with tears of pleasure. He quivered softly as that tight, hot muzzle slid up and down, his tingling longing sensations slowly returning, his breathing going from ragged post orgasmic puffs of panting breath, to that steady, ferally heated panting of longing. He felt his desire to have sex returning slowly as she worked with him. She knew what she was doing, of that he was certain. Finally she turned around rather suddenly, her face still streaked from the first couple eruptions from the wolf.

".Mmmmph... Tia, I-" Alps was silenced as the girl lupine pulled her shorts to the side, as he had done with her to let him lick, and she slid back, impaling herself on his still rock hard shaft. She squealed eagerly, rather loudly, as the white slave wolf was hilted inside her. "Nnnngg!" he released a very loud pleased moan, muffled slightly as Tia pressed her breasts to Alps' chest and kissed him tightly, her muzzle still very salty, tasting rich with his cum. She pressed her body tightly to Alps', grinding, rutting against him, his hips practically abused by the insistence of her own. The male wrapped his arms around her and groaned as he felt those powerful runner's legs tighten under his rump, and the feral lurching back and forth of her sex over his. Not more than an inch of movement back and forth, but her inner muscles along that searing hot tunnel were extremely tight, and her motions were hard and hot. She rolled her hips in a flaring, deliberate motion, riding him slowly, but grinding tight to him, holding on savagely. If Alps wanted her to stop, he was pretty sure couldn't possibly *make* her at this point. But he didn't want that. His breath breaking into heavy panting as she leaned back again, pulling away from the kiss, Alps jerked his hips steadily, feeling her eager, blazing passion and intent with each stroke.

"C'mon Alps... I've... waited for years and years... give it to me... let me feel it... let me be filled by you... before someone disturbs us. I want it!" Tia whimpered, rubbing her breasts, tugging at her nipples. She was desperate. She wanted this as badly as Alps, really, perhaps even more so. The anxious

slave tightened his legs, thumping his hips against hers some as he braced his feet against the bed, lifting her up a bit off the bed with each eager thump. Tia cried out happily, and then held his shoulders, leaning forward, and rutting even harder against him, grinding her clit against the very root of his cock, stimulating herself, wanting to cum on him even more than she wanted filled it seemed. "Yes, Alps... yes! Harder! Harder!" She cried.

The lupine gritted his teeth, having not thought Tia would want him to be rough, but he gladly gave her what she wanted, her face spread in a look of complete euphoria as he slammed his hips up against hers hard enough that in all likelihood, she'll be sore from it for a while. Suddenly, she cried out loudly, her sex clenching his cock tightly, and his hips getting completely drenched in seconds. She was cumming again. Alps arched his back and held her thighs, as he jerked his hips back and forth rapidly for a while, while she clenched and cried out, and sprayed his slapping balls with her copious honey.

Alps was surprised no one came to check on him, but, then again, if a guard took a servant girl to the barracks to have her, it's possible the other guards would know not to disturb them. Alps was getting closer, even though Tia was already saturating his hips with her own feminine heat. Tia's motions became weak and subdued as her orgasm trailed off, Alps' own climax sliding back a bit. The slave groaned and gritted his teeth. He couldn't slide back in his arousal now. Tia wanted it. She wanted to be filled! He rolled her over onto her back on the small bed, and pressed her tightly into it.

"Yes Tia... I want it too... I want to fill you!" he growled ferally, his hips thumping against hers with renewed fervor, the wetness of their union making slurping sloppy sounds of heated and messy sexual frenzy. Tia's muscles tightened, as she gripped Alps harder inside, her hands on his shoulders, both her eyes visible as her hair fell out of the way. They were filled with burning love and desire as his hips thrust harder, that length of wolf-cock pistoning in and out with long, deep thrusts, so different from what she was getting before. She nodded, and gazed at Alps eagerly, giving insistent, begging whimpers of encouragement, as he hammered his hips harder and faster, his muzzle parted in heavy panting.

Tia gripped his rump as Alps threw his head back, releasing a raspy, stifled howl, thick jets of fertile cream splashing into Tia's cervix as she held him tight and hard. Alps' mind was a white haze as he gave his very essence to her. The slave shuddered as his hips jerked back and forth in staggered, unsteady and desperate motions, spilling every last remaining drop into her body, before lying hard against her, whimpering in near pain from the burn in his muscles. That flurry of very hard and heavy sex was something he was not as used to, but it felt so good! It relieved him on his most base, instinctive levels.

For a long time, Alps held her. He was not really sure how long, but it was

for a long time. He was already soft when he finally refocused. He pulled away, the bed sheets *definitely* needing washed now. The slave sat up and rubbed his face, which was still wet, but a little matted as that nectar was drying. Tia looked at her friend, her nude body just beautiful as she lay there. For a long time the two just looked into each others eyes, memories of their childhood, and the new adulthood they both now shared coming to their minds. Tia sat up and carefully started to get dressed again. She winced a bit as she put her pants on. Alps definitely bruised her in their rough and eager lovemaking. Alps smiled and rubbed the back of his head.

"Sorry... I guess I got kinda carried away." he whisperd, his voice kind of hoarse from strangling his howl earlier. Tia put on her shirt, and then shook her head, giggling softly, reaching down and using the sheets to wipe her face clean of those streaks of pearlescent fluid.

"Oh no, Alps... it's exactly what I wanted. I wanted it as hard as I have missed you." she said softly. She carefully put her leather armor back on, while Alps got dressed as well. "Thank you so much, Alpsie. I know that our positions in this world now make it hard for us to be together as friends, but at least we got to share this wonderful, wonderful memory together." she smiled and rolled up the tattered linens and put them into the bag.

"Oh Tia... I..." He looked at her for a while, and then smiled warmly. "Thank you Tia. I... I will always think about you. You take care of yourself... and don't get yourself killed while running messages and the like..." he said, swallowing softly.

"Alps..." Tia frowned, finishing the adornment of her armor. "I want... to tell you something. What you do with the information is up to you... but you are the only one I trust right now, and I know you are very closely involved with the queen and the high council." Alps gritted his teeth. Tia was not forcing him, or expecting it because of the sex, was she? Alps looked at her face. She seemed distant... a little sad. No... No, she wasn't using the sex to get Alps to do anything.

"What... is that, Tia?" he asked softly. "Yes, I am pretty well trusted around them..." the slave said in a soft voice.

"The orcs are massing for a severe offensive... right into the heart of the largest city on the eastern continent. Jalana. They are building their forces in the north, in Kishu Valley, deep in the mountains. Your queen's forces don't go there, and our forces are too small to do anything about it. Our leader said that we would just have to allow it to happen, rather than loose all of our forces in that hopeless fight." Alps' eyes grew round with shock and welling fear concerning what Tia was saying to him. She continued darkly, "If no one routes that attack, Alps... a hundred thousand lupine lives will be lost, and a very important strategic

port town will be reduced to ash. Nita will not listen to me... but perhaps she will listen to you. Find a way to get her to send scouts... or go herself to see the massing horde there... She has to know, even if just to evacuate the city, she has to know the danger there, and you are the only one, perhaps, that can show her! Find a way Alps... Find a way to get her to listen."

She unlocked the door and opened it, looking out into the hall. She looked back at Alps. "For now, this is goodbye. I have to report back to the leader. Alps... I lost everything because Nita could not protect a small village. Tactically, she could not afford to defend it, so she let it fall. It's not an easy decision for her to make, but she made it nonetheless. She feels defeated. I know she does. We all do. Alps, I will be in the inn down in town... If you can... let me know what she says? Let me know if my personal mission has been successful. If not, I will have deserted both the queen and the Spirits of Silverlight for nothing." She turned... and then just walked away. Well... sort of limped away at least.

Alps stood there for a long time. What would he do? What could he do? He was just a slave. He didn't have the power to tell Nita suddenly there was a threat and she needed to act. That was the decision to send hundreds of warriors to their death. He couldn't just do that, could he? Still, he had to tell Nita. He had to let her know. Nita would know what to do. Surely Nita would know what to do.

Sirius, Book II

Legacy of the Letai

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 2

Alps looked out over the balcony as he waited for his mistress and lover to show up. She was not late, the slave was early. He had learned a long time ago that unless you are asked not to be, you have to be early for everything. It shows that you are responsible and dedicated, things a slave simply has to be. Tonight, he would talk to Nita about what he and Tia had discussed. He would talk about saving the town of Jalana. The wolf slicked his ears back in slight agitation. When did his life change so much? When did it get so complicated? When did the world become so heavy? He sighed softly, shaking his head.

Nita would have no reason to believe Alps for it, but he believed in his friend Tia, and he wanted to see her again, to give her good news! The white lupine would try his best to convince Nita that she needed this help. The slave wrapped his arms around himself as he stood at the open balcony. He was adorned in a silken robe, deep blue in color, which seemed to agree with the color of his fur and eyes. Blue was one of the only colors that did. That and green or black. Under the robes, he wore nothing, as normally he slept with Nita now. He had long since forgotten the room he originally held when he first got to the castle. He'd gained the right to sleep in the queen's bed under the pretense that he was there to keep the bed warm, so she didn't have to fear catching colds and the like.

Nita showed up a little later than usual, by only a few minutes. Perhaps she had stopped for a snack. She sometimes did that. On occasion, she would even bring something back for her slave and promise it to him if he was a "good boy". She would have him massage her or brush her or some other innocent and pleasant undertaking, giving Alps sweets or other snacks as a reward. The only one who ever that did that was Nita. She padded in and sat down on the bed, kicking off her shoes, and undressing quietly, seeming lost in thought for the moment. Alps slinked up behind her and crawled onto the bed.

"Hello m'lady." he churred sweetly, wanting to butter her up just a bit before he delivered this touch of news.

"Hello Alps. What a tough day. I apologize about the treatment of your friend today. Things have changed from the time that you knew her Alps. Her group... the Spirits of Silverlight... They say they are interested in protecting the

people, but instead of working with me to make the world a safer place for our people, they work against me, keeping secrets, hiding information, fighting this war as if it were theirs alone, and the royal family was neutral. So, we have long since ceased any communication or willful help to them. Perhaps your little friend did not know either, but that is how things are.” Alps stared blankly at his mistress. He had hardly gotten to greet her before she pushed the subject right where it needed to go, but he was definitely looking at an uphill climb. Nita watched the trees in the distance from the balcony and churred softly. “This level of politics I do not expect you to understand, but you have to trust me and believe in me on this one Alps. It’s for your own good, and the good of our people.”

The slave looked at Nita for a while in silence after she finished her explanation. She had more or less just slapped down any opening for him to even approach the subject. He gritted his teeth and thought for a while in silence, before beginning to rub Nita's shoulders slowly. As he rubbed them, he continued to think, wanting to help Nita and Tia both. Wanting to be Nita's faithful and loyal companion, but believing in his friend's cause too. This was not a position he ever thought he could find himself in. He inhaled deeply, and snapped out of it, when Nita asked him softly what was wrong.

"N... Nothing. I just... never realized how complex your life was. If it had been one of your own friends, you would have had to make that same decision. I do not envy you at all for that. A slave does as he is instructed, and makes decisions only for the good of his mistress. I have never had to weigh in the kind of consequences you deal with on a daily basis." Nita turned around slowly, and got down on her knees in front of the nervous slave. Nude already, she carefully removed his robes, leaving him bare before her, and he knelt down gently in front of her, leaving them both on their knees, facing one another.

"Alps... thank you for understanding, or at least trying to know... how hard it really is. The vast majority of the people I help to protect and give a good life to.. never know. To have you understand makes me feel better..." Nita leaned in slowly, and placed her hands on Alps' fuzzy cheeks, and kissed him slowly, her tongue snaking out of her muzzle as she kissed him. Alps warmed almost immediately, many of his cares flowing out of him for that moment. To be held and loved the way Nita held and loved him made him feel wonderful every single time. His problems would not go away, but in her arms, at least for the present, they were ushered away into the shadows. Here he was, with the queen, this beautiful mistress, on his knees and facing her as she was on her knees as well, getting ready to share total loving intimacy with her. For now, no problem could trouble him as he let himself go to enjoy her loving embrace.

"Thank you for being loving and kind to me Nita..." the white lupine churred softly. He just felt that he had to say it. To let her know he appreciated everything she had done for him that no other mistress nor anyone else had done for him all his life. Nita had rewritten the book on Alps' self esteem and

hope and heart.

"Alps... I rarely look at you as a slave anymore. You really are free to move about as you like and do as you wish, as long as my wishes take first priority. I suppose I wasn't really cut out to own a slave. Nidaja was told this when she went to buy you. But she got you anyway. And I am glad. And I am happy that I have made you happy Alps. Now, since you are still my slave, I want you to pleasure me. Make me scream tonight Alps. I need the break from the stress of the day." The queen said warmly, laying down slowly on her back, and spreading her thighs. She placed her fingers on either side of her sex, and splayed them softly, spreading her labia so Alps could see the hot pink flesh between them, glistening already. The white-furred lupine chuckled softly, blushing as his violet eyes lovingly traced the contours of her body, down to her soft, warm thighs, and inviting petals.

Nita had come to the point where she knew what she wanted, and would demand it, using him sexually as she liked. There were still the times where their encounters were loving and gentle, or exciting and adventurous, but Alps was very obviously filling his role of stress relief for his mistress tonight. He lowered himself slowly, and asked softly, sultrily,

"Would you like my tongue... or would you like to be filled a little more properly, my lady?" he churred softly, blushing. Such an explicit question, but he wanted to give her what she desired.

".Just the tongue tonight, Alps..." Nita replied, "I am less than a month before season, and I don't care to take chances, right?" she chuckled and patted her sex. "Don't worry; I will make sure you still get to have yours." Her lover blushed deeper at those words. In season, for his kind, was based on when they were born. The month before and after a female is born, she can become fertile, and she can be fertile for several days before actually going 'in season'. Anxiousness, hot flashes, and strong sex drive are the tell tale signs of being in their cycle.

"Mmm.. I was hoping you would say tongue anyway... Been a while since I last tasted you..." he chuckled again lightly, and laid upon his tummy, beginning to lick alongside Nita's opened sex, his pink strip of flesh sliding over her fingers, beckoning them to move, so he could allow his tongue to do all the work of spreading that sex wider. He felt a pang of guilt because one of the real reasons he was happy it was reserved to his tongue was that he'd blown his essence so hard into Tia earlier. It had not been cheating, since Nita had told him he was not "restricted" but he knew she'd likely not appreciate that it was *that* girl.

"Oh! Oh that tickles! Slow down... let me build up - oh! – let me build up to it, then you can go as fast as you like..." Nita placed her hands on the cool stone floor of the balcony, and clutched at the smooth surface, squirming at Alps'

warm tongue as he teased her folds left and right with that wriggling tongue. Her chest began to rise and fall faster as she gasped in growing arousal and tickled frenzy at those warm, passionate strokes. Her labia, puffing up through her arousal, began to stay open a little wider on their own from Alps' insistent tongue.

She closed her eyes as the slave got on all fours to keep closer and be able to follow Nita's movements a little better and keep her from escaping the tortures of that tongue. Alps smiled as he intentionally teased the queen with his whiskers, and he closed his own eyes, finally giving her what it was she REALLY wanted. He opened his muzzle a little, and pressed his lips around that glistening slit. The queen cooed loudly and anxiously in her approval. This was definitely what she wanted. Alps pressed his tongue into those folds deeply, and began to stroke it back and forth slowly, much deeper into her body, about five inches or so, wriggling it around against that textured wall.

The wolf-slave began to massage Nita's inner thighs and the base of her tail, which he had found, increased her pleasure somewhat, or at least, she'd always cum faster or harder like that. These evening pleasuring to reduce Nita's stress usually did not take very long. She just needed an orgasm, and that wasn't very hard to give. She'd usually reward him with one of his own, as it seemed she would tonight too. There were times where she didn't, of course, if she was tired. Alps would, in cases like that, do one of two things. He'd either masturbate, which Nita enjoyed watching him do, or, if she fell right to sleep after her climax, Alps would go to Nidaja's room, and tap on her door, and just tell her Nita took halvesies, and Nidaja seemed perfectly happy to take 'the other half'. So not getting to release was never really a worry for Alps.

He was thinking about how fortunate he was with this when Nita wrapped her hands around the back of his head and pressed his nose into her harder. Her chest was tight with anxious lust, and her eyes stayed closed. Alps never asked to find out if she was imagining him thrusting into her, filling her, or if the thought and image of him tonguing her sex was what she kept in her head, but she certainly seemed to get off on it. The white lupine held her hips to keep her from bucking into his teeth, as he probed her deeply with his tongue. Faster and more eagerly went his assault, one paw rubbing her inner thigh, the other holding her tail base tightly. Nita began her soft insistent whimpers. A soft "Ooowooo... oowoooo..." that Alps used to measure how far she was from climaxing. Sometimes, he'd slow down, and let her pleasure linger to make her cum harder. Other times, she would want it quickly, and not want to wait. Her hands on the back of his head told him she wanted it now.

Her slave slipped his tongue deeper, and hooked it up slightly to tease that spot he'd learned very well by now, which set off any of his loving friends faster than anything else. Even still, through all this, the back of his tongue would grind against that sensitive clit which was ticklish and sensitive before, but just begged for attention and contact of any kind now. Alps lifted his head to

catch his breath, the scent of Nita's sex, and taste of her approaching release making Alps a little out of breath too.

"I love how you taste... the closer you get, the better you-" Alps spoke, panting, but was cut off.

"Nnnngg! Don't stop! I'm close... wanna cum... Side to side Alpsie! I wanna cum loose." Alps blushed and lowered his head, placing his tongue tight against the queen's clit, and flitted it side to side rapidly. When Nita said she wanted to cum loose, Alps had learned, she was referring to something the lady lupine had learned through self exploration. It felt different to cum with something inside her, and to cum with just stimulation to her clit. The afterglow of cumming 'full' was better, but the impact of the climax if she came 'loose' was harder, and sometimes she liked that better.

Alps always felt almost abusive doing it like that, because she seemed to be in pain at climax from the force of it, but he did as he was told. It took a little longer to finish her this way though. The male lupine held her hips, continuing to play with her tail and thighs, as his tongue raced side to side, and even in circled from time to time over that tingling button, the emerald lupine's juices spilling over her tail base, and onto the bed. Alps groaned softly. This was going to be a wet one too. He controlled his breathing, so he could hold his breath in the middle of an inhale if that's when she popped. Alps knew well the discomfort of half drowning in his queen's release.

"Come on love... let go... give it to me..." Alps insisted quickly, before setting to work again. More insistently Nita cooed, the sound now coming out like a whining cry. The slave loved the sound of it. The sound of his mistress being pleased was the finest of instruments and the most beautiful of tunes to him. Enchanting and invigorating at the same time.

"Ahh-aah!... Aaah - aaah!..." she cried, eyes clenched tight, hips held up with her feet braced against the stone floor of the balcony, her hands clutched in trembling fists at her sides now. Finally, her diligent slave felt a heated wash of wetness on his muzzle, the fluid running down his throat, to his furry chest. He knew what was next.

"Yes!" Alps cried, cupping his tongue under her sex to get that precious nectar.

"NnNNNNGGggGGAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!" Nita screeched as she climaxed explosively. Her loving servant licked and suckled eagerly as her body quaked, for perhaps four minutes of so, a long, powerful release. Nita then collapsed on the floor, a panting, squirming, trembling mess. The white-furred slave giggled and got up on all fours, looking over her shivering body. Her eyes were closed as she panted. Alps canted his head softly. She had said she

would give him his too, but she looked so very tired. He licked his lips softly, and watched Nita. After about ten minutes, she opened one eyes, blushing a little.

"You okay, your majesty? I hope I didn't hurt you..." Alps had asked this every single time he put her in this state. She always said the same thing, which is what she said this time.

"Mmmm.. I am more than okay... Don't worry... you can't hurt me like that. You are more likely to get hurt from that than I am." Alps got up on his knees, his hands on his legs behind him. His thick, solid member pulsed a rivulet of pre onto the stone floor, while Nita watched.

"Still up for return serve?" Alps asked gingerly. He wanted to make sure it was obvious that Nita could decline. It was not expected. He was a slave after all. He was happy to do even as much as he'd just done.

"Actually Alps, I popped really hard, and it's been a very, very long day... I... don't think I could do it right for you tonight..." she admitted, blushing.

"Shall I see if Lady Nidaja needs my services?" Alps asked softly.

"Actually..." Nita giggled, seeming to run a thought through her mind, "Go to the library. Misty is there, studying late. Go in just your robes, and don't take a bath. Let her know exactly what you just did... give her details... and then, I want you to have fun with her. Misty commented that she had not seen you around much." The queen giggled softly again. It was not uncommon for Nita to actually send Alps with the intent of having sex with her friends or family members. As odd as it seemed, it was more rewarding to Nita to have Alps tend to them rather than just giving them a hug and a kiss. Her capable slave was the perfect way to say thank you or I appreciate you, or just, 'Hey, I like you, I want you to cum'.

Alps nodded and carefully put on his robe, before helping his lover to her bed, and tucking her in adoringly, the emerald lupine female still trembling from afterglow. The young male waited a little while for his erection to go down, but he was still very much aroused. He just didn't want it to be obvious to guards as he passed them on the way downstairs to the library. The slave kissed Nita on the lips in slow adoration before smiling brightly and padding out to take care of her advisor and friend.

Alps rounded the corner, and walked into the library. He had passed a

few guards, who grumbled softly at his passing. They could smell the sex on him, the coating of his majesty's release down his neck. They knew, but no one could raise the subject or say anything about it. There was a bit of jealousy, and perhaps contempt, but they all knew what Alps' life had been like before and if they truly thought about the arrangement he had here, versus those painful times, it always drew out and extinguished the desire to make things difficult for the slave.

Misty was sitting on the edge of a table, having gotten up and sat back against it, and eventually on the surface, the way she always did when she was reading something interesting. What she had in her hands was a book about strategy through knowing your enemy's current position. These sorts of things Misty always got excited about. They gave her hope of victory. Alps pondered trying to read the book himself when he had more time. Misty had, over the past few months, done well to teach him to read and write. It had been one of the more exciting prospects he was enjoying with his new life. Education was a gift to Alps. A privilege.

The young slave smiled at Misty, and approached slowly, drawing in her scent. He felt his cock swelling again already. He could feel his member getting thicker and harder, just at the mere thought of doing what Nita told him to do. Misty would rarely take time for herself, and just cut loose and have fun. The queen always had to find some way to trick her or coax her into it. This was the first time Alps ever tried without his mistress there to help him.

"Oh... good afternoon, Alps. How are you?" she asked, blinking, as if coming back from another world. She put her book down on the table beside her.

"Heh... It's almost midnight, Misty..." the slave churred softly, wagging his tail with eager deliberation.

"Oh... that mean's everyone is asleep... wow..." Misty rubbed an ear, thinking. "What are you doing up and about? And in your robes, too... Is something troubling you?" Misty had offered her services to advise Alps too, though he'd never used them. What could she advise him about was well in the past. His job now was the pleasure of the ones he loved. It was pretty easy to understand. The slave considered himself to be pretty well adjusted now.

"Oh no... Umm." Alps blushed, trying to think of how to start. "Ahh... I just... was... kind of looking for a little... different kind of help." Alps hopped up onto the table, and sat close to Misty. He knew that, this close, she could smell it. She could smell the feminine sex on his fur. She would know instantly that he'd been having sex only moments before. Especially since, upon this close an examination, his face and neck were still wet with Nita's sweet, tart nectar. The queen's advisor inhaled silently at first, but then drew in a few louder half

breaths, sampling Alps' scent as he sat so close.

"Oh... my... given that smell, Alpsie, you should be pretty sleepy right now indeed..." She looked him over carefully.

"Oh... Nita is getting close to going into season... so I..." Alps blushed deeply. This was so embarrassing to him. And it seemed so mean to tease Misty with this description. It was an order from his mistress though.

"You?" Misty asked, her eyes seeming a little glazed now.

"I... was only allowed to lick her..." Alps said softly.

"L-Lick... yes... that would be good. She can't get pregnant right now... too much to do... need to wait. And have someone who is in high standing... and marriage... and all that, right?" Misty said. She was thinking about what Alps wanted, obviously, and her train of thought was quickly diverted from her studies now. The slave realized that Nita knew what she was doing with this. He smiled, and elaborated.

"Yeah... She has me do that sometimes, just because she likes it. She makes a lot of noise too, and I like that... and sometimes, she makes me flick my tongue side to side over that little nub thing that she likes played with... And she jerks hard when she finishes like that, then sprays that wonderful wetness all over my face and chest..." Alps didn't know terminology for much involving sex. He only knew what worked.

"Mmm... Alps, the little... n-nub thing... that's called the clit. That's kind of like the tip of your... umm..." Misty was blushing, and so she just reached beside her, into Alps' lap, and found what she wanted to indicate. Already wet with his lustful pre was the tip of his swollen length. Misty gave it a gentle tweak, and a powerful sensation ripped through the white lupine's body, causing him to shudder. He licked his lips softly, blushing, and only becoming more excited.

"Ahh... Yes... so that's how... sensitive... How about that other place? The one inside?" Alps asked, finding that talking about it, and learning about what it was his profession had become, was very interesting. Misty began to unbutton Alps' robes, as he sat on the table. She got up slowly, onto her feet, and faced Alps as she disrobed him. Right in the library. Anyone could walk in, but this late at night it was highly unlikely that anyone would. The slave gritted his teeth softly, with both anxiety at the chance someone could walk in, and in longing for what Misty might be about to 'teach' him.

"The one inside?" Misty asked softly. "You mean about three or four inches in, and forward? The pleasure-heart, Alps." This was their name for the g-spot, at least. Alps nodded softly.

"Nita likes that a lot too... and both at the same time... it only takes a couple of minutes to make her..." Alps felt his robes slid off his body, and cut his speech off, as he felt fingers encircle his pulsing shaft. A jet of pre arced up and back, spattering Misty's wrist.

"I take it, by how fast I got you this..." She gave his shaft a squeeze, "...hard... You did not get to cum for your mistress?" There was something sultry in Misty's voice, and yet, still curious. Everything was exploration and learning to her.

"N... No... She was too tired and weak after she came." he answered honestly. Misty moved her other hand to Alps' neck, and caressed over the damp fur.

"The queen got you this wet with just one climax, Alpsie?" Misty asked. There was a definite level of fun in her voice. Alps blushed again softly. It was working pretty much the way Nita wanted it to.

"Yes... Th-that is all from her, Misty..." Alps churred softly.

"Can I taste it?" Misty asked, very directly. Alps' fur bristled a bit, and he slowly nodded.

"Yes, you may." he said softly. That hand remained on his thick cock, which twitched at her gentle squeezing. Misty drew in close, and slid her tongue over that wet fur, and shuddered. She admired Nita a lot, and getting to do something that intimate was likely a near religious experience, even though the queen was likely half her age. Again and again, she tasted the queen through her slave's fur. Alps began to slowly pet and caress the older advisor, through her hair, over her shoulders, down her back. He liked the way this older female felt so close to him, wanting to take something from him that he was willing, always, to give freely.

Her hand began to steadily move up and down his shaft, spreading his wetness on her palm, to make it slide freely up and down. Alps spread his legs a little where he sat on the reading table. Misty released a long, low moan, letting Alps know full well she was ready for him. He looked into her pleading eyes as she used her hand to push his chest, making him lay back slowly. He found himself looking at the candle-chandelier over this large wooden table, and feeling hands, both hands now, caressing, and almost worshipping up and down his ridged length.

"She sent you here to me, did she not?" Misty asked. Alps answered softly with a yes, and nothing more. Misty's hands were replaced by a warm, tight muzzle, as the slave arched his back, a reward, perhaps, for his honesty? It was hard to tell. She bobbed her head painstakingly slowly, as if she were trying,

again, to learn his body with her tongue. She finally pulled her head up, and spoke again, in almost a whisper.

"She has a very nice way to make sure I know she appreciates my help. I was just thinking the other day... that it was time to have a little break..." Alps felt her breasts caress over his length, heavy and round, and then, she was on the table on top of him. Nude and hot. She had disrobed after he laid down on the table. Nita's slave inhaled deeply, and caressed the older female's sides and then her breasts, which were hanging over his chest as she straddled his hips. Alps felt the wet cleft of her steamy sex press against his shaft, pinning it to his tummy. He felt the warmth in his navel of a heady jet of pre.

"She loves you a lot Misty." Alps said softly, feeling her so close, feeling those heavy breasts in his hands, larger than Nita's, or even Nidaja's. For a book worm, she was beautifully built. Misty arched her back a little and held her head back in pleasure of Alps tight and eager fondling of her breasts.

"Mmph... yes Alps, I know she does. She sends you to do what might be considered improper for her to do... and I would do the same for her. She knows that." Alps placed his hands on her rump, only to feel them pulled away, and held over his head.

"Now, now... you aren't here to enjoy yourself, lil' slave boy..." Misty said, with a hint of 'naughty naughty' in her voice. "You were sent by Nita to be my pleasure... but I think she wants you to have pleasure too... I will make sure to take care of my queen's favorite playmate..." Misty said. "But, you have to hold still, and let me play." Alps blinked softly. He'd honestly never seen Misty act like this. He had been the one to take her virginity. Had she gone this wild since then? A secret life of sexual frenzy? It was possible. He gasped as she slammed her hips down on his, instantly engulfing his swollen cock with her sex.

"Oh, Misty!" Alps called, with his ears slicked back, the sudden rush of pleasure making him feel he might climax any second. Misty held still, but tight on him.

"Oh yesss... So... very good to be filled." she whimpered. "You like that too, don't you Alps?" The slave gasped softly, in and out, trembling. "Now Alps... Don't you cum until I tell you that you can. You are still a slave." Alps gasped softly, looking into Misty's intelligent, piercing eyes. She was going to outright use him. For some reason, this made The young wolf feel really good.

He loosened his muscles, and felt a strong pulse of pre slip inside Misty's tight, near vaginal sex. His legs were hanging over the edge of the table so he couldn't brace, he could only lay back and enjoy. Misty began to rock back and forth, her tight, wet, hot glove of flesh slipping up and down Alps' masculinity with slow, even tandem, but getting faster and harder with every few strokes. Things

were happening very fast, he noted, as Misty's pace broke to the equivalent of a gallop. Her breasts bounced beautifully as the wet sounds of sex filled this normally quiet room.

Alps could feel the wetness from Misty dribbling down his heavy balls slowly, and he felt that sack drawing tighter and tighter. Even with his muscles loose, and his mind wandering, he could not take a lot of this tight, sultry female sliding back and forth over him with his cock wrapped so tight inside her for very long. He was going to cum, even if she wasn't ready. He could only hope she was ready before he was. His body was already primed for this by Nita, who he so enjoyed playing with.

His breathing became more and more labored, heavy, lustful, as he felt her slam harder on him, getting rather rough with her sexual attack. Alps could simply not remember Misty ever having been this aggressive, and it was turning him on! She held his hands above his head, and then rather abruptly cried out as Alps felt his tummy soaked, her climax happening on the upstroke, and popping Alps free, so that she rubbed her clit hard up and down his shaft, pinned to his tummy again and cumming all over him and the table. Alps groaned heavily, quivering, and Misty held him there, shaking herself, as she reeled through her climax on that thick cock pressed between her slick nethers and his taught, trembling tummy.

"Oh counselor... Oh misty... I'm close... I'm so close!" Alps whimpered.

"Not yet Alps. Not till I say okay." Misty rolled her hips softly, but held him tight against his tummy, almost painfully, before finally sliding off the table, and pulling Alps to a sitting position. "Now you may cum for me, Alps... I want it like you took it from Nita..." she said. With that, she looped her hand around Alps' lower back to hold him still, and used her other hand to hold his cock. She began to run her tongue rapidly back and forth over the tip of Alps' cock.

The slave squealed in desperate intense pleasure, and wanted to tell Misty to stop, because it was almost *too* sensitive, and actually kind of hurt, but he couldn't make his voice and mouth work right. His legs jutting straight out, with his thighs parted around Misty, he held her shoulders. It was slow to happen, just like when he licked Nita like that, but when it did, he felt the muscles in his rump clench hard, and through his stifled howl, he could hear Misty struggling to contain Alps' 'gift', her cheeks swelling out to hold the thick, rich rushes of seed that exploded from the quaking white male lupine, first over the length of her tongue, as it was flitting over the tip, and then deep in her mouth, as she held him tight in her muzzle and suckled, making the wolf convulse heavily. After a few moments of this Misty giggled softly, swallowing the last drops and standing straight, looking at Alps again.

"Thanks for helping Nita so much..." Misty said drunkenly, as she started

to get dressed again, and handed Alps his robes. He held the robes, not putting it on yet, panting through his afterglow. He finally remembered the thing he originally asked Nita about, and then realized that Misty had offered her advice. She would be perfect to ask.

"I am happy to be there for her." he said softly. "Misty... Can I have your advice on something?"

"Yes, go ahead." Misty said, carefully sitting down in a chair, knowing her thighs were still wet.

"If I ever have to choose between the good of our empire, or the good of our queen, how should I choose?" he asked softly.

"Well, Alps... That is a tough question. One I had to ask myself once, long ago. My advice there would be, is there a way to do both? A lot of times, we find a problem and concentrate on the one obvious solution, when, often times, there are two obscure solutions." It would seem that Misty's mind was sharp again. She gasped in disappointment however, as she picked up the book that was on the table, which had been lying in a puddle of her own nectar. "Darn it... Oh well, it'll dry, and just attract male readers now." she chuckled. She then looked to Alps and added, "Also, by now I am sure you realize that what is good for the empire is almost always exactly what is good for Nita. It's her life."

"So you are saying... I could do what's right for Nita... and for the people? How?" Alps sat up, getting dressed.

"Well, sweetie..." she said, thinking. It was the first time, Alps noted, he had heard Misty speak to anyone in that relaxed a state.

"Yes?" Alps asked.

"I can't really give you all the answers and I can already tell that you won't tell me what this is exactly about, so I will say this. Think long and hard about your options. What can you do to take care of one problem and the other as well? What would be the best of those options then? Develop a plan. A strategy, if you will... As long as your choice hurts neither the queen, nor her people, and solves the problem, you have found the right answer." Alps listened carefully, and nodded softly. Misty then churred softly, "But use caution when dedicating a great deal of thought to these matters. Sometimes, Alps, a problem does not have a solution that will make everyone happy, but making no decision at all will almost always harm them both."

"I think I understand..." Alps said softly. "That helps a lot Misty. Sleep well tonight... Don't read too late..." Alps hopped up, and bowed to Misty, who bowed back fondly.

"You too, Alps. Don't stay up thinking too late..." she said with a long, trilling, languid tone.

Nita dashed down the corridor, the morning sunshine spilling in from the courtyard. She rounded the corner, and looked rapidly from side to side, before spotting Nidaja. Nita was only half dressed, obviously fresh out of bed, as she stumbled up to her sister, looking terribly flustered, both angry, and afraid.

"Nita, good heavens, what's wrong?!" Nidaja chirped, only to have a piece of wrinkled paper thrust upon her breast. The general took it in hand to look at it, while Nita cried out,

"That stupid, foolish... That... Oh Nidaja, he's gone! I have to get him back from her! I have to! He's making a mistake! He doesn't know!" Nidaja clapped a hand over her sister's mouth, and read the letter slowly, trying to calm her down, while finding out what this was all about. Her heart sank as she read the letter.

Dearest Beloved Queen Nita Razelle,

I have come to a very hard decision, and had to think long and hard on the answer. Every day, I see your dedication to the people of Amani, and I see how much you want to help them. You want to make their crops grow, and their children laugh and play. You cry for their suffering and rejoice in their celebrations. All of Amani is your family, and I have evidence that your family my soon suffer a grievous loss.

According to the Spirits of Silverlight, Uruk forces are gathering outside Jalana, to the north. I was asked by Tia, my roguish friend, to speak with you on this and try to get help to stop this from happening, but when I spoke to you last night I saw that The Spirits of Silverlight had pushed you too hard to gain your trust to pursue something so risky, and I felt that you would likely not believe in Tia anyway. I was sure you would drive off the subject.

I thought about just letting it go, and letting things continue the way

they were going because it's none of my business, and these things are too complex for a slave like me, just as you said. I spoke with Misty, and asked her, 'If I have to choose between the good of the people, and the good of my queen, what choice should I make?' She told me a choice for one would be a choice for both. They are part of the same heart and spirit.

If the Uruk invasion takes place, you will suffer terribly. I will see you grieve and cry in endless torment at such a large city falling so pointlessly. You have friends there. You have family there. If I simply told you about the coming tide of evil, you might have ignored it, and then hated yourself when it happened. If I did not tell you about it, I would have let all those people die when there was the exceedingly small chance that I could have stopped it, and I would never be able to forget that. I would be haunted by the memory of my failure until the end of my days.

So, I am left with only one option. I am leaving with Tia, and will assist the Spirits of Silverlight in any way I can to protect Jalana. If you like, please send forces north of Jalana, to at least scout for you, and verify what I say is true. I had little to believe in growing up, your highness. Tia was the first thing I ever believed in and had complete faith in. You are the second. I will not betray either of those I love.

*With adoration,
~Alps*

Nidaja looked at the letter for a long time, reading it over and over again. She shook her head softly.

"Wh...what?" Nita asked, anxiously.

"I know where Alps is likely to go... where he must be headed. We can get there ahead of him, and stop him before he gets killed. I will put together a team at once."

"I want to go!" Nita said sternly.

"As you most certainly will. You will be needed to order him to return with us." Nidaja said, folding the letter, her expression grim. She was not as expressive in her anger, but Nita could tell the general was absolutely furious. It was not uncommon for people to die when Nidaja wore that expression.

"Why would he *do* this, Nidaja? Why?" Nita cried, showing her distress a lot more readily and outwardly.

"Because he loves you." Nidaja said flatly, extinguishing Nita's in half a heartbeat. Nita just leaned forward, slipping her arms around the general, and held her sister and cried.

Sirius, Book II

Legacy of the Letai

Comments or Questions?

Contact Alps: sarsis@gmail.com

Or just drop a note at: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/sarsis/>

Chapter 3

Alps trod down the quiet city street, the carriages silent along the lanes, long since abandoned for the sleep of those who would ride them. Night time in Diera was little different from twilight in any other town Alps had been in. There were still souls about, wandering, getting things done, and coming back from friends' homes, and others with darker intentions to watch for, but aside from that, much was dark and quiet. The slave hooked a left as he moved more briskly. He'd been later than he had intended, having not dared to turn down the chance to make love to Nita and Misty that one last time. He knew now it would be unlikely that he could return, and, at the very least, he would not return in the same favor in which he left. He glanced up and down the side street he was on. If the queen had awakened early in the night and read the letter Alps had left, she would already have the guards out in the streets, looking for him to bring him back, of that he was sure, but there was just silence on the worn down cobblestone. No sounds at all. He shot down the alley as fast as his feet would carry him, and then took a circular path around a pond. On the other side of the water, which glittered silver in the moonlight, there was a two story inn. It was one of the most popular in town because of the male servants there who were trained to tell stories, give massages, and perform other tasks that a duchess or a regional matriarch might enjoy.

The white lupine opened the door to the inn and stepped inside. There was very little light, as only a few candles were burning. There was a wax shortage in town, and at night the inn was not using a lot of light. However, in the dull light, Alps could still make out the room. It was a tavern-style place, with a stage, and about twenty tables, each able to seat about four. At one table, two candles flickered, giving light to two faces. One, Alps recognized. Tia was sitting with another lupine female, who was turned with her back to the door, talking to Tia. Alps' friend saw him immediately, and smiled brightly. The other female turned around. Her appearance was something Alps was not used to. She had white fur, like him, but long black hair, and ice-blue eyes. She wore a thick leather coat which had steel plates on the shoulders, and she wore leather pants, which ended at about her knees, but her shins were protected by silver bracers, as were her arms, where the sleeves of the coat ended. It was obviously designed to give her increased mobility in fighting, while not hindering protection. The coat was a long one, reaching just past her knees, but was open at the moment, as she turned to look at Alps. She wore a black shirt, which seemed to

be made of some kind of tight, but elastic material. On her hands were fingerless black gloves with steel plating over the top of the hand. The steel plating was covered in needle sharp slender spikes, about a half inch long. On her feet, the lady lupine wore shiny black leather boots, which were capped off in silvery steel plating over her toes. On the back of the boots, above the heel, were sharp looking blades.

Everything about this woman's outfit told Alps she was a fighter, and a resourceful one at that. He reminded himself to be careful about her. As he approached, he got a better look at her face. She displayed a slender muzzle, sleek face, soft looking cheeks, and narrow, but expressive eyes. Her ears were tall, triangular, and alert. Her tail, which moved languidly with her thoughts, was long, soft, full of body, and well groomed. She was, like Nita and Nidaja, one of the most beautiful females he'd been privileged to see in his life. He moved over and bowed silently to her, and then Tia.

"I apologize for my ill timing, Tia... I got delayed a little bit, and needed to think of my recourse before acting." he said softly, trying not to be loud enough to betray a possible secret meeting.

"You could have taken a bath first lover boy." the unknown female said slowly. Her voice was deep, and strong. There was more will in her voice than any mistress Alps had ever had. Even including Nita. "We would have waited an extra twenty minutes for that." Alps thought carefully about what she meant, and then blushed deeply. In his trying to get here quickly, he'd forgotten about the fun he'd had with Misty and Nita. He positively reeked of sex. He swallowed softly.

"That would be my fault, I fear." Tia said. "I didn't think he would not have time to catch a bath after that." Alps blinked as Tia shouldered the blame for his scent, and he canted his head. He *had* taken a bath after his time with Tia, to avoid Nita asking him about it.

"No, I bathed after that..." Alps said, not wanting Tia to get in any kind of trouble. "I... I had to make sure that Queen Razelle was sleeping soundly before I left." the slave lupine said softly. "So... So I..." he looked down, very embarrassed. He really was not allowed to talk to anyone about his unique relationship with the queen.

"I see. So that is her scent..?" the mysterious lady said in her confident, powerful voice. Her appearance seemed to lend well to that power, too.

"Yes..." was Alps' only reply.

"Well then... It would appear lady Tia was right... You are close to the royal family. What sort of leverage do you have over them, Alps Sarsis?" The slave

shuddered softly. Something about the way she said his name exacted control over him, and he could not stop his reply.

"Very little Mistress..." he bit his tongue, unable to believe what he'd just said.

"I'm not your mistress, Alps." the lady said calmly. ".You may call me General Castalia, or Azia, if you like." Alps looked up into Azia's eyes, feeling quite subdued by them. This was obviously a very confident and strong willed individual. This had him almost hardwired to fight to keep himself from calling her mistress. Even if she was *not* his mistress, it felt like she was when he was near her. He could scarcely help it.

"Ahh... General.. One of the... Spirits of Silverlight, I gather?" Alps asked, rather brazenly. Azia looked to Tia, rather scolding.

"I'm sorry, m'lady.." Azia said, looking down. "I really was not certain he would come, and did not want to give away your presence to an ally of the queen while you were here. He knows very little, other than the problem we face." Azia, who had really moved very little since Alps arrived, nodded slowly.

"Understandable, Tia Reed... You are forgiven." She looked up at Alps with a piercing gaze. "Alps, I am Azia Castalia. I am the leader of the Spirits of Silverlight." Alps gritted his teeth, realizing suddenly, that he'd already gotten far deeper into this than Tia had led him to believe he would.

"I was told... that Tia did not have permission to be here, Lady Azia." Alps said, as politely as he knew how.

"Indeed, she did act without orders. And she will be punished for that, but I followed her, and could have stopped her at any time. It turns out that her intent was sound, though the results, I fear, were worth very little to us. If you have no leverage to the royal family, and cannot force their hand to give defense to Jalana, then you are useless to us." Alps felt a pain through his entire body. Little can hurt a slave emotionally more than being referred to as useless. Tia cringed as well. She knew what that meant to Alps.

"I'm not useless." Alps said, looking down, feeling rather dejected.

"Are you not?" Azia said, with her smooth, flowing voice.

"No... I have greater purpose than even you, if I commit myself to it." Alps said, icily, looking up at Azia. He was very irritated, with the knowledge that he was about to give up his wonderful life in Castle Diera, to help Azia's group, only to be called useless.

"Your words condemn you to a very hard and likely short life, indeed, Alps Sarsis." Azia said, getting up. She was a head taller than him, and looked strong, even if sleek. She was definitely a warrior. The servant got up slowly.

"Then you will murder me here, and leave my body for the queen?" Alps asked calmly, looking up at Azia's face.

"You are... unafraid?" Azia said slowly, seeming curious as she gazed in Alps' eyes. "Your eyes do not move to betray your confidence. And yet, you hide nothing. You have nothing in the way of skill to go against me, and yet you do not fear the certain death I can bring you at any moment." she said. Tia was still sitting, shaking a bit, more visibly nervous than Alps, who, in reality, was terrified. In his life as a slave, he'd learned to hide his fear.

"Azia... what can death bring me that I have not already suffered?" the dejected slave said, with a hiss in his voice, becoming angry. She had a lot of nerve to mock him and force him back, for the risks he took for Tia.

"Life as a slave is not pretty, Alps." Azia said. "It is little different than life serving me... At any moment, your heart may beat no more, for the dangers we live in day by day are secret and dark. You cannot see them like an angry mistress' dagger. Would you place yourself in that danger, just to help your little friend?" Azia said. She placed the spikes on her glove to Alps' neck. A quick motion from her could tear a chunk out, and leave him bleeding to death quickly in the tavern floor. Alps didn't flinch or move. He said in slow, almost monotone words,

"I would not risk so much for Tia... but I would risk as much for the people in danger in Jalana... and for my queen. My loyalty is with her, not with you. Fortune has it, however, that to serve her best, I must loyally serve you... at least for a time." Alps held still, those spikes remaining at his throat. He knew that it was not the answer this female likely wanted, but he would not make it seem that his intentions were to go against Nita's will. He was here to *help* her, not to betray her. There was a very long silence. Tia seemed not to even breathe. Finally, the hand at his neck lowered, and Azia stepped back, regarding Alps with curious eyes.

"You won't try to tell me what I want to hear, even when your life is close to being pinched out, like a candle flame..." she said slowly. ".Very curious. You will not lie or betray your feelings, even at the threat of death." There was another long pause, while Azia looked into the slave's eyes.

"There is no purpose in lying to you, or to myself. I have my own reason for assisting you, and if you will accept my help, you will accept it on my terms, not your own. It's up to you to decide whether or not having me with you is worth my terms. I cannot promise a strong warrior or a brilliant tactician, but I can

promise that, until my objective... the defense of Jalana, has been completed successfully, my life will belong to you, and you will be able to use me as you see fit." There was the same will and conviction in Alps' voice now as there had been in Azia's. She remained silent for a while.

"Very well..." she finally said after a while. "For now, I accept your life, but you must already know that if Nita's forces fail to show up to defend Jalana, we will do nothing to stop the Uruk hordes from taking it, Alps. It would be suicide to try. We will only try to evacuate the city, and if they are not willing to listen, you will see everything lost. It is something that cannot be undone to your heart, and your will to help your queen... will falter in the face of her arrogance." As Azia spoke, Alps lowered his head. He knew what she said was, in part, true and he knew Nita would not bring her forces there. She had none to spare. He looked up again.

"Nita has nothing to give. Mannus knows what he is doing. He knows that Jalana is open, and there is nothing to prevent this invasion. Opportunity may present itself. When the time comes, I am willing to cast away my life to save those in Jalana. I will help you see to an evacuation if it comes to that." Alps got onto his knees, and knelt before Azia, as he had many other mistresses.

"Very good, Alps. You will come with us to Kishu Valley, to the north of Jalana. I will show you the kind of force the orcs are mounting, and you can see with your own eyes what we are really up against." Tia rose and bowed softly.

"M'lady... it grows late, and we will need to leave before daybreak if we are to make it to Kishu Valley in a timely fashion." she said, very meekly. Alps suddenly felt a little ashamed. He had been so crass with someone who evidently commanded a lot of respect. Then again, this was how he acted around Nita too. Nita had caused him to grow accustomed to speaking his mind with her. Despite being a slave, he'd become very strong willed.

"Yes... let us retire upstairs. We have some business to take care of up there before bed anyway." Azia said, very calmly. Alps fell into file behind her, and Tia behind him, as they headed up stairs. As they walked into the shadowy darkness, a figure, seated by the far corner in the flickering candlelight, shifted a bit, and moved along the wall, and then silently out the door.

Once upstairs, Alps found that Azia had not spared expense in where she was staying. It was a royal suite, the only one this inn had. There were two very large beds, and luxurious carpet and glass-covered windows. He felt silly for it, but it made him feel at home, where, before he met Nita, sleeping outside under a porch would have made him feel at home.

"You said there was a spot of business to be taken care of, m'lady?" Tia said, sitting down on the bed.

"Yes... The smell." Azia said sternly. "I respect the queen for her dedication to her ideas, but I don't care to smell her pleasure all night long." There was a short silence, and Alps blushed again, having not realized it would even pose that much of a problem. No one in the castle dared complain about it.

"But Lady Azia, the baths are closed. It would be conspicuous to give him a bath tonight... perhaps we should wake up earlier and give him a bath in the morning?" Tia said softly.

"No good. Taking a bath at all would put me in danger of revealing my identity. There are those in this city who know who I am." replied Azia. "And most certainly Alps would stick out, with his solid white fur."

"So... how do... how do we take care of the discomfort involving him smelling like the queen?" Tia asked softly. Alps blushed again. This was so very embarrassing. He didn't bother mentioning that part of the scent came from Misty as well. Still, the majority was from his face and neck and chest, coated in his beloved queen's nectar. Alps considered asking about Azia's fur color as well. She was almost completely white, but her hair was black. Perhaps she had experienced the same ridicule as Alps had for it? Perhaps not, he could not be sure.

"We cover it up, of course, so I can't tell it's Razelle's scent, Tia." Azia churred softly.

"How do we do that, General Castalia?" the grey-furred female asked. "We don't carry perfumes, as it gives away our location in the wilderness. We really have nothing to cover up that scent with."

"You do, Tia." Azia said softly. "You already admitted to being willing to do that to Alps once. Just cover it up with your own scent." Tia's jaw dropped, and the slave's ears perked. Alps had grown *very* accustomed to rather open and casual sex, so the idea of doing that in front of Azia didn't really trouble him, but he could tell it made Tia very nervous. She was a mountain gray lupine, and, as such, given to a little lower self esteem about her appearance. With the beauty of her commander, surely the younger gray lupine felt a little awkward about doing something intimate right there with her.

"Here? W - With you watching?" she asked slowly. Alps remained silent.

"Yes... why not? Your friend doesn't seem to mind the idea." Azia said softly. Alps blinked and blushed again softly.

"Y... Yes, but General, he's a slave..." Tia stammered. "If someone tells him to slip under their skirt, and give them some sexual worshipping, he has to

do it. That's just how he lives." Alps blinked again softly. It was true that if he were ordered to do it, he would have to, but no one ever treated him like that. He was about to say something about that, when Azia spoke again.

"Just as you are my servant, Tia, and must do as I say. You gave your life to me, just as Alps did. You are fortunate this is someone that you like, and can enjoy. I am not so cruel as to force this upon you with someone you didn't know or care about. You still Like Alps, don't you, Tia?" The gray lupine looked into Alps' eyes, and Alps looked back intently. He knew she liked him. They had been friends a very long time, but he also knew that Tia was rather shy, perhaps, and especially felt self conscious in front of her leader. Alps finally spoke, as Tia fidgeted.

"She is not asking you to put on a show for her, Tia. She just doesn't want to smell the queen on me. Get under the covers, and I can get under them too, and you can have your privacy, and Azia can have what she wants as well." Alps nodded softly, finding his answer to be a very sound solution. Azia flicked her ears a bit, and looked at Alps silently.

"Th - that sounds okay." Tia stammered a little. ".. Is that okay, Lady Azia?" she asked slowly.

"Yes, I suppose that will do." Azia stated, though Alps, trained in reading his mistress' moods, detected a hint of disappointment. Could she have really wanted them to put on a bit of a show? He chased away the thought quickly, finding it to be rather silly. Tia, dressed in a black skirt, and a white shirt, slipped under the covers, and fumbled around a bit, discarding her clothing, including white panties. Alps blushed a bit and felt himself firm up a bit. He knew that she was now nude under the covers and waiting for him. The slave did not have nearly the modesty of Tia. He stood at the foot of the bed, and watched as Azia sat down on the edge of the bed with Tia, which made the gray female a little more nervous. He took her attention off of Azia, though, as he started to just undress out in the open.

Azia watched him with little expression, aside from curious amusement. Alps removed his dark green vest rather unceremoniously and dropped it in the floor, showing his white chest, his soft fur, very plain and unsoiled. He'd been grooming himself very well to please Nita so he was very bright white. Azia spoke again softly. "You have... no other color on you at all, do you... just white? And you bear the eyes of royalty. I wonder what your parents actually were?" she bemused. Alps shrugged a little, as he untied the ties to his pants, and wriggled out of them. He blushed just a hint as he realized that the thought of intimacy with Tia again had brought the length of his masculinity to full bear. He looked to Azia and smiled a little.

"S... Sorry about that. I guess... I get worked up pretty easily." He was

fearful of offending Azia with a lack of self control.

"Don't worry yourself, Alps. I would be irritated with you if she did not cause a reaction. Tia's a pretty girl... You *should* want her." She smiled encouragingly, as Tia blushed.

"Th - thank you m'lady..." was all she could say. Alps lifted the blankets at her feet, and crawled under them, so that his form was obscured completely. She slid in between Tia's thighs slowly, already catching the scent of her sex. She wanted this, of that he was sure, she was just nervous. The solid white lupine male decided to distract Tia from her worries with something he specialized in, and cupped his mouth wetly and hotly over her mound.

"You know what you are doing, right boy?" Azia said commandingly. Tia gasped and arched her back a bit, and Alps' words came up muffled.

"Yef Miftreth..." Alps derived some sinful enjoyment from this as well, though he didn't know why. In the slight darkness under the covers, he felt very safe, and he knew that Tia was being watched. Alps placed one of his hands on her tummy, and the other on her thigh, holding her leg open so she could not force him away. He looked at her already moist slit, swelling with desire as he breathed over it again. Slowly, he traced her labia with his hot tongue, getting a short gasp out of Tia as he did so. Again and again, he traced, as he felt the pressure on the bed where Azia was sitting shift a bit. She scooted closer to Tia.

"It's alright, Tia... you can enjoy it. I am not stopping you." she said calmly. Alps smiled a bit. She *did* want a show. She wanted to see Tia have fun. The slave lupine had no idea what their relationship was, but perhaps it was similar to Misha and Uri, only it had not gotten to a sexual level yet? The slave pressed his tongue into Tia, making her raise her hips a bit, and moan softly. He found himself wondering, as he lazily but diligently probed her with his tongue, if his arriving with the scent he had might have forced Azia to become more open about wanting to see Tia this way. Was he responsible for a big step in Tia's life, a securing of her relationship with her leader the way alps had with his own?

"It feels so strange though... with you watching and all." she stated softly. "So surreal..."

"Do you like the way it feels, Tia?" Azia asked slowly. Her voice was softer, gentler now. She was changing her demeanor a little, from a cold, hard military style, to something more intimate now. "What is he doing?" Tia blushed a lot, as did Alps. He could not see anything but the warm fur-lined slit that he was licking and giving so much attention too. He pressed his tongue in deeper, and wondered if Tia would tell her leader that he was doing that.

"Aaahh..." the gray female gasped deeply, "Y... Yes ma'am. It does... feel good." her hips lurched a little.

"What is he doing?" Azia asked again. "It's okay... I am merely very curious. You know that already... I'll not judge you." Alps kept his tongue pressed deep in those sweet folds. Tia was very tight, perhaps because she was nervous, but her tangy nectar was teasing his tongue already. She was highly aroused. Her legs closed a minute around his head as he seemed to strike a more sensitive nerve, making her squeak with tense pleasure. She finally answered, almost inaudibly, but just enough to be heard.

"His.. His tongue is in me. Alps has a good, long tongue... he knows where... mmh, where to touch." The younger girl said slowly.

"Oooooohh..." Azia replied in a rather satisfied air. "Very good Alps." she said, loud enough that the blanket-covered wolf could hear. All that Azia could really see was Tia's face, and her hands, which held the blanket over her chest, almost to her neck, and the moving lump between the gray female's legs, which was Alps.

"Fank yoo." Alps said, rather wetly. It sounded almost as if he was speaking over a bowl of soup he was trying to suck up. Azia's ears perked.

"She's that wet, already?" her voice carried.

"Yeth." Alps said, his tongue having already darted back into Tia's tight tunnel. She squeezed his head with her legs.

"Hush you." The nervous girl said very sternly.

"Thorry." Alps churred, nuzzling at her sex. He knew Tia was uncomfortable, but, being that his life, for the time being, belonged to Azia, he knew that he had to play to *her* needs, not Tia's. He held Tia's thighs apart then, with both hands, and made her whimper as he fluttered his tongue back and forth across her clit, the way Nita liked. He got a few heavy squeals out of her. This seemed to really spark the curiosity of Azia, who was not allowed to watch, but felt she could get away with questions.

"Oh my, Tia. You really seem to like what he's doing now... What, if I may ask, would that wonderful thing be?" The white general scooted closer, so she could hear those whispered answers a bit better.

"P - Please mistress... ohh... it's so... embarrassing!" she arched her back a little, obviously getting a lot of pleasure from that which Alps, while slowing down just a little, continued to do.

"Tia, it's okay... It's me... you would die for me, remember? That's what you said. Surely this isn't as bad as dying?" Azia's words were very soothing,

and Alps felt Tia's legs relax a bit, though she trembled from nervousness and pleasure simultaneously. Alps became aware that Azia had a lot of intelligent and potent diplomatic skill.

"N... No. It's not that... I just-" Tia started, but Azia broke in.

"Close your eyes, Tia... you can answer me if you don't see me, right? I just... I am just curious is all. I want to know what he's doing that makes you shake like that..." she said, placing a hand on Tia's shoulder. "You are more than my servant, Tia. You are a companion. A friend. We trust each other, right?"

"Y... Yes, m'lady." Tia said softly. Alps was blushing a bit again, very slowly sliding his tongue back and forth, side to side over that tight, hard nub of Tia's clit. He was doing it slower to allow her to talk to her leader. He felt kind of cruel, but he wasn't doing any kind of harm. He was actually giving Tia pleasure. Surely he should not be ashamed of that. There was a little bit of silence and Alps decided to fill it. He brought up the speed of his tongue, and pressed harder, side to side, rapid motions. This produced a broken sigh, and a short squeal from Tia.

"Now... what is he doing?" Azia asked, soothingly, and comfortingly.

"Oooh... he... he's making his tongue go sss - side to side – fff – fast, so fast." Alps found Tia getting wetter and wetter as she spoke. It was becoming apparent to the slave that talking about it to Azia was actually turning her on, even if she did not admit it.

"Very good Alps... Go ahead and start covering up the smell... get Tia's scent on you..." Azia said. Tia squealed and blushed. Alps did as he was told. After fluttering his tongue a little longer, getting a lot of that warm nectar to the surface, he began to rub his cheeks against her swollen folds. This issued quite a few heated moans from Tia.

"Hmmm... feels pleasant, Tia?" Azia asked, caressing Tia's face.

"Y - Yes ma'am..." she said with a whimper.

"My fur's dried her already." Alps said from under the covers.

"Then get her wetter..." Azia churred.

"You know... he will still smell like sex after he's done..." Tia panted.

"Yes he will, but he will smell like you and I am used to your scent." Azia said, as the slave dipped his tongue back deep into Tia. She gasped and arched her back again, pressing her tight sex into Alps' muzzle again.

"Mmph... huh? Used to it?" she said with a soft groan.

"Yes... You think I don't know that you have been sneaking my... err... personal effects?" Azia churred. Tia gasped, and slid one of her hands down to hold Alps' head, as the wolf began to grind his tongue on her clit.

"Nnnngah... L - Lady Azia... I - I'm sorry, I just..." Alps became a little more persistent, not wanting her mood or her need to drop. He was now very reserved to make her climax.

"It's okay, Tia... I never stopped you, did I? I never hid them... I trust you and I like you, Tia." Azia said. Alps smiled a bit. He was happy to find himself being used as the medium in which Azia was getting closer to Tia. He felt very good for it.

"You... You wanted me to use them?" Tia asked, slowly rolling her hips, obviously slipping back in the mood. Her eyes drifted shut, and she released a long, low croon. Alps held her thighs open again, and forced his tongue in deep, and brought it forward inside her, scraping eagerly against that little rough spot that he knew all too well. "oooOOOoOOOHH!" cried Tia, arching her back.

"Yes... yes I did... What did Alps just..."

"I dunno... deep inside... oh sweet light!" she whimpered.

"Ohh... he's found *that*, has he? One so young too... I hazard to say he might make good on his word of being useful now, huh?" she said, seeming to take some kind of delight in it. She got up from the bed a moment, and Alps wondered if she was undressing to join, but she soon returned. Alps could see her leather-clad hips from under his blanket where she was sitting. She was still dressed. Oddly, the slave found himself a little disappointed and he cursed himself for being so greedy. He had half the high council. He had just become accustomed to full participation in these things. Surely Azia, a general, would be more reserved. Not *every* female wanted to jump him like Nita and her sister.

"Mmmmph... useful... oh yes!" Tia cried out, her legs shaking a bit. Alps knew well what it meant, and he went back to fluttering his tongue over the little nub. He knew that Azia wanted him drenched to cover the smell, and to do that, he was supposed to make her climax loose, wet, and get more on him than in him, as much as he enjoyed the taste. Tia's eyes shot open, and she bucked her hips a little, shakily, her hands flying down by her hips, to grip the bed rigidly. These motions pulled the blanket down away from her chest. Azia's ears perked, and she stared rather unabashedly at Tia's heaving breasts as she winced, and panted, getting closer and closer to climax. She sat still though, looking but not touching. The blanket slid down enough that Alps could see the leader sitting by Tia.

"Very good Alps! She's close... don't stop!" Azia said loudly. Alps grinded

a bit at that encouragement with his eager tongue, as it fluttered back and forth over Tia's clit rapidly. He didn't have to be told that of course. He knew what he was doing, but figured that Azia just wanted to feel like she was participating in Tia's pleasure some how. It was starting to become obvious to the slave that there was some affection between them a little above and beyond that of a general and her servant. Tia's hips bucked heavily as she disregarded the fact that her breasts were now visibly bouncing in her hot, lurching, rolling motions. The white male kept her lower body covered, caring, at least, for Tia's modesty. Besides, if there was love between these two, he'd rather Tia's most intimate moments be shared with Azia without his interference.

Alps took a moment to bring him self away from this reflection, as he stroked his own turgid member under the blankets, so aroused by this he felt he could climax without anyone really touching him. He stopped doing that, not wanting to spoil Tia's bed sheets, and as he stopped his face was suddenly coated with wetness as Tia squealed loudly!

"NnnnggggYYYYESS!!" she cried, rocking her hips hard, drenching Alps' muzzle. Alps then stroked his chest and neck and chin over Tia's convulsing sex, drawing even more heated cries from her.

"Get it all over you Alps!" Azia said sternly.

"I am!" Alps panted, rather happily. If only all his orders could be so fun! He stroked himself against Tia liberally, until his upper body and Tia's hips were pretty well drenched, and he was sure that Nita's scent had been overpowered by this fresh, youthful scent. He felt a small pang of guilt in covering up her scent, but it was Azia's order after all, and following her orders was how he would help Nita and her people. His mind was made up. He shuffled slowly back out of the covers, and got on his knees at the foot of the bed, watching Tia, who lay, her chest bared, and heaving, as she panted weakly, looking very much out of it. He looked to Azia, whose gaze had fallen on his rock hard shaft.

Alps blushed a little, and said softly, "You like Tia a lot, don't you?" he asked, stating the obvious to distract her from staring and making him blush.

"Mm... Yes... She deserves lots of nice feelings, Alps. Thank you. You are not stupid, either, are you? You could see right through that." Azia wagged her tail slowly, also on her knees on the bed, watching over Tia. Her eyes were still closed, as she breathed through her mouth heavily. She wasn't responding to that revelation.

"She's out cold, I think." Alps said softly.

"I take it you have had that happen to a girl you were with before?" Azia asked.

"Yes... A couple times. If they are under a lot of stress, especially." Alps answered.

"Ohh... I see what your purpose to the royal family was now. Where were you trained?" Azia asked, sitting down on the edge of the bed, still looking at Alps' almost painful, dripping erection. She ear-twitched at a bead of pre from Alps which ran down his shaft and dripped onto Tia's inner thigh.

"Mmph... Sorry... can't really control that." Alps apologized softly. "I was... trained by Nidaja, I guess. She gave me to the queen to relieve her stress, I think. So I guess you are right... But others... you know.... borrow me."

"*The* Nidaja Razelle? The great warrior general?" Azia asked, incredulously. Alps suddenly felt that perhaps he was out of line in telling her that.

"Y... Yes. That Nidaja." he said softly.

"Well... there goes *that* well established image." the white lupine female said softly. "Though, she is a woman before she's a general. I suppose I could learn from that..." Azia said, caressing Tia's forehead. She looked at Alps' twitching shaft again. "You know... if you just let it alone, you are gonna be sore... and might have dreams and spoil your bedding, Alps." Azia said softly. "Need someone to shake the dew off the lily for ya?" she asked, getting on all fours, and looking somehow... playful. Alps looked at Azia sheepishly.

"Ahh... I. - err..." He looked down at his pulsing member. He knew she was right of course. He'd be inclined to wet dream, and be rather sore for it, if left to nature. He blushed a bit, his ears going pink.

"Don't feign shyness, Alps." Azia said, sitting down beside Alps. "You are used to this sort of thing."

"Used to serving, not to being... umm... served." he said. "I can... do it myself, if you would prefer." he offered. Azia was definitely a voyeur, and perhaps she wanted to watch. Alps was willing. He'd done it a few times for Nita, when she was too tired to endure more after being pleased, and Uri and Misha had asked to see it a few times while they made love.

"Ahh... I see. Well, would it help you to know that I am a very curious sort, and have never seen what it looks like when a male... well..." She chuckled softly. "You can do it yourself if you want, but I kind of wanted to try, because I wanted to know how it felt and all that." Alps looked at Azia. She had changed a bit. Gone was that willful voice, she was now a playful young female, who was getting to try something new. She was out of her element. Alps looked over to

Tia beside him.

"What if she wakes up and sees that? Will it bother her?" he asked softly, always putting the needs and feelings of others before his own.

"Well, if she sees it, and doesn't like me handling you, then I will let her do it instead, if she likes." Azia said, some of that calm demeanor coming back. Alps suddenly realized that a challenge increased his value to her. Alps then felt a weird sensation of déjà-vu. Since he'd met Nidaja, most of the females he had spent any time with had used him for something intimate. He was beginning to wonder if he were cursed in some rather pleasing fashion. He would have to find out how to break the curse, and then make sure never to accidentally do that. This thought made Alps chuckle a little bit, and then he looked to Azia. If she wanted something a little challenging to have fun with and entertain her, he would give that to her.

"Hmm... Okay... that seems fair enough." Alps said, his cock bouncing just a bit, as he watched Azia. "And how will you do it?" he asked.

"How will I?" she started thinking, and then churred, "Well... with my hands, I guess. I heard that all you have to do is stroke it, right?" she said, holding her hands up. She was still wearing those gloves, with spikes on the other side. The leather was soft, but Alps could not help fearing the spikes.

"You will take your gloves off, won't you?" he said with uncertainty. Azia looked blankly at Alps a moment, with her narrow, exotic looking blue eyes, questioning. She then shook her head.

"Oh! Oh yes, of course... don't want to hurt you on accident now do we?" she said softly.

"Good... very good... that was my worry." he said.

"But... That's all I will take off. Tia might like having you in her, but I have no intention to do anything of the sort, Alps." Azia stated very sternly.

"I understand, m'lady. Tia's my friend from long ago... I gave her that as a gift of reunited friendship..." he wanted to make sure Azia, who seemed to love Tia, didn't see Alps as a threat. "I shan't do it again unless you order me too, now that I belong to you." Alps said, as Azia took off her gloves and tossed them on the other bed.

"Very good, only if I order you to. Same goes for me." Azia said, licking her hands, and getting them wet. "You don't touch me or try anything unless I give you a specific order to. And trust me, Alps. I will *never* order you to. Though... if you beg me, perhaps..." she giggled softly, getting down off the bed

on her knees, and wrapping one of her hands around his ridged length. "Maybe if you beg, someday, I'll let you. If you are good." she said. There was a hint of mischief in her voice. Alps flicked his ears, and then smiled rather coyly. He knew Azia's game now. As tough as she was, and as scary as she might be on the battlefield, Azia was still a young female and she had a lust for challenge and adventure. It was her way of life. And in bed, it was no different. Alps was a battle to be won, and if it was easy, she didn't want it. He decided that, to remain in good standing with her, he would have to play her favorite game.

"Yes, m'lady, oohh..." he gasped softly as her hand wrapped around his thick cock. "But I shall not beg, either. A good slave never begs. You will have to order me if you want me." he stated, feeling her hand begin to slowly slide up and down.

"Like this, Alps?" she asked softly, "...or do I hold tighter and just tug on it?" she gave a couple uncomfortable pulls. Alps gritted his teeth and said softly,

"No... Just slide it, like before... make it feel like... like it would if I were inside you." Alps said, blushing a little at giving her instructions. It became obvious that Azia was very much a virgin, at least with males. She seemed more comfortable with females. That was something Alps was already used to.

"Okay... But you won't be inside me, you know. I won't let you unless you beg and are a good slave." she said, smiling as her hand drifted back and forth. Alps' rump tightened. This was actually delightfully fun, and her hand, gentle but strong, accustomed to holding a sword, felt very good. "I can make you beg, you know."

"You could order me to do so, and I would do as you asked, of course." Alps said softly.

"No..." Azia said, speeding up her hand a bit. "No, I can make you beg, even if I don't tell you to. You'll see. I'll make you beg for me." she licked her lips as she looked up at Alps' eyes. "Give me a few days." she said, chuckling. "I won't cheat either. I will not be mean and just... stop this and make you beg now. I will do it without having an unfair advantage like this." Alps was secretly relieved. As calm as he was playing himself up to believe, Azia was right. If she stopped just short of his climax, she could get Alps to do anything she wanted him to. He nodded softly, beginning to breathe deeper and faster, as he hand drifted up and down his shaft, which she held up, and watched as she pumped it briskly.

"Mmmph... Y - Yes, thank you, Azia. You show yourself to be fair and just indeed." The slave placed his hands on his ankles, so he could enjoy this treatment.

"I am new to this, Alps... My arm is made for swinging a sword, not bouncing up and down like this... will it take long?" Azia said, panting a bit, and spitting into her hand, wetting it more, and pumping a little more briskly on Alps' cock. He was softly panting already. Truthfully, it would not take long, not like that, but Alps did have an opportunity to get her to make it even more pleasurable for him. He panted out softly,

"You are... doing well, Azia... but you can use both your hands, you know... It'll go faster, and you won't tire out as much." He licked his lips softly.

"Mmm... like this?" she asked, placing her palm over the first two inches of his cock, and tweaking and squeezing and rubbing the tip. Alps shuddered, and almost released right there, but caught himself, and held back a little.

"Oh yes! Yeah, like that... That's very good." Alps stammered, feeling his control slipping away.

"Oooh.. I see now.. You like that a lot don't you. I can tell you are close. You want me to use my muzzle, don't you? You want to feel that hot internal clutch around it, don't you Alps... that would make you pop." she said, almost cruelly.

"Ahh... y... yes... it would." Alps stammered, actually carried faster toward his climax by the thought of it, and the sound of Azia's voice.

"Well, that I won't do... Sorry Alps." she said, grinning to the slave as she continued to tease him and massage his length, faster and more eagerly.

"Ahh... mmh, It's okay, Azia. I... I'm close anyway." he whimpered. The white-furred general took her hand off the tip of his length, and moved to the side a little, so that he was not 'pointed' at her. She picked up her speed a bit, and Alps caught her scent rising. She was getting aroused from this. The lupine whimpered softly, her scent driving him closer, even with her hand gone.

"Come on... Come on Alps... let it go! I want to see it!" she churred. The slave whimpered and gritted his teeth, desperation taking him. He was right on the edge. Azia was using him as a toy... she was playing with him, and having fun. It was actually very emotionally satisfying to Alps.

"Oh Azia! I'm cumming!" Alps cried softly, mindful of the slumbering Tia. It was still a little too loud. The grey-furred lupine, awakened by Alps' sudden stifled and raspy cry, opened her eyes just in time to watch the sporadic fountain of pearly seed explode from her friend, all over the blanket that she was sleeping under. She squealed with surprise, and giggled, pulling the blanket up to her chest, realizing she was exposed, and watched as Alps arched his back, climaxing hard. Azia held Alps tightly, until he was finished, and she stroked him

kindly for a while, as he became slowly flaccid in her hand. She smiled at Tia and giggled softly.

"I didn't want him to go to bed sore, Tia." she stated softly. Tia nodded and rubbed her eyes.

"Then I take it I wasn't out long." she said, snuggling up to herself under the blanket, feeling a little sheepish, since her chest was out all that time.

"No, not long at all." panted Azia. I am gonna turn in now, you two. We will have a long day tomorrow of traveling, if we want to get anywhere fast." she said, smiling warmly. "Alps, you can sleep here with Tia, since you two are already familiar." she said, smiling warmly. Alps nodded softly, and slipped under the blanket with his friend, feeling rather warm and sated, and happy to have someone to cuddle with tonight. He had felt sure that he would not get to hold anyone for the duration of his absence from Nita, and likely longer, with how much trouble he was getting into.

"Goodnight, General Azia... Umm... Th - Thank you for all this." Tia said softly. Alps realized that his friend had really not expected to be forgiven, but then, her punishment was yet to come, so she might not feel so thankful after that. Alps hoped it didn't involve her being hurt.

As his eyes adjusted to the darkness, the candlelight being blown out, Alps cuddled in close against the younger girl, and caressed her fur slowly, enjoying the feel of her nude body against his. He spooned up to her as he had done Nita so many times, and found himself missing his queen already, even though they were not even out of town yet. As he lay there, in the dark, thinking about his decision, he felt Tia shift, and roll over, facing him. She placed her hand against his chest, and he found himself looking into her eyes. She smiled at him, and caressed his cheek.

"You can't sleep either?" she asked, in a voice that was barely even a whisper. Alps caressed her soft cheek.

"I guess not. I had gotten kind of settled down..." he churred. "It feels strange, going away after so long in the castle. I hope Nita will be alright." he said.

"She will be fine. And you said so yourself. You won't be gone that long. Just to see this Jalana thing through. I know it will only be for a little bit, but I am happy to have you with me Alps... and even more to know that you are safe. I really thought you had died..." she explained. Alps' ears perked as he heard a sound, and then he shook his head, disregarding it. They were in an inn after all. It was possibly from another room, or the hallway.

"I know. She's got lots of friends and family there. I hope she won't be too angry." he said.

"I doubt it. If you love her, she must be special." Tia said, kissing Alps' cheek. She shuffled in a bit closer.

"Thank you Tia... That means a lot to me." Alps said softly. He held Tia in his arms, feeling all the better for it. her body was soft and shapely, and seemed almost made to be held. The slave kissed her on the lips softly, and then held her in silence some more.

"What do you think of General Azia?" Tia asked softly. Alps looked at his friend, and saw a hint of seriousness in her eyes. His opinion of her was important to her.

"I am glad you have someone like her close by. I know she will protect you and want to make you happy." Alps said softly.

"You think so, Alps?" Tia asked, with uncertainty. "I know this sounds weird... and kinda creepy... but, I like her a lot, you know? Like... I mean... like I like you, you know?" she said, her eyes gleaming as she looked at Alps. Alps smiled and chuckled softly, realizing that, as their love grew, neither had admitted it to one another.

"I don't think that is creepy at all Tia..." Alps said softly. "You fear expressing love for Azia because you are a girl. Well, I knew a few couples like that in Diera, believe it or not... They were just as loving and happy as any male and female couple, Tia. You should not be afraid of your feelings. If Azia-" Alps heard another sound, which seemed almost in the room, or actually closer by... but he didn't hear it again, so he continued to whisper to Tia, as quietly as he could. "If Azia actually let you borrow her personal effects, she must feel some love for you too..." Tia was quiet for a moment, thinking, and then she smiled.

"Oh Alps... maybe you are right, because that would mean she would still be willing to use them after me, right?" The slave looked at Tia blankly for a moment. Finally, he just had to ask.

"What... exactly is it she knew you were borrowing?" his tail wagged a bit, his interest peaked.

"Oh..." Tia whispered, blushing, and being as quiet as she could. "Well, umm... It's a life-sized crystal sculpture of a... a... an aroused male... thing." Tia offered, blushing bright enough that Alps could tell in the dark just from the heat. He ohhhed softly in realization now exactly what that was all about. Girls without male companions could always take a toy to play with. He suspected Chana had one, but was not allowed to open the drawer she kept it in. He only knew about

them because of a shop in Seravi that sold them. Those were made of stone, simply called "Favors."

"Oh... Oh, I see..." Alps whispered. "Yeah, definitely she must like you... and she wanted to see you pleased tonight too. I bet she thinks the same about you as you do of her. One day, I am sure you will both be comfortable enough to-"

"Mmmph... oh stars yes..." came a whispered voice from behind, stifled, strained as if someone was trying to keep quiet. Alps went silent, still holding Tia close. Tia heard it too, and buried her face in Alps' chest fur, stifling a bit of giggling.

"She's playing with it now, oh dear..." Tia said, tightening up, and becoming warmer. Alps was almost immediately aroused. He licked his lips softly, and chuckled.

"Heh... well, she didn't take her clothes off or do anything to take care of her own pleasure while she.. umm, took care of me. I guess that, on top of watching you getting pleased were more than she could take." he very faintly whispered. Azia was just across the room, and he didn't want Azia to be disturbed.

"Oh my goodness..." Tia said, lifting her head, and watching the other bed for a moment. "Yeah... I believe you now... that does make me feel... happier." she said, lowering her head, and draping a leg over Alps hip. Alps murreled softly, and caressed that slender leg.

"Oh Tia... hearing her gets you worked up a little, doesn't it?" he asked, suddenly wanting it himself.

"Y... yeah. I know... It's kind of late, and we've got a long trip tomorrow Alps... but I wonder if we can... umm... satisfy each other without Azia noticing?" she swallowed softly, nervously, very excited by the taboo of it all. Alps nodded softly.

"Turn around, Tia... lay on your side. I think we can do it quiet enough..." he said softly. Tia did as she was told, and rather happily, as it allowed her to face Azia's bed, and see her softly squirming form. The younger female held her eyes almost shut, so she would not be noticed, watching, as Azia pulled her blanket down slowly, and began to fondle her breasts in the moonlight that spilled in through the window. She looked on occasion, to make sure that Tia and Alps were asleep, and the slave was moving so slowly that she could not tell as he moved into a low spooning position behind her.

Tia watched with her breath nearly held as Azia, enshrouded mostly in

darkness, a silhouette against a moonlit window, groped eagerly at her chest, her other hand under the covers, between her legs, using a toy that Tia was very familiar with. Made of solid crystal, it was an eleven inch long cock, with all the ridges, and shape of the real thing, made especially for traveling females, or those who are just lonely. Very expensive for this kind, Azia had paid a lot for it and while Tia could have bought her own cheaply enough, it would have been of polished wood which was not as nice, and eventually distorted, or actually even caused injury. No, the one Azia obtained was the good one, and Tia had taken to borrowing it when she thought Azia was asleep. She had, so many times, shamefully licked it and held it and worshipped it, thinking both of Azia, knowing her taste and scent, and of a male... sometimes Alps, sometimes some other fantasy. The thought that Azia might have been doing the same thing with it, licking Tia's taste off of it too, made her almost instantly wet.

"Oh Alps... she's gonna, she'll probably cum before we do." Alps' young friend noted.

"It's okay, Tia... just relax and let yourself enjoy it, okay?" Alps said, feeling very dirty and taboo at the same time. He was already completely solid, erect with longing. He had been 'serviced' by Azia, but his loins burned for a little more, especially at being able to hear the occasional stifled coo of pleasure from the hard, cold General Castalia. Alps slid his hand along Tia's side, and kept her lying in the position she was in, while he laid on his own side behind her, pushed up close. This was the only way he could think of to get away with it. He lifted Tia's leg, and brought his hips up closer behind her, and felt his cock just... sink into her wet sex. Tia gasped deeply, but as quietly as she could catch herself and make it go. She shuddered. Alps had been right on target with the angle of their hips. He felt himself about five inches deep inside his loving friend. His hand remained on her hip, while the other held him in position, his elbow a little behind him, to hold him self as close as he could to Tia.

"Oh Alps... we'll be noticed!" Tia barely whispered. Alps shook his head softly.

"No... Don't worry... just relax, try to act asleep." he half whispered, half panted. There was a pretty loud moan from Azia, who was getting very much absorbed in her solitary fun. She had become so worked up with watching her secretly admired friend pleased, and getting to make a male cum for the first time. because of Alp' positioning, he could pump in and out of Tia from behind, and as long as she held still, she was in the way of Azia's vision of Alps and she could not see anything of his movement. Tia became aware of this, and nodded to Alps, spreading her hips just a little more, pulling a leg back over her friend's thigh as he pressed himself as deep as the position would allow, about 7 inches, into her. It was more than enough for her pleasure, but still Alps felt the pressure of Tia's hand down near his entering cock as she teased her own clit, gathering extra pleasure from that.

The slave didn't mind. This would keep him from having to go as fast or hard to make sure she enjoyed it. And he was enjoying it plenty enough as his hips collided softly with hers. He felt a little guilty because she was already breaking the rules a bit. He told Azia he would not do this to Tia again unless he was told, but surely the general would understand. Tia would suffer if she had to watch and listen to her admired friend have fun, and she could not.

"Oh yeah... deep... all the way..." came a whisper from Azia, who arched her back, her form easy to see traced dark in the moonlight. Alps held back a moan of pleasure and anxiousness, as the constant flow of pre wet the grey lupine inside. The lubrication was completely unnecessary, as Tia's hand sped up over her clit, and she backed her hips a little more against Alps, feeling him inside her. Watching Azia was really getting her riled up! That black outline of her leader was perfect in the light of a near full moon. The covers were off of Azia at that moment, and her nipples were nice and hard. There was little detail, just outline in that silvery light, the moon finally visible outside the glass panes.

Tia looked down at Azia's thighs, and whimpered as she saw her hand moving, up and down, just a little, as if she were patting at her sex. Tia knew better though. Between her fingers, held tightly, was that crystal toy being pumped in and out in that brisk, panting motion, being pressed deep into her body. Tia could see the arching of Azia's fingers just under her bouncing palm. She was playing with her clit at the same time, as she worked herself to orgasm. Alps' clutched lover held her eyes half shut, and shuddered a little. The slave felt her get wet fast. He felt those strong pulses around his cock, which was pistoning in and out briskly, the wolf holding still except for his hips, which bounced eagerly in and out of his friend.

"Did you just-" Alps whispered, but was cut off.

"...Yes! Yes, keep going... haahh... don't stop..." came the light, hissed reply of Tia. Alps could not see what Azia was doing, but it certainly seemed to be entertaining his friend. He felt her so hot and tight around him, fluttering a bit, as her body trembled with her light, but pleasurable climax. She came quick and easily for Alps, but she obviously wanted more. The wolf pumped a little slower for a moment, not wanting to erupt too quickly for his friend's taste. This gave Tia a bit of time to recover, but she was soon once again close to climax, obviously, by the speed at which she stroked her clit side to side as Alps pressed in and out of her.

"Faster Tia... yes..." came a strained whisper from Azia. Tia jerked hard, hearing her name used by the sexually driven Azia, as Alps' thighs got violently soaked. The sheets beneath him were likely drenched as well as Tia shuddered, climaxing *hard* around Alps' stabbing cock. The slave whimpered to himself silently, and held Tia.

"T... told you so..." he said almost silently. Tia whimpered silently, and nodded, her thighs parted slightly as Alps continued to pump into her. He was getting close. He could feel it building up, but he didn't want to finish until Tia was satisfied. He felt that would likely be when Azia finally climaxed.

"Oooooohhh..." came a stuttering moan from Azia. The slave knew that sound. It wasn't long now. He hoped he could hold out. He felt Tia tense again, cumming around his pumping flesh. She was still wrapping her mind around Azia whispering her name while she pleased herself, and it was making the poor young female erupt again and again over Alps' pumping, soaking thighs. He held tight, to make sure that it was not obvious that Tia was moving at all. Her almost constant orgasm was starting to take its toll on her. Her leg, held up so Alps had a better entrance, was getting weak, and was resting against his thigh now as her wetness poured along his hips onto the sheets.

He smiled a bit, as he held Tia, who was still stroking at her clit. She finally moved her hand away, trying to hold back a bit, and keep from cumming again and making so much noise. Alps could hear Azia a lot now, though. She didn't seem to be paying attention anymore, lost in the pleasure, only visually checking from time to time to make sure her friends were not awake, and Tia found it easy to keep her eyes mostly closed, with the pleasure she was in. She held still as Alps pumped her eagerly from behind.

"I'm close, Tia..." Alps whispered softly, his heart beating hard, and his head a little fuzzy, the wolf growing dizzy from not allowing himself to pant. Tia backed hard into Alps, and shook her head.

"J... just a little more... nnnnmmm..." she began strumming her clit again, as the sound of Azia's toy became audible. A soft, licking sound of that smooth crystal slipping back and forth in her tight, wet nethers was so very audible in the quiet room. Tia watched with narrowed eyes, that perfect silhouette of her chosen ruler, faster and faster strummed the toy. Finally, Azia's shadowed body arched, and a fairly loud sound emitted from her strained body.

"Nnnnkkkk!!" Azia stifled her cry of climax, but Tia could see it even if the sound denied it. Her wetness, forced hard around her toy, sprayed outward a little, glittering in the moonlight, and she trembled, holding her hips up, her toy pressed hard and tight inside, as she climaxed around it. Simultaneously, Alps felt Tia's sex jerk hard around him again, that warmth spilling out over his hips. Tia released her own muffled "MMMppphh!" of pleasure, and her body heated and bristled, as she held back all sound, but none of the physical pleasure torrentially surging through her. Alps couldn't take any more. His cock, mercilessly squeezed and pulsed around inside this searing female, released suddenly, uncontrollably, and powerfully. He buried his head against Tia's back, holding her close, as he released his own small, stifled whimper.

"Nnnnff... T - Tia..." he whispered, almost inaudibly. Thick, hot jets of cum spewed hard into his dear friend, as her nethers practically milked the wolf male's throbbing shaft. They held perfectly still through their orgasm, aside from tight shuddering and shivering of pleasure. Tia continued to watch Azia, as her body became relaxed, and she lay back down. She looked out the window, at the moon, paying her friends no mind now, as she pulled the blanket back over her. Alps felt another, smaller tremor flutter through Tia, as she watched her revered and beloved leader licking and sucking the crystal phallus clean. The grey-furred female slowly calmed, and Alps, holding close to her feeling very, very dizzy from holding his panting back, simply passed out, his pulsing, twitching cock still buried deep in his satisfied friend.

Sirius, Book II

Legacy of the Letai

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 4

"Shadowfall!" went the familiar cry, from the black-furred lupine. There was a flash of light, and Alps' entire body ached from it. He felt suddenly like he was falling. This was different. Somehow, he knew something was different about it, even as bizarre as everything else had been. It felt like he was falling forever, and then nothing. No motion. No noise. Just dark silence. There was no hot, no cold... nothing. He could not see himself, he could not hear himself, he could only think, and his thoughts were like the screams of tortured souls, as his mind fumbled its way through the darkness. Finally, he saw, off in the distance, a white light. He willed himself to run to it, but he could feel nothing. However, as he willed it, the light got closer, slowly, but surely. He was not sure how he knew what "feeling" would get him closer to the light, but he just knew.

As he got closer, he saw a lady lupine, solid white, with one green eye, one violet eye. He felt he recognized her. Alps reached her side, and looked at her. She had not noticed him, but of course, how could she. All was silent. She was on her knees, crying. The wolf knelt down, or at least, willed that he could. He reached for her, but there was nothing of his body there at all.

"You're Luna..." Alps said softly, but his voice was nothing. He began to feel that he was not really there. Or was it her that was not real? It was difficult to tell. He thought back. How did he know her? What was all this? He was scared, and yet, did not fear death now. He only had one thing of interest. The only thing in his universe was this female. She wore the robes of a priestess, just as he remembered her, but from where? Her lips moved, but Alps, unable to read lips, could not make out what she was weeping out.

He then, finally, remembered something. In the wasteland. That priestess. She brought life with her hand to the barren earth. Alps willed himself to kneel, and place his hands at her feet. The darkness was too much. There was no land to answer to him, no sound to carry a spell, even if he truly believed he could. Alps cried out and thought, just a little, that he could hear his own voice, and then he listened. It seemed to echo, and then he could just faintly hear Luna's sobbing. He looked to her, and then, perking his ears anxiously, listening to hear everything, he heard other voices out in the darkness, fainter... weaker... and he could see lights, like stars, all around him. Up, down, to any side... They were all in the darkness, crying, screaming, all terrified, hurting, and

forlorn, and then, he felt a sharp tug, and there was a bright light, and he was standing alone in a field, with lovely lush grass, and a long, sobbing voice, carried in the wind.

"Take me with you!" and then, nothing. There was nothing but the wind rushing over the fertile, living grass. He was alive, able to seek his happiness in the world, and they were not. All of those lights in the darkness were alone in that darkness, maybe not even able to see the other lights as he was. And they were alone forever.

"Alps, get up, we're gonna have to make a late start if you don't hurry, and Lady Azia shall be angry!" came Tia's voice. Alps sat straight up. A dream. It had been a dream again. It was different this time though. It was worse, somehow. He rubbed his eyes.

"Sorry... I was dreaming..." Alps said slowly, trying to reconnect with reality. Those were always such vivid dreams.

"Yeah... I gather that. Why did you keep calling for Luna?" Tia asked. "Is everything okay with you?" Alps felt suddenly rather embarrassed. He didn't mean to make a scene like that in front of his friend. He wondered if he sounded weak and pitiful. He remembered screaming in the dream. Surely he had not really cried out so loudly. Had he whimpered? He sat up, and started gathering his clothing, and getting dressed. He went downstairs as the younger female carried a backpack to the front of the inn. Alps took care to relieve himself, unsure when he'd get the chance out on the road. He walked to the front of the inn, and looked around. He could not see Tia or Azia anywhere. Had they left without him? He suddenly had a feeling of dread. Abandonment... the thing he feared most of all! He called out loudly.

"T... Tia! Azia? I'm coming too!" he waited, and then, as he turned to walk back into the inn, he heard Azia's voice.

"We're in here, stupid!" He turned around and focused on the direction of the noise. Finally, he saw a hand wave to him. Tia's. From the window of an expensive looking carriage. Alps sprang over to the door of it and looked in. It was a luxury carriage; similar to the one Nidaja brought him to Diera in.

"Did you think we left you, Alpsie?" Tia asked, wagging her tail, and looking bright and cheerful. Alps blushed. Why wouldn't she look bright and cheerful? She had a very nice night, after all. Alps had nearly forgotten it, in the mist of that distressing dream.

"No... No, I just thought you went back inside." he said, scratching his ear. "Ahhh... who's... carriage is this?" he asked softly.

"It's mine..." came Azia's voice. She was sitting very comfortably in a crushed velvet seat, looking very much removed from her element, with her fighter's attire on.

"You can afford something like this?" he asked softly, looking suspiciously over at the slinks that were drawing it, the hexapodal minks beginning to bound in that odd, comical fluid gait they were known for.

"It was a gift from a town that we saved from the brink of destruction last year..." she said. "The slinks were from another town, for the same reason. We don't charge taxes, but we accept the occasional gift, if it truly helps our cause. We did not need something so lavish, but it helps when we try to generate funding, and meet with wealthy merchants and the like. I do enjoy traveling in style too. Hop in, Alps." Azia said. She seemed more serious again. The white lupine slave climbed in carefully, and sat beside Azia, since she was across from the door, and it was where his position ended up as the carriage lurched forward a little faster. The slinks were exceptionally strong and quick. Alps didn't even take the time to get a look at the driver. He flicked his ears, and looked at Azia.

"Is it far?" He could not, for the life of him, remember just how far it was to where he was going. He'd been to Kishu Valley once before, and knew it was north and west, considerably north, of Luca. It was between Seravi and Jalana, to the north.

"It's over the ocean Alps. We will be catching a ride on a merchant vessel to get there. It's about three days over the sea, even on a light water skipper. You may want to get comfortable. Don't worry. The assault on Jalana is not ready yet. There are still two more detachments of orcs to arrive yet... five days out, the location he's amassing his troops is well hidden and no one goes there, but as it happens, one of our scouts lives in those mountains. We knew at the first sign of trouble."

"I understand..." Alps said softly, settling in the seat a bit, as the carriage tore rapidly through the city streets, heading toward the harbor.

"No ma'am... I do know we had a mountain gray in here... Might be the Tia one you spoke of, but I can't be sure." said the innkeeper. Nita fumbled with her cape, trying to make it fit right over her clothing. She had left the castle in haste,

wanting to catch Alps before he could get out of town.

"And the white male... he wasn't with her?" Nidaja asked, seeming irritated.

"No... Not unless he got here after closing." the innkeeper replied.

"Which he would have..." Nidaja sighed. "Misty said he didn't get done with her till almost 10:30, 11 o'clock. That puts him here around midnight..." The general wiped her forehead.

"How could this be happening, Nidaja?" Nita said, choking back tears. "I gave him so much, and he gave me so much... We were best friends, if I dare say... He was yours too. I thought he really love-"

"Nita!" Nidaja snapped. "The letter didn't say he was leaving for good, and I am sure he is doing, as he said, what he feels in his heart is the best thing for you. That's a sign of love, understand? Not abandonment." Nidaja had been trying to keep Nita from panicking all morning, and it was wearing thin on her.

"I'm sorry. I know, Nidaja. I just... I got so used to having him around... I didn't think I would ever be without him." Nidaja nodded softly, and consolingly.

"Ni... Nidaja and Nita... Oh *my*!" The innkeeper suddenly bowed, a youthful and slender tan male lupine, barely old enough to work.

"Right... Speak not a word of our conversation to another living soul, understand?" Nidaja barked commandingly. The innkeeper bowed and backed away.

"Of course! Yes! No problem!" he continued bobbing and bowing. Nita and Nidaja sighed softly.

"Well... no more information to be had here..." the queen said softly. "We should go. Let's try to ask around in surrounding villages, maybe also Jalana itself, and get a feel for what direction they might have gone. I seriously doubt they would take the poor thing to the battlefield itself. That would be... that would be... foolish." There was *deep* anger in Nita's voice as she said that, and padded out of the inn, with Nidaja close behind. Outside, it was a very lovely day, and there was a bit of hustle and bustle about the streets. Nita looked up one lane, and down the other, and then moved slowly toward her carriage, when, from behind, there came a girl's voice.

"Are you looking for Alps?" came the voice. Nita stopped and froze solid. Nidaja, beside her, also did not move. "I know where he is. I can tell you... for a price..." Nidaja bared her fangs and turned around, feeling hatred for someone as callous as to put a price on such a thing, but her jaw dropped, as did Nita's, when

they turned.

"You!" the general exclaimed, bristling.

Alps looked at the bedroom in the hollow of this small ship. There was not a lot of room, and it paled in comparison to the splendor of the ship he had been on with Nidaja and Misha and Uri. There was only one bed, and while fairly large, it would not sleep three comfortably. He would be pressed close if they were actually all going to be in it. He thought it ill advised to even ask about the sleeping arrangements, but he decided it would come up sooner or later.

"Are we all to sleep on this one?" Alps asked meekly, putting down Tia's backpack. Tia nodded softly.

"Azia and I have slept in a smaller one before. I think it will be okay." she chimed. Tia was still rather lightly cheerful.

"What's wrong Alps?" Azia churred softly, and mischievously. "Afraid you might break to begging too soon?" She cackled softly. Alps looked to Tia. One could almost paint a question mark above her head for the expression she wore. Alps blushed and chuckled.

"Ahh... No... No, I'm fine with it. Just want you both to know I don't have fleas or anything, so you don't... have anything to worry about."

"Good to know." Azia said softly. "You'll be getting them soon enough." Alps swallowed softly. As a slave, he had them quite a bit. He hated fleas. Good grooming in the castle had made him free of them for almost a year. He sat on the bed, and smiled at Azia rather happily.

"The ship's moving now..." came Tia's voice, as she sat on the bed too. Azia moved over to one side of the room, still wearing her coat and gloves and everything. The boat didn't move much, but enough to tell it was moving, and picking up to a nice speed. Alps watched Azia for a moment, curiously. She just looked at him and Tia.

"L... Lady Azia." Tia said softly, looking at her as well. "Ahh... Do you need... something? From the galley maybe?" Alps nodded and got on his knees on the bed, looking ready to move on her command.

"No... No, I think you are forgetting something though, Tia.." she said

softly, adjusting her gloves, and seeming very dark and serious. Alps gritted his teeth a little. Forgetting something? Was she supposed to do something and forgot?

"I am forgetting something?" Tia asked softly. Azia narrowed her eyes, looking at Alps and Tia intently. The two were white and gray lupine, sitting together on their knees, on the bed, looking at her curiously like two children about to be told a story. Azia held her hand out in front of her, inspecting her glove nonchalantly, and said, in slow, dark monotone.

"You are still to be punished for acting without my permission in Diera. You knew you were not to approach the queen. You could have given away my presence there, and caused a lot of harm, you know..." Tia looked at Azia, her eyes a little wide, her lips turned back in a frown. The girl's eyes were watering. Her slave friend shrunk away a bit, and slicked his ears back. He didn't want to see Tia get a beating. Was that what was coming? Alps spoke softly, wanting to prevent it.

"General Castalia..." he bowed before her. "She merely wished to help your dreams come true... She never intended to cause any harm. I know she wouldn't." Alps shrunk back as Azia shot him a hard glance. Tia said softly,

"Alps don't. I knew what I was doing. You can't protect me." The gray female hung her head.

"This is the first time you ever disobeyed me like that, Tia. I am not sure what would be the fitting punishment..." Azia said smoothly. Alps hung his head. He could not watch this. He wanted to leave, but he could not. He would do anything to keep from having to watch Tia get punished. Even if she deserved it, and Alps knew it, he didn't want to see it.

"Punish me in her place..." Alps said softly. "I... I'm a slave... I have scars all over my body from the mistakes I have made. I would offer myself, to keep a mark from ever showing on her unscathed body." The white male said. There was a long silence. Tia said nothing, and Azia said nothing. Alps remained bowed, prostrate before Azia on the bed, waiting for her words, or her attack.

"Are you serious... you would take Tia's punishment for her?" Azia said softly.

"Yes... very sure." Alps said sternly. Azia sat there, in her chair, for a while, saying nothing. The slave finally looked up at her, and saw her lip turned up at one side, as if she were hiding a smile. She chased it away as soon as Alps looked up. He flicked his ear softly, curious.

"Tia, you know from experience what my punishments consist of. You

have seen me punish someone before, haven't you? While you yourself have never had it, you know what I will do?" she said softly. Alps gritted his teeth. He hated it when his mistress would tell him what they were going to do.

"Yes, ma'am..." Tia said softly. "You... hit both sides of their rump with those handspikes." Alps cringed. He would not be able to sit for a while after this, it would seem.

"Alps has volunteered to take this punishment for you... will you allow him to take it?" Azia said softly.

"I... I can't say. It's not my choice. I don't want to be punished... but I don't want to see Alps hurt either." Tia said, sniffing. Alps choked up a bit. He looked at Azia, who gazed emotionlessly at Tia for a moment, and then turned her gaze to Alps.

"What would you do for me... to keep me from punishing Alps? Alps would throw himself in the way of my spikes, evidently, to keep me from punishing you. Would you promise never to disobey me again, Tia?" There was a short pause, and Tia got on her hands and knees, looking to Azia.

"Yes... I promise. I will never disregard one of your orders again. I promise..." She was crying. Alps looked to Azia, and she frowned, swallowing hard. The slave gritted his teeth. Of course. Azia loved Tia. The idea of punishing her was worse than any punishment she could deliver anyway. Alps looked back and forth. His interference had given Azia the chance not to have to do it.

"Well then... that is a big promise. Anything else, Tia?" the white-furred general asked slowly, her voice seeming less hard. Tia nodded briskly, her ponytail bouncing.

"Yes, yes!" she chimed. "Umm... I won't borrow your, umm, things without asking anymore." Azia blushed softly, and looked to Alps, the general cracking, uncontrollably, a smile. She nodded, hiding her face a moment.

"Oh... Yes... that would be nice too. Can't have you borrowing my things without asking first." she said. "But Tia... what if... there were something I really wanted in exchange for Alps and you not being punished... If you grant my request, he won't be punished, and neither will you... If you choose not to grant my request, well, I will just see to it that you don't have very much free time on the trip over the ocean. Does that sound reasonable?" Azia crossed her legs, holding her knee with both hands, looking rather demure. The slave and the grey female both perched on the edge of the bed, looking very interested in what Azia had to say. Alps' friend nodded slowly.

"What would you request, Lady Azia?" Alps asked softly. He felt a tingle through his body. He felt he already had an idea the direction this was going, and his heart was speeding up.

"Well, Tia... this may seem a strange request... but I want you to take off your clothes, and get back on the bed, exactly as you are now." Alps swallowed, and he looked over to Tia. Her expression was that of someone who had just been handed a pineapple, and been told to paint the house. She then lowered her head, blushing deeply.

"Oh... M - M'lady.. You don't want to see... I mean, I'm not very..." She fidgeted a bit. Alps blinked softly. Tia did not have nearly this much trouble when she bared herself to him.

"On the contrary, young lady, I do..." Azia said dryly. "You are a very pretty girl. But aside from that, you need to do something to prove your loyalty, right? I know how shy you are. If you can overcome that, I will believe you are completely loyal to me again." Alps flicked his ears, and looked at Azia curiously. She was right, of course, it was a good way to prove Tia was loyal... having her face one of her fears, but what about Tia's feelings? Did Azia not realize that Tia loved her too? Alps sat on the edge of the bed, and nodded.

"It's okay, Tia. She's right. You are very pretty. It'll be okay..." He smiled at her, and the young girl looked at Alps, blushing hotly.

"B - But Alps, Azia is so gorgeous... I would - I would disappoint." she stammered.

"Nonsense." Azia said. "I take it that you decline the offer then? I hope you like barnacles." Alps slicked his ears back. Seeing Tia naked would be much better than having to scrape the barnacles off the boat. He didn't want to push Tia into it though. He knew she was shy about it, with Azia at least.

"N... No... I don't... Ummm... I will do it. But what is Alps' punishment... he offered." Tia said softly, getting up, and starting to unbutton her oversized white shirt.

"He will be performing a task for me, Tia... But since it was your punishment, you go first... Would you prefer I left the room, so I didn't watch you undress, and came back down when you were done?" Azia asked. Tia nodded slowly. "Very well. Alps, if you will, please come up with me, and give her some privacy." Alps nodded, and hopped up, guessing he would be given the task of leaving Azia alone while she spent some time with the naked Tia. He didn't mind though. He thought it was sweet. He followed the general up to the deck of the ship. He inhaled deeply, the scent of salty sea air. His experience with Nidaja made him love it.

"What do you need me to do, Lady Azia?" Alps asked, very utilitarian.

"Oh man, what am I doing?" Azia asked, holding her cheeks and bumping her head into the mast.

"You are handing out alternative punishment." he answered quickly. His mistress often asked him what she was doing when she punished him. It was not uncommon.

"No, no..." she said, seeming frustrated and overheated. "I mean with Tia? Am I going to ruin it? I mean... I'll be honest... I want her... I want her more than even the end of the Uruk armies!" Azia hugged her chest, obviously feeling her heart beat rapidly. The slave looked at her curiously. She was acting completely different again. She was very much unlike that general from a moment ago, or that tease the previous night. "What do I do Alps? I mean... You've been with her. What did she like about it? How did you get her to do it? How did you make her want it?" She flicked her ears softly, irritated, and seeming nervous. Alps suddenly realized what he was needed for now.

"If you worry that Tia does not love you the same way you love her, you shouldn't." Alps said softly. He felt a glow in his body, warm and soft, as he started to play the role of match-maker. This was better than a punishment, any day.

"Wh... Why do you say that?" Azia asked, blushing. She held her cheeks and smiled. "Did she... say anything about me?" Alps blinked. She was acting very much like a little girl in love now. He smiled and nodded.

"Yeah... kinda. Did you think she was asleep last night, when you had your fun?" Alps asked. Azia stopped, and blushed, looking into Alps' violet eyes, shocked.

"Sh... She watched me?" Azia asked softly.

"Yeah... and enjoyed it as much as you enjoyed watching her when I was under the covers. General, she loves you. Drop the punishment act. It's not necessary. She wants to undress for you anyway... She wants to be with you. She's just nervous, because she thinks she's not as pretty as you." Azia thought for a moment, and then shook her head, blushing deeply.

"B - But Alps, I... I have never... I mean, I don't know how to make her... You know... comfortable." Azia stammered. Alps chuckled softly. It was deeply entertaining to him, seeing her as flustered as all this with the strength that she had shown so much before. He was starting to understand, whether it was Nidaja, the queen, or Neit, everyone seemed to have an "act" that they

performed and a character they played which might not be their actual self. Alps had always been a slave, hadn't he? Or was it the act that life thrust upon him? He shook the thought out of his head.

"If you want Tia, then all you have to do..." Alps started.

"Yes? Yes?" Azia said, peering into his eyes. Alps felt suddenly put on the spot.

"Ahh... well... Hey... Umm... How about... I go down there with you, and kind of mediate between you, so you can't possibly misunderstand each other?" Alps offered. He wanted time to think about what would help the situation, and he could not do it with Azia staring him down on the deck of the ship. "I don't have to be at all involved, I don't even have to remove a stitch of clothing. Two of my female friends in Diera were lovers. I know how their relationship worked. I can kind of... coach." The general brightened.

"Ohh! Ohh yes! That's a good idea! You know more about this stuff... you were trained for it!" she chimed. Alps gritted his teeth. Had he really given the impression to Azia that he was a trained sex-servant, and love-slave? That was not the case, was it? He nodded softly. Azia jerked his hand, and pulled him downstairs.

As they entered the room, it had changed a bit. It was darkened, mostly. There were candles on either side of the bed, burning with vanilla scented flames. Azia and Alps froze in their tracks. Alps looked around, his eyes adjusting to the darkness. On her hands and knees, her head down, submissively, was Tia. She was wearing nothing at all, as she spoke softly.

"I apologize for the other candles... They... blew out when I was undressing." Azia's jaw was slack. She could not see anything completely intimate about Tia just yet... only her shoulders and back and tail, which was wagging slowly, betraying her humility for nervous excitement. Tia looked up, and gasped, blushing a bit more. "Oh... you brought Alps back with you... I thought... Umm... what is his errand?" Tia asked. Azia's jaw was still slack. The slave looked to the white female with that dark black hair, and realized that she'd kind of frozen up. While she might be able to tear apart a battlefield, matters of love were out of her element. Alps answered.

"She wanted me to do something very important... which I shall do now..." Alps said softly, holding Azia by the shoulders, and moving her, albeit stiffly, over to the edge of the bed. Tia sat up on her knees, hugging her breasts, to hide them a little, her legs closed, concealing her sex. Alps found her very enchanting in that position.

"W... Whaa?" Azia asked, blinking, and looking at Alps. Alps leaned in

and whispered into her ear.

"Trust me... you want Tia, right?" he churred, far too low for the other girl to hear. Azia nodded slowly.

"Are you okay, Lady Azia? I... I didn't disappoint you... did I?" Tia asked, finally moving her hands away from her chest, hesitantly. Her firm, youthful breasts were tinted pink with her blushing, velvety soft, her nipples already a little turgid from the cool air, and perhaps a touch of excitement.

"Huh? Oh no... No, you didn't disappoint me at all, Tia..." Azia said. "You... umm... You are very brave to do as I asked. I know... how shy you are." Tia smiled weakly, seeming to feel a little better. Her ears perked, however, as Alps drew Azia's coat off of her. The general's eyes widened a bit, and she looked back at Alps, as he hung the coat up.

"Right..." Alps said softly. "Tia is very shy. Almost as shy as Azia... but, if Tia is brave enough to stand unclothed before her leader, then surely her leader must have the strength to do the same, right?" Alps said. He reached for Azia's hands, and began to remove a glove.

"Whoa... wait... Alps I-" Azia started, as Tia's ears flushed again.

"Oh no... It's only fair... Besides, I have to complete the errand I was supposed to do, remember?" Alps said. Azia looked at Alps blankly for a moment, and then blushed and smiled, perhaps getting the idea. She turned and looked to Tia, nodding.

"Y - Yeah... If you are... umm... willing to do this for me, your loyalty has to be rewarded, right?" Azia said softly. Tia inhaled deeply, and her nipples tightened to pebbles on her young breasts.

"Right, yes of course, if it is m'lady's desire." Tia said breathlessly.

"Would you be disappointed to see Lady Azia wearing nothing?" Alps asked softly, as he helped her carefully out of her boots. Tia shook her head softly, as Azia just blushed deeply, and fidgeted.

"No... I would not mind it at all." She said, and gasped a little, having realized how excited she sounded in how she had just said that. Azia's eyes widened and she stood still a moment. Alps felt suddenly very coy and controlling. These two... would they have come together like this naturally? Was the fact that Azia knew he had made love to Tia what started this? He didn't know, but he couldn't bail out now. The slave pulled that elastic, tight shirt off of Azia, and Tia licked her lips a bit, seeing her general's large, firm breasts bounce into view, no undergarment to contain them. Azia watched the young mountain

grey, and she watched the white female, in silence. The younger girl hugged her breasts a bit, and Azia did the same, both rather displaying their assets, boosted from below their crossed arms nervously.

Azia was better built in the chest than Tia, by quite a bit, but Azia was also quite a bit taller. Tia looked down at her own for a moment, and then parted her thighs a bit, letting Azia look, for the very first time, at her dark, glistening folds. Already, the scent of arousal rose from her hips. Alps began to untie Azia's leather pants, and slid them slowly down. His tail wagged softly, back and forth, as he savored the moment. He was bringing these two together. He felt very nice about it. As he got them all the way down, Azia stepped out of the short black pants, and moved over to the bed. She got on her knees, and faced Tia as she had been facing her. Neither would say a word. They looked at one another.

The slave watched them in a long silence. He was highly aroused too, but still dressed and just... watching this silent pair, wondering if they would move. He then sighed softly. He had begun to take for granted that everyone was as loving as the queen's family and friends. But they had all been together for a lifetime, and were already in love before. This was very different. These two didn't even know if they really liked girls. It was sometimes a tough thing to accept, when you wanted to eventually have a normal sort of family and place in the world. Alps finally spoke, wanting to help move things along for the two lovers, and feeling they very much deserved one another.

"Tia... is she as beautiful as you had imagined her?" the slave asked softly. Tia did not move her eyes at all, tears welling in them. She continued to gaze at Azia, up and down her body. Those strong, warrior's thighs, her smooth, white tummy... her large, milky breasts, they were all absolutely beautiful. Even Alps felt that she had a bit more to offer in the lines of physical beauty than Nidaja did.

"Y... Yes... more so really. She's... the light's essence to me." Tia said, shakily, her heart feeling like it was going a hundred miles a second. Alps looked at Azia's backpack and thought a moment, as he tried to figure this out, and then smiles, continuing to talk.

"Azia?" he asked softly. Azia nodded. "How about Tia... What do you think of her? I know you wanted to see her like this yesterday... was it worth the wait?" Alps looked at Tia, who blushed deeply from that. Tia was a lot plainer than Azia, but her body was youthful and lovely. Her solid gray fur was thin over her breasts, and she had the build of a runner. She looked very agile, young, and healthy.

"Oh Alps..." Azia said softly. "I don't know what you are wanting me to say, but Tia knows she's beautiful, why else would I keep trying to catch her with

her clothes off?" Alps chuckled, and nodded. He reached down and rummaged in Azia's backpack. Neither of the girls looked at him. They were very much enchanted in one another. Alps finally moved to the bed, and held up the object he had been searching for. It was a perfectly shaped and sized crystal phallus, which, from all the talk, both of them were very familiar with.

"Alps... you got into my backpack." The general said, aloofly.

"Yes... I did... Tia, do you remember last night? What you saw?" Tia and Azia both blushed hotly and looked away from each other. Tia hugged her chest again.

"Alps... p – please..." The younger girl said, fighting the embarrassment. Now Azia knew she watched! Alps smiled and then asked softly.

"Be honest, Tia... You have absolutely nothing to hide now... Did you like it?" he asked.

"L... Like what?" Tia asked softly. Alps inwardly rolled his eyes. It could not possibly have been this difficult for Misha and Uri, could it?

"Did you like watching Lady Azia play with this?" Alps asked more thoroughly. The mountain grey inhaled deeply, quivering. She finally looked up and answered.

"Yes... I... I did." Tia said, half whispering. Azia looked at her again, the white female's nipples, pink and hard, easy to see now. She was becoming aroused as well. Alps smiled. This was going pretty well.

"Azia... would you like to see Tia play with your toy some time too?" the slave asked softly, knowing full well what the answer would be.

"Yes..." Azia said, with surprisingly little hesitation. A soft whine came from the grey, and she lowered her hips a bit. Alps could smell the humid rise of her arousal, the strongest in the room. He looked down at her thighs, her fur already matted down along one inner thigh, as her nectar had already started to run. She was sitting here, fur to fur, nude before her also unclad object of worship. Alps held up the toy, and brought it to Tia's muzzle.

"Can you smell the scent of your general, Tia?" Alps asked softly. The girl's eyes fluttered shut as she inhaled, and she bucked her hips a little, biting her lip, and trembling. Azia's eyes widened and she licked her own lips a bit, looking to Alps, deep blush in her ears and over her muzzle. The slave nodded softly. "Touch it with your tongue, Tia... Taste her..." he said slowly. Tia, seemingly without a single thought or care in the world, did as prompted, her tongue snaking out to caress along one side of the crystal cock. "Can you taste

her?" Alps asked softly. Tia nodded and whimpered again softly.

Azia watched intently. The younger female kept her eyes shut, inhaling deeply now. Her heart was obviously racing. "Is that the first time you have ever tasted Azia?" Alps asked softly. Tia shook her head. No, it was not. Azia's eyes widened again, and this time, she released the soft whine, and lowered her hips a bit, spreading her legs a little more. Alps got a good look at her swollen pinkish labia, which were steaming with her scent now. They were glistening, as she fairly drooled her nectar as much as Tia. He felt almost cruel, getting these two worked up so much, but he felt it was the only way to get them to open up to one another. The one way to break down their inhibitions. "Do you like her taste? Do you want to taste her again?" Alps asked Tia.

"Ahh... Y... Yes..." came the grey-furred female's reply. The white male looked to Azia and smiled at her, and Azia smiled back, faintly, looking as if she might pass out. Alps pulled Azia back a bit, and got around behind her, letting her rest against his chest, as he remained on his knees, fully clothed, behind her. He let her half lay against him, her legs still spread, her knees still on the bed, displaying her very intimately to Tia. The girl opened her eyes, and hugged her breasts again, this time, not concealing, but just squeezing them from pleasure. Alps handed the crystal toy to Tia, and smiled to her.

"Tia... touch the tip to her, touch it gently, but get some of her taste... her scent... on it. Then, taste her again." the slave said softly. He suddenly felt as if he were teaching, and that, although odd, made him feel useful. Tia swallowed, and blushed deeply, looking into Azia's eyes.

"Is... it okay?" Azia's subordinate asked, seeming to be in disbelief. Azia nodded softly, looking to be on the verge of tears of joy.

"Mmm... Yes... Yes, It's okay. But only you... Alps can't touch, okay?" the general stated clearly. Alps nodded softly, in understanding. This was a very special moment. He was here to facilitate, not to participate or interfere. Tia moved closer, and smiled at Alps... a kind of smile that let Alps know she was thanking him. She lowered the toy and guided it, so very slowly, to Azia's sex. The white-furred general gasped, and crooned very softly, her strong body flexing in Alps' grip. The white male lupine held her by her shoulders only, not touching Azia any more intimately than he had to in order to hold her still. Tia rolled the tip of the toy around a bit, giving it a good coating, and the general arched her back with strained pleasure and cooed very sweetly, obviously enjoying it. Tia then moved it away, and the older female watched, breathless, as the gray female brought the toy to her lips, then engulfed the tip with her muzzle, rolling her tongue on it softly.

Azia looked back at Alps, and smiled at him the same way Tia had. The slave wondered if it were a better idea to leave them be and let them take it from

there, but then decided they both were now looking at him to guide them, as odd as it was. How had he managed to get in control here? He looked to Tia and said softly,

"Okay, sweetie... this is about sharing, you understand... you should let Azia taste too, if she says she wants to..." the slave stated. Tia looked to Azia, and the white warrior nodded shyly. The girl blushed again, and then leaned back, holding her calf while she spread her legs, and dipped the toy about an inch or so into her, and swirled it a bit, coating it, and whimpering loudly, seeming to get a lot of pleasure from that, as turned on as she was. Her copious nectar rolled down the gleaming clear shaft of the crystal cock as she teased herself internally with it, however shallow. She then brought it up to Azia's lips, and her superior wasted no time in licking it eagerly clean. Tia groaned at the sight of this. The slave then reached out, and took the toy from the younger grey female, who was reluctant to give it up. She looked at Alps, as did Azia.

"Hey... we were... ahh... havin' fun with that." Tia said, blushing hotly. Azia blushed as well, and nodded. Alps could not help thinking what a transformation it was when these two were intimate. He nodded to them both.

"Yes, I know... but there is something else you two might have fun with too." he stated. "Tia... I want you to move over to Azia, and give her a hug, okay?" Alps said softly. He really didn't know a whole lot about how females interacted sexual except from what he learned watching Misha and Uri, and they loved letting him watch. Most of their sexual encounters started while hugging, however, so he felt this was the natural way to go. He released Azia, and moved to sit in the chair Azia had been in. He winced, and stifled a yelp of agony. He reached under him, and pulled Azia's left glove off the seat, and tossed it over against the wall.

"Like this?" Tia asked, bringing herself in close, and embracing Azia. The general trilled softly, and closed her eyes, seeming to just drift into heaven that very second. "Azia you are so warm." Her subordinate said, hugging tighter. Alps said nothing. He felt he would not have to. For a while, in silence, Tia and Azia held one another, but eventually, as Alps expected, the general's hand began to drift up and down along Tia's body. The younger girl arched her back a little, to look, nose to nose, with Azia. Their eyes said perhaps a thousand things back and forth between one another, none of which Alps could hear, but he had said those things, every single one, to Nita in his own eyes.

Both of their eyes began to drift closed, and Alps smiled warmly, knowing full well that look... those slowly closing eyes. Both of their heads tilted, just a little in opposite directions, and Azia pulled Tia into a kiss, tight to lips first, but soon, tongue explored muzzle, back and forth between them. The wolf felt his own arousal screaming within him, but he held back. This was not his moment. This was theirs, and he felt blessed to get to watch this. Tia suddenly gasped,

and pulled from the kiss, laying her head over Azia's shoulder, panting. Alps looked down, having been watching the kiss, he didn't notice. The general's hand was cupped over Tia's sex, and she had two long, strong fingers buried inside her.

"It's okay... I'll not hurt you." Azia whispered.

"Ahh... I know... Mm... Azia I..." Tia started, and then shuddered, rolling her hips against her mistress' touch. Azia slowed down a little, letting the girl speak. The gray lupine female, panting heavily now, brought her hands to Azia's breasts, giving them a squeeze, before slowly beginning to massage them, making the older female squeal in soft delight. Her subordinate continued to roll her hips against those probing fingers.

"Lay down... Ohh... On your back Tia..." Azia said softly. Tia looked longingly at Azia a moment, and then complied. Alps leaned forward, panting softly, his body feeling so hot. This was it. This would be their final step into intimacy together. Tia moved to the center of the bed, and lay on her back, spreading her legs for her lover, welcoming her completely with loving eyes as hot, tangy nectar just spilled over the base of her slowly wagging tail. Azia sighed happily, and moved over to her on all fours. She lowered her body, her chest to the bed, and looked over Tia's heaving body, her breasts moving up and down with her erratic panting.

"Ahh... I... I haven't... felt so hot... in my life..." Tia said, panting.

"It's okay, Tia... I feel the same way, to be honest..." Azia stated. "Are you... ready?" the general asked.

"Yeah... I was ready... months ago..." Tia said, pulling a gasp out of Azia in the process. Slowly, Azia lowered her head, smiling, tears suddenly flowing down her muzzle. She licked her lips, and then, her muzzle parted, pressed her tongue into Tia's dewy, glistening folds. In only a couple seconds of having that tongue in her, Tia wailed, and Azia's face was soaked, that grey female perhaps being the most copiously climaxing female Alps had ever know. This startled Azia a little, causing her to pull back, sputtering slightly. The younger girl whimpered and rolled her hips helplessly, as a sudden, unstoppable climax already wracked her body.

Azia looked stunned for just a moment, her eyes wide. finally, realizing what happened, she lowered her head again, and stated licking frantically, taking Tia's taste from her, and finally, as she calmed down, and stop jumping from being so sensitive, Azia slipped her tongue back into those tangy muscular folds, letting her clamp around that ribbon of lupine silk like a fleshy vice. Alps groaned softly, wanting so much to feel that around his own tongue, but knowing his place he stayed. Azia began to nuzzle at her lover's clit slowly, and loll her tongue

deep inside her, getting the girl worked up again in very little time at all, so overjoyed was she at getting to be with Azia. The lady lupine looked up from Tia's sex to Alps finally, and, blushing, said softly,

"Alps... Ahh... umm... Heh... What was the thing you did that she liked yesterday? Can you show me?" she asked, trembling. Alps found it to be very sweet that she wanted to know how to pleasure Tia more, and the younger female just groaned lustfully, seeming to have lost any thread of shyness now. Alps nodded, and moved over, close by, and pointed to Tia's clit.

"Right here... Do this..." Alps brought his finger to his lips, and slipped his tongue out. Then, he slipped his tongue rapidly back and forth over the tip of his finger. Azia watched a moment, and then nodded, lowering her head. The white male got a very good view then, as the general spread Tia's sex wide open with her hands carefully, gently, and used her tongue as Alps instructed. Tia whimpered louder and louder, as Azia relentlessly attacked, her tongue flitting and darting. From time to time, to rest her tongue, Azia would move her fingers in place of it, stroking the same way, from side to side. Alps' young friend did not seem aware of the switch, and continued to writhe and beg desperately, without any real words, for the release she knew her lover would bring.

Alps watched the pure art of Azia's tongue on that glistening sex as the older female became almost obsessed with her task. Finally, when it seemed that Azia's tongue was getting tired, Tia arched her back high and gave Azia's muzzle a second glistening coat of feminine cum. The general then reared back, laughing happily, her eyes half closed, her heart hammering, and her mind spinning. She had not been the one to climax, but hearing Tia pop had made her just as cum-drunk as her subordinate now was. Tia sat up and just pushed Azia onto her back. The larger female toppled with ease, squeaking like a child losing her balance.

"Oh Tia!" she cried happily, as the younger female very zealously buried her muzzle between her mistress' thighs. Azia released one long and plaintive moan after another as her lover used her tongue and her fingers as eagerly as she could. The slave watched, panting heavily, his heart pounding, as the two became further and further involved. Very little time went by before Azia was rolling her hips as helplessly as Tia had been, whimpering anxiously. The grey female held her down, very eager in her lovemaking with Azia, as the strong white female drew her legs around the younger girl's shoulders. Alps watched the heated wrapping of arms and legs, body rolling against body, and all manner of sexual sounds between the two, helplessly.

He wanted so badly just to be able to remove his pants, and pleasure himself at the very least. He was allowed to with Uri and Misha, since they liked him to just watch sometimes, but knew how hard it was for him. Here, he didn't have that option. He didn't want to detract from the special moment these two

were having. He watched as Tia held her head back a little and her long, agile, pink tongue zipped in and out like a slender cock, pumping into her object of affection. With each plunge of that hot length of silky flesh, Azia's body jerked. She was getting very close, and was going to cum fast. Alps leaned forward to watch, but could see little as Tia suddenly opened her muzzle, cupping Azia's mound tightly, plunging her tongue deep inside lustfully! Finally, with a loud, uncharacteristically high-pitched squeal of release, Azia threw her head back, shaking, and Alps heard a wet *galumph* of Tia getting more than she bargained for. The girl managed not to choke as she licked the heavily climaxing Azia clean as fast as her nectar erupted from her.

After a very long and wet orgasm, Tia slid slowly up Azia's body, with the look of a very sated lover, licking her soaking muzzle as Alps, still clothed but shaking, watched. Azia's subordinate giggled softly, looking over to her male friend, as she pressed her breasts to her lover's. She looked back into her lover's eyes, kissing her ardently, as her hips still burned and tingled letting her drift slowly into afterglow.

"Now..." Alps said, trying to catch his breath. "You both have something very important to say to one another." he churred, trying to hide his terribly aroused state.

"Yes... You are right." Azia said, seeming serious again, her eyes going back to that almost warrior's state, narrow and cunning. Tia looked into them, canting her head.

"Yes... L... Lady Azia?" Tia asked, shakily. The climax had taken a lot out of her.

"Tia... I... I am in love with you." came the general's clear and determined words. There was a lot of will and power behind them. She now had no trouble at all saying them. Tia's breath caught in her throat, and she looked down into her beloved leader's eyes, tears spilling suddenly down the sides of her muzzle. The young female spoke, her voice broken by tears.

"Essence of the light, Azia I love you too!" and with that, all was merely a jumble of crying and petting and loving before the ear-flicking slave. For about ten minutes, they held each other, the release they felt in telling one another about their hidden love being far more powerful and mind-wracking than the most powerful of climax they could share. The male held his arms folded over his lap as he happily watched them. It was beautiful, Alps thought. One of the most beautiful things he'd ever seen, even though they both looked like drowned rats from the crying and the cum-soaked fur.

The slave leaned back, and adjusted his pants, to let him sit more comfortably. He would be riled up for some time.

"Awww... Poor Alps." came Tia's voice, as she stroked her lover's face, holding herself on top of her.

"Well... I'm impressed Alps... You kept your hands to yourself... You didn't even paint the sheets from watching us." Azia said, still panting softly.

The slave smirked a bit, still feeling good from what he's witnessed, regardless. He decided not to risk them thinking he was turned off by the display, and murmured, "It was far from easy to manage. I can hardly move right now." The general grinned at that coyly, and murmured,

"I suppose I should reward you, shouldn't I?" Tia giggled, and licked Azia's cheek.

"I bet he would like that." she said playfully.

"You know you are still not allowed to do anything to me unless I give you permission, right Alps?" Azia asked, caressing Tia's bottom slowly.

"Yes, m'lady..." Alps said softly. "As I said... you would have to command me to."

"Even now, you won't beg?" Azia asked, seeming rather stunned. Tia looked up and giggled a bit.

"Oh no, Azia... No you don't... Alps is nice, don't play that game with him." She winked, snuggling against Azia, who hugged her back. She seemed utterly thrilled to get to do that openly now.

"What game? I just think he should be willing to beg, yes? I am worth begging for, aren't I?" Azia asked, tickling Tia. She giggled softly, and nodded, squealing happily. She seemed so much more the little girl in Azia's embrace. The general looked back up to Alps. "So... do I still have to order you to?" she asked.

"I will faithfully follow your orders, m'lady.." Alps churred softly, secretly hoping he could hold out. He was very heated through and through by what he'd just witnessed.

"Very well, Alps... I will give an order... Take your clothes off. Let me and my sweet Tia see you..." she churred. Tia embraced her love again, enjoying getting called that. The slave nodded, thankful for the dismissal of his constrictive clothing, and very casually stood and undressed. He was rock hard, glistening pink and wet, his cock aching with need. He had made love three times in the past two days, and was not the least bit tired. He knew it would

catch up to him eventually though. He stood there, his hands behind his back, smiling softly at Azia and Tia. The general looked at Alps for a little while, and giggled. The younger girl looked to her lover, and wagged her tail slowly, their nude forms still together.

"Just as you requested, m'lady. I stand nude before you." Alps stated clearly, and then gritted his teeth, having looked down in time to see a long, drooling ribbon of pre pour down from his twitching tip to the sheets of the bed. Alps lowered his head, chuckling. "Heh... sorry... that was very intense to watch, I'll admit." he churred, his hands still behind his back. Azia looked to Tia and smiled mischievously.

"Could you take it?" Azia asked. The girl blushed and then nodded.

"Would you enjoy letting me do that?" Tia asked.

"As long as we never have to stop holding each other..." the general's answer came. She licked her lips. "Could you... Turn... so my head is between your thighs?" the white female asked. Tia blushed, and then smiled, almost wickedly. She slowly turned around, and Alps just stood there, a little bit confused. Did they want him to do something? What were these two up to? Tia situated herself down over Azia's face, and then squealed happily as the buxom general evidently fed her sex a length of tongue. Tia then looked over her shoulder at Alps, and said softly, rather longingly,

"Alpsie... Come over here... We aren't just gonna let you go to bed like that... You won't be able to roll over on your tummy, and you'll snore..." she said, seeming very serious. The girl then squeaked again, and wriggled her hips.

"I... can't touch unless ordered to." Alps stated calmly, not wanting to lose Azia's trust by showing a lack of control.

"Get between my hips on your knees, Alps, in front of Tia." Azia said, muffled between her lover's thighs. Tia shuddered a bit from the vibrations of the general's voice. The gray lupine female picked up the crystal toy that Alps had put down on the bed.

"I know what she is playing at..." Tia said, giggling sweetly. "It's okay Alps, get on your knees... right there." She patted the bed between Azia's thighs, as the general seemed to double her efforts, licking Tia deeply. Tia's breath was feathery and panting already. Alps did as he was told, his body quaking with need as he leaned back a little, on his knees in front of Tia. The girl looked under herself, at Azia, and churred softly.

"Mmmph... okay... Tia, yeah... there it is. Use that toy on me... you watched me, so you know how I like it I think, but... get Alps off at the... same

time." The white-furred female panted, her arousal peaking again. The younger girl nodded, and licked the shiny length of crystal a few times, getting it wet. It was about 11 inches long, which made it two more than Alps, but about two inches stayed out, as the girls had to hold onto it. After she got it wet, she placed it at the entrance to Azia's sex.

Alps had a really good look now at that perfect mound, pink lips, spreading like rose petals with need as Tia placed that toy upon them. Azia arched her hips and Tia, with tenderness and love, pressed it slowly in, working it back and forth, filling her lover's sex with it. It spread her open, and her labia hugged the toy, suckling on it as she slipped it in and out. Alps found himself almost ready to beg just from watching that, but fought the urge. Tia was given that task already. The male lupine groaned loudly as he felt Tia's hand wrap around his cock firmly. He huffed softly, shivering,

"Mmm... Ohh, Tia! You won't have to work hard for this one..." He felt odd speaking so candidly about it, but he'd really grown used to sex practically as a way of life. Perhaps he really *was* a sex slave at this point? He didn't know, and with a sweet, loving female caressing his length like Tia was, he was not inclined to care. He caressed her face as he looked down, and watched her begin to strum the toy into her lover's sex. He whimpered loudly, and tightened the muscles in his legs. Tia began to quake softly, whimpering a bit, as her hand sped up. She was mimicking the speed, it seemed, that Azia was licking her.

Alps could hear that tongue, working that wet, turgid flesh. He leaned back to give Tia more room, and found that it invited her to try something else. He winced and moaned loudly as his friend's muzzle closed around his length. Her tongue drew back hard, as hard as Tia possibly could to suckle heavily on that turgid length, and she jerked her head back softly, again and again, tugging at Alps' throbbing flesh. The male whined loudly, the feel of her sucking him so hard like that almost spilling his seed right then and there, but he didn't want to pop too soon before the two girls. He wanted to hold on and be a part of their fun now that he was invited.

Tia seemed to be glad to include him, especially since she felt thankful that he, in part, caused it to happen. Faster, and more intently she stroked that crystal dildo in her beloved Azia. Azia's hips began to jump softly, back and forth, and raising up, rolling against the toy. Her desperate whines of longing carried joyfully into the air.

"Yes... Tia... Oh stars on the night, how long I have wanted... you to be the one moving that in me..." he whimpered. Tia whimpered, as she felt that tongue scooping and scraping her inner walls, her nethers jerking tight around it, resisting, but welcoming at the same time.

"Ohhh, Azia... I... heard you call my name last night... I knew... Oh love, I knew. I was scared though... oh yes... deep... like that... I'll cum!" she

whimpered, her self restraint completely gone. Tia's muzzle came back down on Alps' cock. Her hand hammered that toy in and out of Azia. The white lupine female, muscles flexing, rolled her hips harder. If Tia was fucking her, she was fucking back, as far as she was concerned. Alps got the feeling that toy would be shared between them a *long* time. He felt his sack welling up, drawing close to his body. It was gonna be a strong one when it came. He whimpered a little, and listened to Azia's voice again.

"Ahh... Tia... Yes... Make Alps cum on your chest, sweetie... I wanna see it when we are done." she whimpered, rolling her hips eagerly. "Nnnngg... Oh Tia! Close! I'm getting close... faster... move it faster... hit me with your knuckles... Nnnnf! yes!" she cried out, as Tia balled her knuckles a little, and let them tap Azia's clit as she punched the toy in and out faster. Azia raised her hips.

"Gonna cum!" Tia whined loudly. "So close, Azia! Yes! Yes!!" She encouraged. Alps' head was spinning. He couldn't hold back anymore. As Tia ran her hand up and down his length, calling out to Azia, The white male released. He felt the hot surge of energy sear through him, and then pulse after pulse leaving his body. Tia squealed in rapture, as she took the full force of it all over her chest, and climaxed at the same time. Her hand continued to pump the toy for Azia, who was lagging only a little bit behind. Azia called out, her face obviously soaked again,

"Yefth Thia! Oh yefth!!" Alps arched his back, whimpering as Tia slowed her hand on his cock, slick with his seed. A little late, as if it was just dawning on her, Tia cried out,

"Oh Azia! He's popped! Oh gods yes... all over me, love!" she cried, as an aftershock of her orgasm shook her body. Alps felt a spatter of wetness on his knees, as Azia's sex convulsed around the toy, and the female, wrenching on her back helplessly, howled right into Tia's sex, sending the girl wailing with another weaker, but still potent orgasm from the shock of the sound vibrations alone! Alps caught Tia as she fell forward, letting go of the toy, which slipped out of her lover, and the room went silent, save for heavy panting.

The slave looked at Tia, tears in her eyes from release and happiness. He could not see Azia, who was still breathing, muffled between her lover's thighs. He wondered how long this moment had been building. How long had these two been waiting for the dam to burst? Would he no longer be needed now that they had each other? Even if that were the case, he'd still happily serve at their side. Seeing the blossoming of love between them gave Alps a personal attachment to them. He'd protect them just as he had Nita, until he was done with this personal quest.

After a while, Alps pulled Tia to her side, to lay alongside Azia, who, while still awake, was in a stupor. Alps sat beside them, the bed kind of full with those two on it. He would gladly sleep at the foot of the bed, to give them the room

they'd need. He smiled at the general softly.

"She passes out a lot..." Alps observed softly. Azia chuckled and nodded softly.

"You are... a very odd slave, Alps." Azia said softly.

"Hmm?" Alps looked at her curiously.

"Well... I just... feel like I can expect great things from you... even though you were just a slave. I will be honest." She inhaled deeply. "I had originally intended to use you as a bargaining tool with Nita, to force her hand in other matters than the Jalana thing... smaller matters, yes, but enough to give me more leverage with some of the regional matriarchs. Now, however... I am beginning to feel that your presence in this... story... might be something completely different." Alps looked at Azia curiously as she panted softly. He was going to be used... against Nita? He felt guilty that he had nearly put her in such a predicament. But here, through just being himself, he had changed that. What would Azia expect from him now? Even if he was unusual, he was still just a slave.

"Azia?" Alps said softly.

"Yes?" she replied, hugging up close to Tia, who shifted a bit, and held Azia too in her slumber. Her breasts were still streaked with wet, white streamers of Alps' release, and Azia did not seem to mind, this time, getting it all into her fur.

"Would Nita be proud of me... or angry with me?" he asked.

"If I were Nita," Azia said softly, "I think I should be very worried. Maybe scared, if I lost someone like you... Do you wish to return to her, Alps?" Azia asked, making it obvious that, for all he'd done for Tia, he could turn back now with her blessing. Alps thought a little while, and then looked into Azia's eyes.

"I cannot return to Nita until I am sure I have done what I can to prevent her sadness." he half-whispered.

"Her sadness?" Azia asked.

"I do not wish her to blame herself for Jalana's loss. I will do everything in my power, even cast away my life, to prevent her from falling prey to the tragedy of another town she could have protected." he said softly, looking into the general's eyes.

"Alps... if the war ever comes to a contest of the strength of the hordes...

and the strength of your spirit, I think we'd have nothing to fear." Azia said, caressing Tia's head.

"Th... thank you." Alps said, a little taken aback by the compliments of his honest words.

"When I look into your eyes, Alps... I feel like... I am looking into those of a knight... a hero, but you are a slave, aren't you? I wonder... is that what you were really supposed to be?" The white-furred female looked into slave's eyes, and for the first time in his life, he found himself wondering if he really was a slave anymore... or had his love for Nita driven him to become... something more?

Sirius, Book II

Legacy of the Letai

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 5

Nita looked out over the glittering ocean. It was a gorgeous day to be out on the sea. It was warm, but not blistering, and there was a soft breeze out of the west, which lifted and teased her hair, and occasional gusts, to toy with her ears as she watched the last vestiges of land filter away into nothing. It was morning now, and their late night departure had put them a little behind the little water-skipper that Alps, Azia and Tia had taken. She sat on a barrel casually. The ship she was on was one of the fast scout ships of her military, commandeered by her sister. Nidaja sat on another barrel beside Nita.

"He's okay you know. They might take him there, but it's not like they are gonna put a sword in his hand and have him killed like that. They aren't that desperate. I mean... he's a slave for crying out loud." Nidaja said softly. Nita nodded slowly.

"If I find she's put him in danger, I will have her killed. I promise." the queen growled deeply.

"Only if you allow me to drop the axe when that time eventually comes." Nidaja said, looking out over the sea.

"I wonder if he's thinking about us..." Nita said softly. "...Missing us and the like..." She seemed to ponder in silence for a while, before Nidaja answered, rather briskly.

"Oh of course he is, Nita! He misses us a lot! I bet this wasn't an easy choice for him to make. I bet he already regrets it... but at this point, can't back out. Don't worry... We'll get him back. We'll see him again. I am sure of it!" the general said confidently. The queen smiled, and leaned forward, hugging her sister. Nidaja sighed softly, and then said, "Nita... will you punish him? Will you forbid him the pleasures he's had until now for his disobedience?" She placed her hand on Nita's shoulder.

"I thought that I would..." Nita said slowly, "At first, I mean. I was going to punish him. But every day that I am without him, I realize more... that I could not. Not for this. He's doing what he really thinks is right... and he's doing it for me. When I really think about it, Nidaja, my haste in turning down assistance for his

friend was the cause of this. So I don't have any place in punishing him. I might go harder on the chores for him, to let him know his methods were wrong... but I would not make him suffer a loss of love for this." she said. Nita lifted a stone goblet filled with wine, and sipped on it, calmly, letting it soothe her nerves.

"Umm... You two... wouldn't mind... maybe giving me some of that, would you?" came a girl's voice from behind. Nita looked up, and then to Nidaja, and shrugged. She handed the wine to the slender, youthful hands that reached around from behind the mast, where she had been sitting. It was Neit. The thief Nidaja had beaten so badly for betraying Alps.

"If we find you have been lying to us about where they are taking Alps, Neit..." Nidaja growled, "Your next drink will be your own blood. Do not forget that." Neit gritted her teeth, as she swallowed the wine, of finer quality than she'd ever had before.

"Don't worry, Nidaja." she said.

"General Razelle." Nidaja insisted, darkly.

"Err... General Razelle... I would not lie to you. I know the folly of that already, if you recall. Kishu Valley is where they are going. But don't be angry if we are too late. I only promise that is where they are going, not that it would be where they stay... but from all their talk you'll know they had been there." she said. "There's supposed to be a lot of orcs gathering there."

"I wish we could go faster..." Nita sighed softly, looking out over the ocean. "To catch them... To stop them... anything. I don't want Alps in that kind of danger. If his friend endangers herself recklessly, Alps will throw his life away to save her. He's just the type to do it."

"I know..." Nidaja said. "We will get there in time though. I just know it." As the sun glittered off the ocean, the boat moved on.

"The evacuation is starting, Lady Azia." Tia said brightly. Alps looked up and down the street, which seemed no busier than before. The city of Jalana, the port town they had landed in, was a little larger than Diera, as it was the main economic hub of the lupine society. The slave held two bags now, Azia and Tia's backpacks. He did not mind though. He looked at the general as she nodded solemnly. "It is truly a blessing to these people that their regional matriarch would be willing to stake her reputation on an evacuation." Azia said.

"Yes. She said many would refuse to leave though, as they wish to fight to protect their homes. They don't want it burned down. But the children, and those who must care for them, they should be safe. Where do we go now?" Tia asked, as Alps re-shouldered the packs. Tia took one of them, evidently having sympathy for Alps, who had been carrying them for hours. The elder lupine looked at the sun, as it shone high in the sky.

"If we leave now, we will have to camp out on the trail, as the base of the mountains, outside Kishu valley. It will be risky, with Uruk patrols about, but if we keep a guard, we should be okay." she said. "It's no more dangerous than leaving any other time of day, really." she said. Alps sighed softly. It had already been a long day, and he had been hoping to stay at an inn or something to rest before they set out on another journey.

"Ahh yes... good. I understand." Tia said. "You okay, Alps?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Will the town be okay?" he murmured inquisitively.

"Yes, Alps... the Spirits of Silverlight are overseeing the evacuation, and a partial town defense, to put up at least a little bit of a fight, but when the full tide comes down, their orders are to retreat, and urge the remaining townspeople to do so."

"Then I suppose we should head to the valley, and see what's up, yes?" the slave said softly.

"Right... let's get moving." Azia said, and Alps and Tia obediently followed.

Alps had a lot of time to get to know Azia better on the road. Azia was the daughter of a rich merchant who was slain by Uruk patrols outside an unguarded border patrol. Because of the death of her father, Azia had a vicious hatred for orcs, and even more for anyone who did not resist them with their lives in full. She had learned to fight from one town to the next, paying large sums of money willed to her by her father each place she trained. She received an education at shrines here and there, and, while not a scholar by any means, she could read, and had a natural talent for strategy. Perhaps experience enough to give Nidaja a run for her money. Certainly she had survived this long with a very dangerous lifestyle. She never had any real attraction to dating or anything of that nature until she met Tia. Tia she had saved when she was traveling. The grey female was being taken away by an Uruk death-squad to be tortured and killed, when Azia slaughtered the band. Azia did not know Tia was there, but when she found her, she freed the girl who had stayed with her ever since, becoming a special messenger for the Spirits of Silverlight and the secret love interest of it's leader.

After that first night on the boat, where they made their feelings known for each other, Azia and Tia were even more inseparable. If they were not in public,

they were embracing or kissing. The second night on the boat, Alps had been given his own room, and the two lovers had obviously stayed up all night. They slept some that morning, but now, seemed revitalized and chipper as they headed with Alps to the north end of town, to take the long road to the mountains a full day outside Jalana. Alps finally began to see the evidence of the evacuation; bags being packed, fearful murmuring, and he felt a little better that the losses in this city might not be as total as he had heard a few other towns endured. Tia's home town was one of those. Tia had been Alps' best friend in Luca, but she was from Seravi, and went back there when Alps was rented from Chana by a traveling merchant. The merchant kept Alps only for a couple months, but when he was given back to Chana in Luca, Tia was already gone. Alps had heard of the loss of northern Seravi, and thought Tia was dead. He felt happy to be walking with her now, in the waning light of the afternoon.

Late that night, as the moon rose over the distant mountains, Alps and Tia and Azia flopped down under a large tree, and rested. The general and Alps' young friend worked together to make a campfire, as the slave rested his shoulders. He had been carrying the packs most of the time, but it was work he had been accustomed to before he met Nita. Now, he was not so accustomed to it, so soft had she been with him. Alps felt more like a slave now than he had in a long, long time. He spread out the rolled leather sleeping pad on the ground, and Tia unrolled a soft looking fur blanket. It was dark brown and black with splotches, made to conceal the sleeper, not just keep them warm. The white lupine sat at the edge of the fire as it crackled, and looked at Azia with a bit of interest, as she casually disrobed. Tia blushed a little, and chimed sweetly,

"Oh Aziiiiiii..." in her high, sing-song voice, "Looks like it won't be me and Alps putting on the show this time, huh?" she said. She looked around, and, noticing that the group was far off the road, enough that they would not likely be disturbed, she undressed as well. Alps whimpered softly under his breath. Letting him watch this was just cruel. Azia undid her belt, and placed her long, slender sword against a tree, and took off her boots, then her pants. Tia, who was not wearing weapons of any kind, was undressed before Azia, and waiting for her on the padded leather sleeping pad. It was big enough for two. Alps had, inadvertently, gotten watch duty. He was okay with that, however, since he was used to staying up like that.

"Well... Alpsie is going to keep us safe, Tia... so he can't exactly play too. He has to pay attention all around, so we are not disturbed by foul orcs, or other curious travelers, right?" The general got on her knees in front of Tia, seeming very comfortable with her now. She looked up at Alps and winked.

"It's okay... I can handle it. I am a slave after all. I don't have to have fun. Only when I am told to, right?" he asked, chuckling. He turned away, and watched the road, and the forest around him, as Tia pulled the covers over her and Azia. It was not to conceal them, as she was getting over her shyness; it

was just a rather chilly night. Alps listened to their giggles as they played under the sheets, nude, fur to fur, enjoying their life as lovers. He smiled, and just silently watched the road and forest.

It was the gray of dawn, and Alps poked sleepily at the embers. Sometimes, watching the fire was the only thing that would keep him awake on those long journeys that he used to have to make for Chana, to deliver messages, or get goods from far away towns. This had been the case tonight too. Tia and Azia had enjoyed one round of pleasure with one another, before they fell into a deep and comfortable sleep in one another's arms. The slave had not been invited, and he had chosen not to watch them, just to keep himself from becoming overly aroused. If he had made love, he certainly would not be awake now.

The wolf sat on a large boulder that he had rolled in front of the fire with some effort. He was holding Azia's sword, looking at it. It was a very nice one, like Nidaja's really, though not as heavy. It was a double edged sword with a long, slender blade, and a cross-shaped guard. The handle was very long, making it obvious that it could be used two handed for powerful strokes, or blocking. He was marveling at it when he heard one of the girls shift on their bed. He looked up. Azia was gazing at him, her chest bared as she sat up a little. She had been watching him. It was tough to say for how long. She finally carefully got up, and tucked Tia in a little more, keeping her warm before moving out of view for a moment, likely to relieve herself. Alps resumed poking at the fire, certainly not caring to watch that. The general returned after a few minutes, and then took out her water flask, and took a long drink from it, before sitting on the boulder, hip to hip with the slave, not getting dressed yet. The white lupine male looked over at Azia, with his unspeaking violet eyes, and waited in silence as she watched the rekindling fire.

"It will be dangerous, Alps." she finally said softly.

"I know..." Alps answered, poking the fire again.

"You don't even have a sword." Azia said. "Tia uses a knife... getting good with it... but you brought nothing with you. Not even a change of clothes. Are you sure you want to go all the way to Kishu Valley with us, knowing the danger we face?" she asked.

"I have seen danger before, and never had a sword." Alps said softly. "Hopefully, I won't be needing one, but if I do, I will take it from the first orc you

drop, okay?" Alps stated. The general looked at Tia as she slept.

"If I fight, stay by Tia... Don't let anyone touch her... even if it forfeits your life, Alps." Azia said, with that eerie tone of seriousness. Alps nodded slowly. His mistress had just given him the order to die for her, and he did not mind. It was one that he would have kept regardless. For either of them.

"I had intended on that anyway." Alps stated. "What will we do when we see the army of Uruk?" Alps asked.

"Well, I don't intend to fight them, but when they move, we will run out ahead, and warn the town." Azia said. "I know it seems risky for the leader of the Spirits of Silverlight to do this, but I have to make them take us seriously, and show my value to the people." Alps nodded slowly.

"I understand." he said softly. "That is a good plan. I hope it goes okay." There was a long silence, before Azia placed her hand on Alps' knee.

"Thank you for letting Tia and I... consummate things. I ... I know I am a bit of a tease, doing it in front of you like that, and not giving you anything. I... am willing to reward you for your patience you know." The older female said, looking out into the woods, in the gray morning light.

"Reward me? Ahh, but I shall have to beg, won't I?" Alps said, chuckling warmly. He was sleepy, and not sure he could possibly beg, even if he wanted to.

"Mmm... No... Not this time, and it won't be... It won't be all the way... I... I don't want to be with you like that, Alps. But there are other ways I can reward you that don't involve me letting you... umm... do that to me." she said. She blushed a little bit. Alps looked up curiously. Azia got up, and moved to Tia, and slipped her arms around her, sliding under the blanket and kissing her full on the lips. Tia responded groggily, but slowly awakened more and more, kissing her lover back now in the light of the approaching dawn. Tia squirmed a little, and began to rub her hips up against Azia's leg, kissing hotly. It had not taken long for Tia to go from asleep to aroused, and Alps marveled at how fast she was ready to play with Azia. The white female too, seemed to be getting worked up, both of their scents spiking the air with their need.

Alps flicked his ears. How was letting him watch them go at it again a reward for him? He remained seated on the boulder, and watched for a while, as hands moved along bodies, and breasts were squeezed, and rumps were stroked, and finally, with a long, low moan, Azia's sex was slowly worked by Tia's eager and strong fingers. Azia then rose to all fours, and held herself over Tia.

"Alps... Take off your clothes, please." Azia said. The slave smirked

softly. She had said that a couple times since they met, and he was always amused by it. His tail swished softly back and forth, as he wriggled slowly out of his clothes.

"Are you sure this is okay? We are still in enemy territory." he stated.

"Yes... but if I have to stop for any reason, whatever danger found us would have been ill-fated indeed. I'm not above fighting in the nude, Alps." The general said, giggling. Alps nodded softly, seeing that she felt fairly confident. They were still at the base of the mountains too, so the danger was very minimal. The white male sat back down on the rock, his masculinity swollen quite hot and ridged from his arousal in seeing the two wrestle under the blankets for a bit.

"Alright... how... can I be rewarded if you don't want to be intimate with me" Alps asked, rather point blank. Tia blushed deeply.

"We are rewarding Alpsie?" she asked, sitting up, and hugging her breasts a bit in the chill morning air.

"Yes... I know a way for both of us to reward him for how good he's been to us, without having to get my hands dirty." she replied, giggling. Alps was beginning to wonder if Azia disliked males for some special reason, and why she was curious about using her hands to make him climax that first night. Tia sat up with interest at Azia's words.

"Oh? How do we do that?" the younger girl asked in a chipper tone.

"Well, Alps... get over here." Azia said. "Can't do a thing unless you are down here with us." she said softly.

"Okay..." Alps churred softly, sliding down to the blankets and the bedding pad. Azia immediately caressed Alps' chest, to make him lean back a little, sitting on his feet, his legs spread a little.

"Tia... get on all fours." Azia said softly. The girl obediently did so, displaying herself rather proudly now for her lover. The general tickled Tia's dark labial folds, which were wet already with wanting. The younger female squealed with pleasure and excitement at the sensation.

"Oh, Azia! You are gonna make me pop too soon!" she cried. She wriggled her rump, the display very alluring to Alps.

"Okay now... Tia... Back up slowly, just, back into Alps." she said softly, her breath catching. Alps swallowed. Alps was being rewarded, yes, but at the same time, Azia had an obvious ulterior motive. She was using Alps to pleasure her lover.

"Oh Azia..." Tia said, looking over her shoulder at her leader. "Are you sure it's... okay?" she wagged her tail slowly. "You are the one I love." she churred.

"Oh, I would never dream of forcing you, Tia... but if you want to help reward Alps, it would be okay, right?" Azia said. "You know I don't really like boys... I don't think I could do that, but I know you can. I will hold you, and help you, okay?" she said. The slave blushed deeply. The thought of intercourse with Tia again had him immediately rock hard, pulsing heatedly, waiting to feel her back her hips into his. That natural, feral position here in the woods, with these two gorgeous females. It was something Alps definitely could look forward to. He licked his lips slowly as he looked at Azia and Tia, who looked into each other's eyes.

"Get under me." Tia said, rather commandingly. Alps felt it to be almost domineering. He urfed softly, in curiosity, and looked to Azia. The white-furred general slowly got onto her back, and slid into place, her legs caressing along Alps' in her position. Alps moved forward a little bit, and caressed up and down Tia's back. The girl sank down, her breasts smishing to Azia's, her muzzle pressing that of her lover, and they kissed adoringly. Alps looked down, and watched Azia's white fingers slide down to her sex, just below Tia's and begin stroking, her arousal already full. The general looked up at Alps as he watched, and said, sultrily,

"Gonna beg, sweetie?" the slave looked up quickly, and blushed. He looked back down at her working hand, and saw her glistening folds. She had said she didn't really like the idea of being with a male. Would she really do it if he begged? He was even more tempted, just to find out. However, he decided to accept the reward he was already being given, before trying for a different one. He shook his head.

"As lovely and tempting as you are, no... I must be ordered to." he stated softly. Azia cooed softly, and spread herself wide, for Alps to see. He shuddered softly, and a drop of warm pre dabbed Tia's rump, causing the gray female to whimper in needful tension. The grey female's hips lowered, her clit pressing to one of Azia's knuckles as she rolled her digits from side to side over her own sex. The general turned her hand over, and began to tease and touch Tia longingly. The younger girl moaned loudly, and nipped at Azia's neck rather ferally as Alps stroked his length slowly, wetting it with his pre, getting ready.

"Well... you will be mere... inches away from me. Don't get any funny ideas about accidentally slipping Alps." Azia growled. "If you give it to me without my say-so, you aren't gonna get it back." she promised. Tia nipped Azia.

"Stop teasing him, love." she churred. "You should be worried about me!"

she chimed. She placed both her hands on her lover's chest, and began to lovingly play with her breasts, licking and nipping at her hard pink nipples, as Alps scooted in slowly. He pressed the tip of his member at Tia's entrance. The general helpfully held Tia open as Alps drew in close, rump to thighs, and slid him self fully into the hot young female. Is long time friend whimpered, and arched back into him, getting him in good and deep. The male groaned softly. He'd wanted to have Tia like this since their first night really. It was always such a passionate position to him. Slowly, he began to rock his hips, feeling his length, all nine inches slide back and forth within those tight, hot walls.

After a while of adjusting to the sensation, Tia looked to Azia, and smiled, bringing her lips to hers, and kissing again, tongue languidly encircling and teasing and competing for space within Azia's muzzle. Alps could feel the older female's knuckles brush over his sack with each inward stroke he gave Tia, as the older female worked her fingers over her steaming sex.

"Ohh... Oh Tia... I... I have done this so many times, but it's so much.. Better with you h... holding me." The powerful white female panted. Alps whimpered lightly, and began thrusting a little more briskly, feeling the near suction of that tight channel around his aching cock. He had needed this release since hearing those two make love last night. He wanted it so very badly now! His tail lowered, his entire body tingling with need as he stroked back and forth.

"Mmmmph... Oh yes, It feels good to be filled too... but so much better when I am with you!" Tia panted, backing into Alps a little harder, as if to assist his motions. In truth, those little ticking motions of Tia's hips did a world of wonder to the wolf. It was that extra centimeter that made all the difference. Alps pumped a little faster and a little harder. He stayed aware of his surroundings, but was very much aware of his pleasure too. He arched his back slowly with every single burning stroke, feeling almost tortured by it, and drawing slowly, but helplessly toward climax.

"Mmmmph... oh Tia... Azia, I am happy to have been able to see your love... spark and light to the lovely flame it is now. It's beauty beyond... ohhh... explanation." Alps said, just for need of saying something through all this pleasure. He felt odd, just allowing himself used as a tool of pleasure for Azia, but it did make him feel good, too. He put his hands down by Azia's shoulders, on all fours over Tia, who held Azia tightly. Alps whined lustfully, as he felt the general's hands cup his rump. She pulled him harder into Tia, making her squeak with the series of sharp jabs he was forced to give her with his cock buried deep inside her.

That young, hot body rolled back against him eagerly, for the pleasure, and for the sake of his pleasure too. Alps knew it was fully a sharing experience for him after that, and began to enjoy it a lot more. Panting softly, he felt his sack drawing tight, and asked, while he still could think to ask, "Nnng... ohh... Azia, do

you want me... to cum inside Tia?" his heart pounding like a jackhammer the entire time. It seemed such a naughty question! Alps bucked softly against the heavily panting Tia. Azia's voice was ragged and labored, her pleasure already grown and ready to burst.

"Ohh... Alps... Ahh, don't cum... Not yet... Tell me when you are, c... close." she huffed, arching her back. Alps felt her knuckles brush him again, hot and wet. He continued to pump briskly back and forth, working his thick length in and out of the whimpering Tia. Finally, with a hard shuddering moan, Tia cried out, cumming along Alps' shaft hard. Azia cried out excitedly, and rather lustily, "Ohh Tia! Yes! All over my hands... Yes!" Alps felt Azia's fingertips teasing Tia's sex as he pumped her mercilessly, the poor female cumming heavily, tensing and relaxing around him. She rested more of her weight on the general, as Alps kept her full of his own flesh. The general whimpered lustfully too. Her lover panted out, heavily,

"Oh Azia... I wanna make you cum too... I wanna feel you..." she hissed. Azia nodded softly.

"Okay sweetie... I'll scoot up, you can, make me cum too..." Azia churred, definitely not having a problem with that request. She wriggled up slowly, and groaned heavily. Tia immediately put her hand down under her, and began to stroke at Azia's clit, stirring and pumping her hand, to tease her, as Alps pumped his hips a little faster. Something about participating in the lovemaking sessions of two females was fast becoming the most arousing thing he'd ever done. He tilted his head back and groaned out softly.

"Mmm... Azia... I'm getting close..." he whimpered.

"Don't... Oh light essence! Don't you cum yet Alps... stop if you have to... I'm not ready to give you your reward." Azia whimpered, her breathing shallow. As to her instruction, Alps stopped, but kept himself deep inside Tia, who whimpered and stroked at Azia's sex more lustily, her eyes closed in determination, as the white general massaged her own breasts, her hips spread wide, her legs draping over Tia's thighs, and her feet hooking around Alps' rump. She pulled him into Tia once or twice, just to make sure he was still in her, perhaps. Finally, Azia's breathing sped up quickly, her arms falling at her sides to hold the rolled leather sleeping mat. Tia squealed with delight.

"Come on, Azia! Cum for me! I want it!" came Tia's quick, breathless words, rolling her hips to ride Alps' cock a little. Alps held his legs tight, holding back so he didn't just gush right then and there. The general threw her head back and wailed as she liberally coated Tia's thrusting fingers with hot, tangy nectar. The lupine male shivered, and felt his sack tighten almost painfully. It took everything he had to keep from cumming.

"Oh Azia..." Alps whimpered, hanging his head. "I'm gonna..."

"Not yet!" panted Azia. "Hold it Alps... NNnnngg!" Azia quaked with orgasm for a while, as Alps held his orgasm back painfully. Why did Azia enjoy making him wait? Finally, the shuddering white-furred general slid under Alps and Tia again, her nose about chest level to Tia.

"Are you close to cumming, Tia, love?" Azia asked, her breath almost stolen away in her panting.

"I feel... hot... so hot..." came Tia's reply.

"Gotta make you cum then... or you'll be high strung." went Azia's diagnosis. "Don't you cum in her, Alps... you be a good boy, and hold still..." she said. At that, Alps felt Azia's fingers begin to work Tia's clit. Alps held still, simply because if he moved now, he would flood Tia's nethers hard. He gritted his teeth, bit his lip, nipped his tongue, everything to withstand this, as Tia rolled her hips eagerly, working closer and closer to climax. Alps trembled as he held the little gray female, and finally, he warned, helplessly,

"Oh Azia! I can't... hold it..." his tail tucked under his thighs, and he felt the hard pulse of Tia cumming around him, partly because of his desperate plea.

"Nnnnggaaa-aaAZia!" cried Tia. "Let him... oh dear heart - CUMMING!" and with that, Azia's hand was soaked. Alps whimpered, as he felt Azia push his hips back a bit, and he wondered if she was trying to pull him out, but he felt her hand encircle the back half of his cock while the front half, that tingling, searing, longing tip, still deep in her lover's sex.

"Ahh Alps... Yes! You cum in her... fill her!" the general cried, her words seeming small in the open forest, but still potent. At those words, Alps felt Azia's hand move rapidly, tugging at his shaft, back and forth, pleasuring him. Alps understood what Azia wanted. The curious female wanted to make Alps cum in Tia. He held still, his fur bristling, his legs tight, his arms out in front of him, holding him on all fours. He threw his head back, trembling.

"Oh, Azia! Tia... So close... gonna... Hhnnnk!" Alps felt his breath catch, and he helplessly remained in tight, trembling position, as Azia jerked the base of his cock, the first four or five inches still buried in Tia's clenching sex.

"Tell me, Tia! Tell me when you feel him cum!" Azia panted. She no sooner got those words out, when Tia gasped and cried out,

"Oooooohhh! Now! He's cumming now!" and she pressed into Azia's hand, and Alps' shaft, instinctively getting him deeper as Alps threw his head back and howled longingly, the cool mountain air steaming his breath. Hot,

heavy ropes of seed coated the inside of Tia's searing, wet honey-pot. The general growled with fevered triumph, jerking Alps as he splashed his hot, rich seed in her lover. Alps' climax waned and the older female laid back, content to hold and kiss Tia, now that Alps had been appropriately rewarded, in her mind. Alps lowered himself a little, and held them both. He found it very comforting, even out here in the open. It was a long time before they would pack up camp. They all knew it might be their last time to hold someone they loved.

Sirius, Book II

Legacy of the Letai

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 6

Alps gazed out over the valley, covered in snow. He and Azia and Tia had reached the summit that morning, and traveled down, to find the edge of the valley where the Uruk forces were reported to be gathering. And gather they had. There were no less than a thousand down there in the valley, camped and looking very much like the group was getting ready for a big offensive. They were doing checks on their siege weapons, swords, and shields, as well as just sparring near the center of the group, and having various kinds of merriment, since they knew a force this large would meet no real resistance in a surprise attack, even on the large city of Jalana. The three lupines looked at the army below, and Azia sank to her knees. Tia rushed to her side, trying to keep quiet, but with how far they still were away, and how much the snow prevented sound from really traveling, the orcs couldn't hear them.

Alps gazed in shock at the numbers gathered down in the valley. This was the first time he'd been able to see what they looked like. Their bodies were adorned in what looked to be woven wood and leather armor, and they bristled with spikes of thorns and sharpened limbs and antlers around their shoulders and backs. The creatures were golems of sorts, their eyes made of glowing yellow crystal, unblinking, uncaring, and unemotional. They carried only the will of their dark master, to kill at all costs. There was no reasoning with these creatures.

They were originally hairless, but as they killed, a few of them had, by command or sadistic self-interest, adorned themselves in the skins of lupine victims. One or two had their clay-like bald skulls decorated with one or more ears pinned to them, as if they would disguise themselves to walk unseen in a lupine city. Of course, the creatures were only about four feet tall, squat, fat, and has no muzzle and a wide, gaping fang-filled mouth, so just tacking ears to their head and a tail on their back didn't act as a very convincing disguise. They came in colors from coal grey to light tan, any normal color of clay, some of them even red, and the larger ones that seemed to be barking orders to others tended to have more than two of those eerily glowing yellow crystal eyes. Several had four or five. It seemed to have something to do with the amount of power or control or free through thee commanders had.

Alps took a long, careful look at these creatures. They were the enemy.

They were reputed to be responsible for the loss of his family, his suffering as a slave under Chana, and even the bitter, drunken, horrible person Chana herself had become. All of the darkness the white slave had ever known was focused right there, down in the valley...

"Too many of them... Oh Tia..." Azia cried, shaking. "There's nothing anyone can do. Jalana has to be evacuated. We... we've already lost it. Even if Queen Razelle sent everyone she could spare, it would be a suicide run against a force that large..." Alps looked at the two and nodded. The lupine armies numbered only about ten thousand at this point, given how long they had been pushed out of their homelands in the past six or seven centuries. As their population dwindled, the number willing to defend their homes, instead of just populating them, had dropped dramatically. The queen did not draft for the army because she knew the situation was only a waiting game. When Mannus decided to drop the hammer, there's nothing even the entire lupine population could do.

Tia sat down beside Azia in the snow, and held her. Alps moved over, and sat beside the two, huddled in close, trying to keep warm, as the snow began to fall softly again. In the valley below, the roars and rumblings of the Uruk could be heard. The area was cold, unforgiving, and hopeless. Just, as Azia felt, was the future of her kind. She wept, and Tia and Alps held her tight. They were insignificant and alone up there on the mountain. While they held each other, Alps' mind worked rapidly.

This was not, in his eyes, so very different from how he had lived his life before Nita took him. He lived every day thinking that, at any moment, Chana was going to kill him. That day never came, but during those terrible times, Alps had learned to think fast, and try to find ways out of trouble. Many of the mistakes the white male had made as a slave Chana never knew about. Some of them, if she had known, she would surely have killed Alps for. But here, Alps was faced with losing something. Something more than just his life like before. He had things he loved in life now.

Before, when Nita had told him to kill himself on the dock, and he had no reason to stay around, he didn't really fear death. Pain was all he feared, and death was an end to all pain. Now, however, he had something worth living for. He had the promise of a life without pain. He had a chance at a life with happiness. Was he going to lose that now? He had left Nita behind for this moment in the snow. Would she want him back now? What would it matter? She would not trust him like she once did. Alps closed his eyes, trembling, as Azia and Tia held him tighter. If he stayed with them, they would fight the invasion. He knew that. And they would die. He would see their blood spilled, and their lovely voices silenced forever. He gritted his teeth. He could not let that happen. What could he do?

“Alps!” came a cry from some way off. The slave’s head jerked up, as did Tia’s and Azia’s. That voice was familiar. Then he saw two robed figures coming down the path they had trod into the snow from the mountain tops. He saw their faces. Alps got up quickly.

“N... Nita! Nidaja! What are you doing here?!” Alps cried. “It’s dangerous! You have to get away!” The last thing Alps wanted was to see them die too! Azia got up, followed by Tia. The slave heard a deep growl from the white lupine female he was currently in the service of. A sound of rage he’d never heard even from Chana. Nita and Nidaja rushed over to Alps, Nita shaking with cold and excitement as she hugged her slave. Then she saw what was in the valley below. Nidaja moved forward, seeing it to. Nita dropped to her knees, just as Azia had done.

“See, your highness?” Azia said, very cynically. “...That is what you did to your people. Your lack of any real resistance has allowed Mannus to feel we are weak and can no longer fight against him. Jalana will be the price you pay for your inactivity.” Nita cried out,

“No! I could do nothing!” her voice was echoless in the snow. “You don’t understand, we lost a long time ago! This is but a small part of Mannus’ army! We can’t stand against him when he finally decides to show his might! The Uruk can be numbered in the hundreds of thousands!” The queen stood up. Alps gritted his teeth. They could not possibly be thinking of getting into a fight here.

Nidaja started to approach Nita, defensively. Azia pointed down into the valley. So many dark, reeking Uruk bodies bustling around in the bottom of that snow covered valley. They could not be easily seen by anyone even around the other mountains since they were surrounded on three sides by steep mountain peaks. The town had no way of possibly knowing, and it may have just been chance that Azia decided to send a scout through here.

“You let it happen!” the leader of the Spirits of Silverlight cried, “You refused to work with us in cooperation, because of your pride! Admit it! You killed off your own race! Don’t you get it?! When Jalana has fallen, this entire continent is cut off from Diera. Everyone here will be wiped out, and we will have one miserable island left to live on, where the rest of our race will starve and die of disease! That is Mannus’ plan!” she screamed. Alps waved his hands meekly.

“Please! Don’t fi-” Alps’ words were broken by a loud thump, as Nita punched Azia in the gut, then a louder, more solid sound, as the queen brought her elbow into the white-furred female’s temple, laying her out in the snow. Tia tackled Nita, and Alps heard Nidaja mutter a spell, and bluish electricity crackled up her arms. A strength spell. The general didn’t cast offensive spells the way Nita would. Her fighting style was to enhance her swordsmanship and hand to

hand combat with magic.

Alps backed up, wincing, unable to stop what was happening now. Nidaja rushed in, picked up the lovely gray-furred Tia by the neck, tossed her into the air, and, as she was coming down, punched her, sending her flying almost 20 feet across the snow, where she slid, spinning in circles on the packed ice, and thumping hard into a large evergreen, getting buried under the snowy contents of its branches.

“Tia!” screamed Azia. Nita reached down to pick up the ‘rebel’ but Azia spun her legs, righting herself with a move that Alps would not have even dreamed of, and, with the same spinning motion, brought her fist across Nita’s face with a loud crack, sending the emerald wolf queen flying back, spinning, and onto the snow. Azia jumped onto Nita, and began striking her head, hard and fast. General Nidaja cast that spell again, and moved rapidly to Azia. The besieged rebel leader tried to strike Nidaja, only to have her hand caught, and her entire body thrown way into the air, landing hard in the snow. Nidaja looked at Nita, who held her forehead, bleeding, and lay in the snow, dazed.

“You bitch!” the emerald general screamed, and moved quickly again, with speed Alps had never seen before, to Azia’s side. He’d never seen the general really fight, and it was terrifying. The slave kept trying to tell them to stop, but it was all happening too fast! Azia was up on her feet before Nidaja got there, and blocked the almost bone-breaking attack, and struck Nidaja in the gut hard, doubling her over, and then brought her knee up into the emerald lupine’s face, sending her flying onto her back. She flipped back over onto her feet in time to meet Azia’s attack, and block it, before striking the leader of the Spirits of Silverlight in the face, to be answered by Azia’s own attack, Nidaja taking an identical strike to the face. They kept on hitting each other, their punches at an indescribable pace and force. Nidaja’s were magically enhanced, but Azia was obviously the naturally stronger girl. Nita was starting to get up, and Tia moved in to confront her, and keep her away from Azia. The queen growled, rubbing her bleeding head, and threw snow in Tia’s face, the ice stinging her eyes, as the queen decked Tia again, sending the younger female to the ground, and straddling her hips, holding her neck and bringing her hand back to give her a solid hit to the head. Before she could though, Alps cried out, very, very loudly.

“*STOP IT, ALL OF YOU!!*” Nidaja gritted her teeth, and Azia stopped, falling on her rump, dazed and bleeding. Nita let Tia’s neck go, and gray-furred female whimpered softly.

“Oh perfect. Now they know we are here.” Azia said. The orcs had stopped what they were doing, but did not seem to notice the group. After a while, they started going back to what they were doing. Even if they had been spotted, there was nothing anyone could do about them. Alps was on his knees, tears streaming down his furry cheeks.

“Just... stop it.” Alps cried. The sight of the slave crying like that struck Nita’s heart hard, and she got up, rushing to his side. The white male stayed on his knees, looking over the cliff, at the orcs. They had caused this. The orcs were the ones who were doing this to the ones he loved. If there were no Uruk, there would be no reason for Azia and Tia and Nidaja and Nita to fight like that, and seeing them hurting each other was more than Alps could bear. His mind was reeling rapidly through his memories of everything. Everything everyone had ever told him, trying to make sense of this. His eyes went back and forth rapidly as he tried to think. His mind raced through every possible thought, every possible scenario, everything that he knew as it applied to now, applying it all, trying to find an answer. Trying, desperately, harder than his mind could handle, to find some way to make it stop. A way to end the suffering, and make things the way they were when his life was happy again.

“Alps? Alps what’s wrong?” Nita inquired nervously. Alps could not hear her though. His mind was completely occupied in his thoughts. He was reflecting on his life, on every experience to find a way out of this... to help those he loved. He could not let these accursed creatures get away with this. “Something’s wrong with him!” Nita cried softly. “Did he get hit in the middle of that, I don’t remember!” Azia and Nidaja came to his side, and Nidaja held his head up, looking in his eyes.

“Shit! I think he’s having a seizure!” Nidaja said, mistaking the motion of his eyes. Though she wasn’t a doctor, she knew what it looked like. Sometimes when a sparring match went wrong, something like this would happen. “Find something to put into his mouth! Don’t let him bite his tongue! Give him something soft to bite onto!”

“How about your tail?” Tia said cynically. Nita growled at Tia.

“Stop it!” Azia said commandingly. “We can’t fight right now... We have to help him... Is it a seizure Nita? Should I put my water flask in his mouth? It’s wrapped in leather.” Azia said, holding up the object.

“No, no. It’s not. But... something’s definitely wrong.” Nita said, holding his cheek. Her anger slipped past, her concern more for Alps, whose eyes continued to tremble, and shook and shuddered in the snow. “Not a seizure. He’s having a nervous breakdown.” Nidaja gritted her teeth, looking at Nita.

“What do we do?” Tia cried. “This is all our fault... we shouldn’t have fought in front of him. He cares about all of us. We should have known he would break down.” Tia got in the huddle around Alps. It might not have been a nervous breakdown, but he could not see or hear anything but his own thoughts for the moment, paralyzed by all the voices of anyone who had ever told him anything. He sat, remembering his life with Nita and with Chana, and his

moments with Tia, as a child, and as an adult. Something Tia had said... something important... it was there somewhere... His mind reeled, poring over every single word.

"I don't know!" Nita said, starting to cry as well. Blood streaked down her lovely velvety green fur along her temple and cheek. Azia was bleeding, Tia was bleeding, and Nidaja was bleeding. The snow was a mess, and all four were getting blood all over Alps' equally white fur.

"Stroke his face and ears." Azia said. "...I had a courier break down like this a couple times. You see terrible things on the borders..." she said. Azia began to stroke Alps' ears and face, as did the other three, hands just caressing him slowly, as he breathed heavily, and suddenly, flinched, and gasped. That was it! That was what he was looking for! He stood up suddenly, and Nita and Nidaja fell back, while Azia also got to her feet, looking at Alps. The slave held his throat a moment and looked out, at the peaks of the mountains, shaking a bit, as his eyes continued to shake, still thinking rapidly, things he'd never thought of linked to things that were ingrained in his thoughts. Finally, breaking the silence Alps spoke, with careful, smooth words.

"Azia... Nidaja... Tia... Nita..." he said softly. All three listened, not daring to move. "Moments ago, you all gave up... you saw those orcs in the valley below, and knew that no force now, anywhere close by, existed to stop them from laying waste to our homes and our families in Jalana." There was continued silence. "I refuse to let that happen. Look at what the Uruk have done to you. They haven't even laid a hand on you, and already, all of you are bloody and beaten. They can defeat you with fear and hate alone... and for that... This horrible army below us will pay the ultimate price..." Alps got on his knees in front of Nidaja, who was still sitting on her rump.

"Alps... don't you even think of it." Nidaja said. "It would be suicide. You could kill one or two before they all took you apart. They would spread you out over the whole valley." Tia whimpered softly, agreeing with Nidaja in thinking Alps was getting ready to leave them and fight right there in the valley.

"Nidaja..." Alps stated with his tone still eerily calm. His eyes were half closed, viewing everything as if sleepy, through calm, cool slumber. Nidaja gritted her teeth.

"Alps... what... is wrong?" she asked. Nita looked into Alps' eyes. She gritted her teeth.

"Alps?" she said. Tia backed up a bit. Azia stood there, as if studying him.

"Nidaja... the strength spell you use... to fight harder..." Alps said softly,

that slow, calm, pleasant tone still in his voice.

“Alps, I can’t let you fight down there. I will knock you out if you try.” Nidaja said, gritting her teeth. “Snap out of it love... What’s wrong with you?” She said, holding up her fist, showing that she would strike him to stop him. Nita whimpered softly, a tear rolling down her face.

“We drove him mad...” Tia cried. Nita whimpered again.

“No...” Azia said. “Let him continue.” she seemed deeply focused on the white slave lupine.

“Nidaja...” Alps rumbled with his voice still gentle and reassuring. There was no fear or anger or sorrow in it for the moment. It was as if there was no emotion at all. It was the tone of someone relating a very important but exceedingly simple story to someone. “Tia told me something that... stuck in my mind, and has been a beacon of light, a hope that I have walked with every day since I left Diera.” He stood up, helping Nidaja to her feet. “Tia said that even the smallest hand can start the snowball rolling. She said even if I am just one, single slave... I may be all it takes to bring about the end of this fighting force.” Nidaja gritted her teeth.

“Alps... You can’t. There are a thousand of them. Even an army the same size would have a hard time beating them here.” Nidaja said. Alps smiled softly, making Nidaja back up a bit. It was an eerie, confident smile.

“Cast your strength spell on my throat, Nidaja... Please.” Alps said. The emerald general canted her head, looking at Alps with a very odd expression.

“Come again?” she asked. Nita and Tia were likewise confused. Azia, however, was looking down, an intense, almost shocked expression on her face.

“Oh my... is he thinking...” she said softly.

“Please Nidaja.” Alps said, placing a hand on her shoulder. “I need you... we can do this together.” he said.

“No way. You are not all there right now, Alps. You need to lie down a min-” Nidaja started, but Azia broke in.

“No... No do as he says. Nidaja looked rather irritated at Azia, but the Silverlight general’s face showed that something was definitely up.

“What?” Nita said, looking a bit more confused.

“Do it!” Azia said, putting Nidaja’s hands on Alps’ neck. The general

sighed softly.

“Fine... But just remember... You got him killed. If he bolts toward them on his own, I’ll drop him in a heartbeat.” she grumbled, and then slowly muttered the spell she had cast on her arms. Alps moved away then, tilting his head from side to side. He gazed at Nidaja then, smiling, and said, attempting to speak softly,

“Thank you.” but it came out echoing, a very powerful sound. Alps then grinned, feeling his throat, and turned, looking out over the Uruk, who stopped everything again, and were looking up, right at Alps as he stood on the cliff’s edge.

“Oh good.” Nidaja said. “Now they see us. It’s been nice knowing all of you.” She said, folding her arms.

“I’ll see you at the victory party.” Azia said, confidently. She had a sly smile on her face, and then put her hands over her ears tightly.

“What?” Nita and Tia said simultaneously, right before they fell to their knees, holding their heads, screaming in discomfort and surprise, as an explosive howl shock-waved across the valley, surely spooking some of the orcs. That howl was the loudest thing that Nita had ever heard. Azia watched Alps, still standing, her hands still over her ears. Nidaja looked up, holding her head, her ears ringing, as the other two writhed on the ground. Did Azia know he was going to do that? How? Alps inhaled again, and lifted his head slightly, releasing another sharp, crystal clear and insanely powerful howl. That strength spell allowed for a volume that he could never touch without hurting himself otherwise. Finally, the howl diminished, back to a regular howl, that short lived spell wearing off. Nita and Tia stood up, trembling.

“Alps! Are you out of your mind?” Nita cried, as the orcs started assembling to come up the valley and kill the small group of five. Then, they all stopped as they heard a long, low rumble.

“No... You were right, Nidaja.” Alps said, as the general looked up at him in disbelief.

“I was?” she asked, listening to the deep growl. Were her ears messed up? No... She could feel the trembling of the earth under her feet.

“You said there was no army we have right now that could face this many in this place.” Alps smiled, as Azia gasped in wonder. Everyone looked at her, and then looked to see what she was looking at. “However... an army is not needed in this place... when we need only turn the mountains themselves against our enemies.” Alps said sagely, as Nita, Nidaja, and Tia all realized at once what had happened.

There was a fast shifting of white, overtaking the trees near the base of all three peaks, rushing in toward the valley. An avalanche! Nita and Nidaja froze, and Tia dropped down on all fours, watching. Azia had her arms crossed, gazing at the natural carnage smugly. The next few seconds seemed to last a lifetime, and saw the orcs trying to organize, orders being barked by their leaders to save the supplies. If they had run up the edges of the valley without trying to pack the place, they might have stood a chance, but, as they were scrambling, trying to break camp, the wall of white, crushing death overtook them, and, in seconds, the camp, the orcs, and all noise, was extinguished. The group stood in silence, watching the valley below. A few orcs dug their way out, and tried to find comrades lost in the snow, but would not be able to do it in time. Five or six, and no more managed to wander off into the wilderness with no supplies or even weapons, where they would die of exposure. As total silence, and slow darkness of the waning afternoon, overtook that once fearsome camp that represented a beginning of the end of the Amanian empire, The five lupines stood at the edge of the cliff. Alps sat down, shaking a bit.

“Alps...” Nita said softly, stroking his ears. The queen was trembling in near shock from the sudden change of circumstance.

“I...” Alps started, finding his voice a bit scratchy now. “...I can’t believe that actually worked.” Azia had tried to keep calm and collected, but simply could not anymore. She inhaled deeply, trembling as she stood there, colder in the midst of her excitement, and then just squealed with girlish delight. She danced around on the safely wide precipice pumping her arms with obvious victory dancing. Alps chuckled, feeling weak from the emotional strain of it all, when he saw Nidaja take Azia’s hands, and start dancing with her. Despite the fact that they were still bleeding from their fight moments ago, they acted as best friends now.

Nita and Tia jumped up and joined them. The queen, to Alps’ happiness, seemed to be okay with Azia and Tia there now. He watched them dance; Nidaja and Azia bumping hips and scuffling about happily in the snow, and Tia and Nita holding each other, crying as if a nightmare had just ended. This dancing and happiness lasted for almost half an hour, before they sat down, exhausted from it, and all five cuddled together, warming up in the cold evening air. They petted and complimented and practically worshipped the white-furred slave for that entire time, almost another half hour, while they cuddled up to warm themselves, their days as enemies seeming forgotten. As the sun set, they set back to walking the treacherous path back home.

The walk was long, but their spirits were very high, as Alps, Nita, Nidaja, Tia and Azia all traveled together. They got to the bottom of the mountain by morning, and camped, just to sleep for about five hours, before continuing on. Sleep brought back a lot of their energy, as did the food that Nidaja and Nita brought. Good food, which Azia and Tia immensely enjoyed. As they ate, Azia and the queen talked for a long time. Because of what Alps had done, their attitudes toward each other had completely changed. They both realized, that moment, that each and every one of their actions did make a difference. Nita realized that she had to do what was best for her people, even if it was to support a faction that did not agree with her government. Azia agreed that her faction had to support the queen, because it was she who kept order in chaos, and her job was not an easy one.

In the end, Nidaja and Azia drew out a contract, entitling it the Avalanche Accord, and created an alliance with Azia's faction, The Spirits of Silverlight. Upon defeating Mannus, driving him off the continent, the Avalanche Accord stated that the Spirits of Silverlight would be granted a section of land, over ten thousand square miles. There were prime forests, plains, and rivers and lakes, even small area against the ocean, to allow for valuable trade ports. They seemed very excited about their deal, and eagerly signed the documents, putting them into law, and creating a sovereign nation for the Spirits of Silverlight, which acted as a true alliance with the Amanian Empire. This new nation was to be called the Silverlight Empire, and Azia was, hereby, in the contract, recognized as the queen of this new nation. While this nation would not exist as a tract of land until the war was ended, it gave an even greater cause to the Spirits of Silverlight. They were now fighting to win back their country and take control of their land. This was a very fair deal to Azia.

Alps could not have been happier. They were all friends now, and his friends were happy, and they were even getting some of their dreams. Azia's desire to help protect the nation of Amani was official now. She would help as an ally, and not a servant. Nita would have assistance she could count on, and trust. Nidaja, by the way she was acting around Azia now, seemed to have gained a sister. The trip to Jalana, after the signing of the contract, was a fast one, taking less than a day.

It was still barely light out, when they came into the port city. Nita made a short announcement to the gathered crowd on her arrival, that there was a terrible Uruk threat to the north, in the mountains, more than a thousand strong. This information had already been given to the people by Azia's couriers, who wanted to warn Jalana, and tell the people to flee. They had been preparing an evacuation and a resistance just as Nita was arriving. Now, it had been made known that these allegations were true! Near panic filled the minds of her people, before she promptly added that this threat had been wiped out! Totally and completely. There was a long pause, before a cry of jubilation ripped

through the air, and, on the spot, festivities started. The supplies that had been packed to feed their people in the wilderness were broken, and instead, prepared for feasting and celebration! Nita promised to give a full, official speech the next day, and asked her people to enjoy their celebration. She walked in pride with Azia and Tia, who virtually no one knew, and Nidaja, who was well known, as well as Alps, who was about to become very well known. The slave was not used to this kind of attention, and shied away from the staring. Some of which was in disgust. He knew that was about to change.

Alps walked into the large bedroom wearing a towel around him. A hot bath was something he'd gone too long without. Since the night he left to join up with Azia. He felt, now, that this was not a mistake. He had been useful after all. Now, he felt comfortable and refreshed. The slave gritted his teeth as he came into the room. The girls were all dressed as young females might for a slumber party. Tia wore a small blue lace night gown that Alps knew belonged to Nita, and it seemed, no panties. It was a little long on Tia, since Nita was almost a head taller than her. Nita wore a pair of loose cotton shorts, and a large button up shirt. Nidaja wore a night gown as well, black lace and satin, with dark black panties and bra. She looked almost sinisterly sexy in it. Azia was wearing an outfit similar to what she had on when she and Alps first met. She was wearing a black miniskirt, a metal-studded belt, with no sword on it this time, and a black leather bra-like top, as well as a leather vest, which was shiny black, waxed and well taken care of.

At that moment, her face was contorted with muscular strain, as she arm wrestled with Nidaja. Nidaja had cast that spell on her arm, which Alps could see by that faint glow. Even so, Azia was starting to overtake the green-furred wolf, as they both lay on their tummies on the bed. Nita and Tia were side by side, sitting on their knees, laughing, and cheering for their respective champion. Tia for Azia, Nita for her sister. They were obviously having a lot of fun. For some reason though, this aroused Alps a little and he moved to sit on the bed and watch. It would certainly have seemed that Azia and Nidaja were bordering on best friends. As they traveled together, they talked a bit on things they liked. Including Alps. This got him blushing for several miles, as they rattled on and on about him. Certainly he wasn't used to that kind of attention, and he hoped to just be a slave once again when they got home.

Alps took a moment to look around the room. It was a double royal suite. There were two massive beds. One's status was often determined the size of bed they slept on, since that was a major status symbol and sign of luxury. Bouncing around on a huge, soft, fluffy bed was for the rich. These two beds

could fit two adults, end to end, up and down, or across the middle of the bed. They were more than big enough for Alps and Nita and Nidaja to fit on one bed, and Azia and Tia to happily fit on another. In fact, as they were sitting on it now, all five could sleep on one bed if they really wanted to. Alps pulled his towel a bit tighter at that thought, and shook it away. It was very doubtful something like that would happen. The slave watched as Nita and Nidaja strained against one another. Azia was smiling, as was the general. After a while, Nidaja started to show concern. That soft blue glow on her arm was fading. Azia was not trying to win outright; she was just trying to last longer than the spell. Suddenly, as the spell broke, Nidaja cried out, and her arm fell, pinned to the bed. She laughed, getting up on her knees, and rubbing her arm.

“Oh yeah... you are good!” she chimes, smiling. Alps smiled as well; glad to see the general was not a sore loser. Azia got up as well, sitting down on her rump on the bed, her legs together, to keep her modesty.

“Thank you. You lasted longer than any girl I’ve ever met, too. That magic of yours definitely gives you an advantage in battle. Alps looked between them. They were admiring each other, even though they still had, while clean now, the cuts that they had given each other in battle a day before.

“I think you both did wonderful!” Tia chimed, wagging her tail, as she remained on her knees. Nita grabbed her around the neck, and rubbed her head, tousling her hair. “Majesty!” she cried, in a submissive tone.

“So what do I win, General Nidaja?” came Azia’s coy statement. Nidaja chuckled softly.

“Well your majesty...” she said, making Azia blush faintly. She had been designated a queen, though the lands of her nation were still held by Mannus. “I think... This should be suitable.” And with that, Nidaja pushed herself forward, her arms encircling Azia, and her muzzle pressing to hers. Alps gasped, not sure what Azia would do about something like that. At first, the white-furred female went ridged, as she was pressed to the pillows at the head of the bed. Nita was still holding Tia in a head lock, but was not tousling her anymore. Both watched in silence, as Nidaja kissed Azia, even more passionately now, her tongue slipping into the new nation’s leader’s muzzle. Azia’s arms slowly ensnared Nidaja, and held her close, a deep, long, content sigh coming from her, as she relaxed into the kiss, seeming to melt right into it. Tia smiled, and Alps leaned forward, to keep anyone from noticing that he was tenting the towel.

“Hey look, Nita... They made up.” Tia squeaked playfully. Nita let Tia go, and then, took her shoulders, and turned her, pinning her to the bed.

“So have I...” Nita said softly, and brought her own lips to Tia’s. Tia struggled, just a little, in surprise, and then released a long, low murrel, her

hands sliding along Nita's sides slowly. Alps looked at the four writhing on the bed, kissing, and whined softly, under his breath, getting onto all fours as he watched, so that the towel hung from his hips, and didn't make his feeling obvious. His scent, however, had already started to spike in the air. Nidaja was slightly alongside Azia as she kissed her, and began to slowly caress her body, up and down, over the warm curves of her hips, and the dark leather casing of her generous breasts. Nita looked up to watch her sister a bit, as she looked down at Tia, who lay on her back, panting very softly from the kiss of royalty.

This was a predicament she surely never thought she would be in. Nita gazed down at Tia's chest. Her nipples had perked hard, and were little peaks in the satiny fabric of Nita's night gown. The queen's hand slid slowly up over Tia's tummy, as she brought those gentle and graceful fingers up the gray lupine female's breasts.

"Yes..." Tia said softly. Alps could not tell if she was giving Nita permission, or if she was merely answering to his mistress' statement before. Nita, however, obviously took it as a request. Her hands slid over the smaller mounds of his friend, giving one a soft squeeze, and making the girl release a soft, slow moan. Azia's ears perked and she looked up as Nidaja caressed her body, a slight blush over her ears as her long black hair spilled over her shoulders, contrasting with her white fur. She cooed softly at seeing Tia's situation, and then gasped as Nidaja took advantage of her sitting up slightly to undo the ties of her outfit's top, sliding her hand under the back of the vest, and untying it easily. The top simply fell away, and she was left in that dark vest, with her large, firm breasts holding it open. She fell back, and Nidaja smiled to her, gazing at her lustfully. The white general swallowed. In this time, the poor male servant was only watching, and getting more and more worked up. This was worse than when he had to watch Uri and Misha play on the boat!

Nita looked back down to Tia, and lowered her head, suckling one of those pert nipples through the loose fabric of that night gown, making the girl whimper. Alps whined softly too, and then looked at Nidaja, to see what she was up to. She had followed suit, on her hands and knees alongside Azia, her muzzle down on her chest, having taken a firm, pink nipple between her lips, flicking it softly and sensually with her tongue. Azia arched her back, whimpering softly as Alps watched the mischievous general slide a hand slowly up Azia's inner thigh, under her skirt. The Silverlight queen squeaked with tense pleasure, and Alps could not really see what Nita's sister was doing but it got the white lupine female's hips moving. She squirmed under the green-furred general's touch as she worked her hand in the darkness and privacy of that tight black miniskirt.

The slave swallowed loudly, and looked back over to Tia and Nita, knowing pretty well what Nidaja was doing. He panted softly, as he whimpered, seeing the nightgown Tia was wearing pulled up, and Nita's hand cupping her

bare sex, spreading her warm nectar into her palm. The queen was still suckling on Tia's nipples, but the fabric of the nightgown was up over her chest, so that Nita had free range of those gray velveteen breasts, firm and lovely. She licked and suckled hotly against her nipples, pressing and rubbing her slit, hidden under the queen's still velvet covered palms. The white male trembled as the scent of all four of them started to mingle thickly with his own, and he looked back at Nidaja, who finally looked up from Azia's nipple as the female squirmed with her touch. The general's eyes focused on Alps', violet like his own, and she looked at him coyly as she pressed her hand against Azia tightly, eliciting a long, low moan from the female, and then drawing her hand back, her fingers glistening with Azia's hot juices. The emerald general watched Alps carefully, as she pushed her wet fingers into her muzzle and sucked that sweet juice off her fingers. The slave shivered, and whined softly. Finally, Nidaja pulled her fingers from her lips, and said softly,

"I think Alps should be rewarded... for his bravery and interesting strategy that won the first great victory against the Uruk army in two generations." Nidaja said slowly. Alps gasped softly, and swallowed.

"Yeah... Take off your towel Alps... Lay in the middle of the bed..." Nita said, still rubbing Tia's sex, making her whimper.

"Oh yeah..." panted Azia. "We gotta let Alps have some fun... Oh life essence... I was getting a little... ahh... carried away." she huffed. Alps looked at Azia. Her ears were slightly rose-tinted. The slave did as he was told, carefully taking away his towel, revealing his very solidly erect member, pointing practically slightly upward, with its natural slight curve to it. The male sighed softly and longingly as he lay down on the bed, right in the very middle of it. He looked at the group cautiously as they all peered at him, Tia finally dropping her head again, as Nita pressed two fingers into her, making her moan loudly. Nidaja licked her lips slowly, and moved toward Alps in a predatory fashion.

"I want him inside me..." Nidaja said with a low, guttural moan. Alps' member jerked upward slightly, and sent a bead of clear pre over his tummy. Nidaja and Nita chuckled softly, and the general straddled the slave, facing his feet. "Spread your legs, Alps..." Nidaja said softly. Alps did as he was told, spreading them a bit, and bracing his feet softly against the bed. He whined softly as he felt Nidaja bring her hand behind her a bit, and grasp his pulsing member, squeezing it softly to get a bead of pre to roll down his shaft, and spread it up and down his already slick length. The slave trembled softly, as he heard Nidaja's shaky, anxious voice again. "Azia... Ahh... Get... down between his legs... put your head on the pillows... and slip out of your skirt." the general said. Azia squealed with girlish delight, and giggled. It was something Alps had simply never heard her do. She was usually very dominant in the bedroom, but for Nidaja, she seemed willing to be a bit more submissive. Then again, there was about to be serious pleasure trod upon her person, so she had reason to be

excited.

She did as she was asked, but Alps couldn't really see anything. He felt everything though, as Nidaja held up his slick cock, getting him into position, and pressed the tip of it between her glistening folds. The general was already so hot, and so ready for this. The one who took his virginity, was about to make love to him again. It had been a while since he'd been with this lovely woman. She started to stroke his cock, with the tip nestled between her labia, feeling his occasional pulse of pre getting her even wetter, as her own juices leaked down the wolf's thick member. Finally, with a sudden and jarring motion, her hips dropped, and she had the entire nine inches of searing hot lupine flesh inside her. The queen's sister groaned anxiously and longingly, as she held still a minute, shivering.

Alps was glad she held still for that short time. When she took him, he came damn close to squirting inside her right away. His legs trembled, as he felt the general lower her body between his thighs, and help Azia, so that she was in the right position, her knees alongside Nidaja's chest, as the green general pressed her muzzle against the white-furred Silverlight queen's hot inner thighs. Alps looked down at them, before the light was dimmed over his head. Nita was backing up over his face, her own sex bare now. While Alps had watched Azia and Nidaja, she had gotten undressed. As he looked up, a drop of her juices fell right on the top of his muzzle, sliding down through his whiskers. He trembled a bit, feeling the first slow roll of Nidaja's hips, as his ears were greeted by Azia's voice.

"Oh heavens, yes... deep... press deep..." the white lupine female said with a shudder. Nidaja was definitely licking her out now. Nita smiled as she pulled Tia into place, in similar fashion as Azia, and licked her inner thighs, making her wriggle as she was teased. Alps knew Nita well enough to know exactly what she wanted in this position, having backed up over his muzzle like this. Alps opened his muzzle, and caressed Nita's sex with his long, hot tongue, slowly, getting a nice dribble of her honey over that pink velvety surface, coating it, as he pressed it between those swollen lips, dragging up the slit in slow, careful strokes, making the queen whined softly.

"You ready, Tia, darling?" came Nita's hot inquiry. Tia whimpered loudly, making it obvious that she was ready some time ago. Nita's head lowered, and her scent became even stronger, more tangy as she slowly pressed her muzzle to Tia's firm mound, her tongue slipping into Alps' friend's tight labia. The gray-furred female arched her back, her sounds of pleasure only making Nita hotter, as Alps hooked his tongue inside her, in a fashion he knew well by now she liked. Nita then lifted her head slowly, and smiled, looking under her chest and tummy at Alps, able to look at his eyes while she did this, and seeming very amused by the sight of his muzzle buried between her legs, while he looked back up at her lovingly with half closed eyes, while licking into her tight sex. "Alpsie... I am

gonna do... oh! Oh that feels... mmmh... I am gonna do to your little friend everything that you do to me, okay?" she said, seeming willing to make a little game about it.

"Oh 'Daj... " came Azia's heated cry, shortening the general's name to a single syllable, for force of pleasure, "Suck on me! Suck me while you... oh yes!! Like that... ohmigosh!" Alps groaned hotly, as he felt Nidaja's hips begin to ride him, finally, rising and falling, so tight and wet around his throbbing cock. She was actually tugging him slightly, with how tight she was clamped around him. Her wet juices were pouring down his shaft, wetting his crotch already.

"Hey Nita..." Nidaja said, pulling away. "I bet I can pop mine before you pop yours. Fifty bits..." she bet. Alps groaned softly, unable to believe what he was hearing. Tia moaned loudly, as Nita lowered her head.

"It's a deal, Nidaja." Nita said playfully, murreling deeply. "Alps, keep going... We will see if we can beat Nidaja together." she said. Alps nodded and erfed softly, as Nita gave him a pillow to stuff under his head. This made it a lot easier. He folded the soft pillow in half, to boost his muzzle right up to the queen's wet, hot sex. Alps used his hands along Nita's inner thighs, and wrapped one around the base of her tail, to keep her from pulling away, even if it was overly sensitive. He opened his muzzle, as he listened to Nidaja moan against Azia's sex, the other girl squealing with pleasure as she rolled her hips against the eager general. Nidaja was pumping her thighs against Alps hard now, obviously trying to distract him from pleasuring Nita to help her win. Alps braced his hips, and let Nidaja ride him as hard as she wanted, while his tongue hooked inside Nita, scooping her nectar out, those tight, wet, pink labia spread open between his fingers, as he held her tail base. Nita was already panting hotly, as she evidently did the same to Tia. Tia's voice became higher pitched.

"Oh yes! Please... faster... I want it!" she cried. Alps pumped his tongue faster in and out of Nita in turn, to let her see just how he would handle Tia's request. Her high pitched squeak of building pleasure told Alps that his mistress was doing just what he was, and her own hips were rolling against his muzzle a bit faster. Alps groaned deeply. This was utterly intoxicating. He loved it! He did not want this to end! Nidaja pumped her hips harder, the sounds of wet sex over slick cock louder in the room, the only thing louder was the dollop, dollop, dollop of Nidaja's tongue, thirstily taking Azia's wet sex. Alps wished he could see them, but all he could see when he looked down was his pink shaft, appearing and disappearing under Nidaja's briskly moving hips. And he knew watching that would make him cum, so he looked away. Heavily, the wolf panted, as he scraped and scooped at Nita's sex, and listened to Tia's cries start coming faster and louder. Nita was holding her tail as well, as she bucked softly against the queen's face. His mistress' hands were on that base of her tail, and another on her breast, working the little gray female into a frenzy. Alps thought for sure Nita was about to win, as Tia's gasps became more and more frequent,

both Nita and Nidaja rapidly fluttering their tongue against their partners. Tia's broken, heavy cry of,

"Oh yes! Nita... getting close... deep... get it deep... I have to have it deep!" made Alps almost pop inside the fast moving Nidaja. He relaxed his legs a bit, feeling her hips jerk harder and faster, so hot and wet, the tip of his cock brushing her tightly inside from this upside down 'doggie-style' position. Then Alps heard Azia's hot, loud voice.

"Nidaja, Hook it in me... Oh by the lights, I'm gonna - AAAAAAaaaaaOOOOOOHH!!" The white-furred female released an intense, almost explosive howl, as Alps felt like just gushing inside Nidaja. He trembled, holding back, still hammering his tongue in Nita's sex. Nita grunted and gasped into Tia's sex, still pounding her, and then cupping her pussy with her tight muzzle, and jamming her tongue as deep as she could into the squirming gray-furred female. Alps listened the wet slurping and gulping from Nidaja, as her muzzle got sprayed heavily by the convulsing wolf female she was licking. Nidaja finally pulled her head back a little, so she could take a breath, taking another hard splash of hot nectar over the ears, and squealing with delight, bringing her tongue back into Azia, and prolonging her climax as long as she could. After a few more seconds, Alps' tongue still thumping deep into Nita, his muzzle cupping her sex, as her body trembled, he heard Tia again.

"Nita, yes! Make me... make me!" and then a strangled squeak from the gray lupine, and Nita coughing and sputtering, pulling her muzzle back, as she took too much, with her lips cupped over that sex so tightly. Nita, after recovering for a second, licked the trembling female again, as she wailed plaintively for it to stop, but the more experienced queen knew how good it would feel. She just kept on going, pushing her tongue in deep, hooking it, and making the girl squeal again, the hot 'squish' sound of her juices bursting into the queen's muzzle again, as Azia just groaned and writhed under Nidaja's continued attention. Suddenly, Nidaja reared up, holding Alps' tummy as she leaned back a bit.

"Oh sweet stars in - ! AaaahAH!.." Nidaja started crying as she jammed her hips down harder on Alps. She was getting almost unreasonably tight. Alps groaned hotly. Nidaja was about to have her climax then and there. It had to be really hard on her, out lasting Azia while she was pumping a wolf cock inside her. Nita reared up too, grasping her breasts, whimpering loudly.

"I'm gonna... Oh love, I'm gonna..." Nita kept whimpering. Both of them were on edge. Alps tightened up. He felt so close! Both of them were going to cum. He cupped his muzzle over that tight sex, still holding Nita's tail, as the dazed Tia writhed softly, and began suckling at Nita's sex, his tongue stroking and wriggling deep inside her, as she trembled, getting closer and closer, slowly rolling her hips. She and Nidaja were back to back, leaning against each other.

Nidaja then gasped out.

“Oh fuck! Azia, oh *fuck!*” Alps could not tell what was happening, but Azia had rolled over, getting on all fours, and started fluttering her hot pink tongue over Nidaja’s clit as she rode Alps’ shaft. The white lupine male finally realized this, as that warm muzzle surrounded his sack, holding it in heat and tenderness, her tongue sliding over it, massaging Alps’ balls softly. Then her tongue went back to teasing Nidaja’s clit as she rode Alps. He could feel her tongue stroke his bare shaft, upwards, every time that Nidaja sank downwards, her breasts bouncing now, in the heat of her motion, her shoulders rubbing against Nita’s. Nita looked back, over her shoulder, seeing what was going on. This perverse, delightfully erotic image set the green lupine female off hard. Alps’ cheeks actually puffed out a little, as he had to eagerly swallow, rapid, warm bursts of Nita’s hot juices, as her cunny clamped around Alps’ tongue so hard it almost hurt. Nita gasped deeply, but couldn’t exhale... she couldn’t scream, as she just shook, pinching her nipples hard, painfully, but so wonderfully, as her body convulsed around that tongue, washing over Alps’ face, as he finally pulled his muzzle away, having to breathe.

The white slave’s cheeks and throat and muzzle all got doused with the queen’s tangy nectar, his tongue lapping senselessly, as she gushed over him. These juices, meant to make it easier during mating for the wolf’s seed to swim to the female’s womb, were almost explosively wasted over the lupines neck, chest, face and ears. Nita was one of the most copious of any that Alps had ever been with, and today, she had been really riled up. As her climax died down to a trickle, the white wolf lapped her eagerly. Just as Nita’s orgasm was fading to a warm glow and heat inside her belly, Alps heard Nidaja start grunting, pumping hard against his lap, her clit stroked each time she slammed down on him by Azia’s firm, and eager tongue. She was almost there, and it was going to be hard.

Finally, pressing back hard against Nita, who was leaning back more for support as her climax waned, Nidaja wailed, long and loud. Alps felt sorry for whoever was staying downstairs. If it was a honeymooning couple, they just got seriously outdone. Nidaja cried out over and over again, as Azia squealed with delight, licking the convulsing general’s clit as she stroked up and down hard on Alps now thoroughly soaked cock, spilling into his lap, running down his balls, soaking the bed. The slave groaned as he felt hot passes of a warm tongue over his balls, trying to lap up as much of that warm fluid as possible. He’d held back too much and been excited for a little too long. Alps was actually having a little bit of trouble popping, since the motions kept changing. Nidaja sank hard and deep on Alps, whimpering softly, rolling her hips, jerking a bit, overly sensitive, and unable to keep going. She looked down at Azia dizzily, and hiccupped softly, blushing, as she felt so thoroughly sated. Nita leaned back over, caressing the panting, happy Tia slowly. Alps rolled his hips softly, whimpering against the general, making her gasp with over sensitivity.

“He didn’t cum?” Azia asked, rather simply.

“N... No, I guess not...” Nidaja said weakly, rolling her hips slowly. “I’m too sensitive! Oh dear, I’ve never cum so hard.” she whimpered. “Does someone else wanna take Alpsie’s present he’s got all saved up while I recover a bit?” Nidaja panted. Alps groaned hotly, having kind of wanted to fill Nidaja, though it really didn’t matter.

“Mine!” Azia cried, reaching under Nidaja, and pulling Alps’ aching, throbbing cock free. Alps groaned as he felt it slip into Azia’s hot muzzle, and she began to suck hard on it, before stroking it a few times. She got up, pressing chest to chest to Nidaja. “I want it... please...” she said, looking the general in the eyes, lovingly now. Alps pulled the pillow out from under his head, so he could lay his head down, and enjoy this. He felt a trembling female hand grasp his throbbing flesh, and tease across tight, wet lips. Azia sank down on his cock hard, trembling, and whimpering from how it filled her. The white male beneath her grinned broadly. In the end, it has been Azia who said please. She had been the first to beg to have him in her. He could hardly believe she’d just done it, but there was no denying now that he was balls deep inside her, pressed tight, squeezed even tighter!

He was as hard and thick as he could possibly get, and Azia obviously didn’t play with males. She was a lot tighter than Nidaja. Alps arched his back a bit. Nita, feeling a bit exhausted from her climax, rolled onto her back, and squeaked, as the slightly rested Tia got up and replaced her position over Alps’ muzzle. She was ready to try out the lupine male’s tongue. She tugged on Nita to make her turn around. The queen groaned weakly, and then giggled, moving so that she was lying with her head beside Tia’s knee where it was beside Alps’ shoulder. Tia was shorter than the queen, and to do what she obviously wanted, she had to come alongside Nita and over her. As they got into position, and Azia just savored the feeling of being on the slave’s cock, Alps began to slowly stroke Tia’s sex with his well used tongue. Azia’s grey-furred lover was angled slightly to the side, so that she could have her muzzle over Nita’s sex. Her tongue slowly lapped over the queen’s soaking wet, quivering honey-pot. Nita whimpered softly, from how sensitive she still was. Nidaja, who was being held from behind by Azia, straddling Alps’ tummy as the leader of the Silverlight began to rock against Alps’ throbbing member, grinned mischievously. She slowly leaned down, as Alps was having to tilt his head back to reach Tia’s sex, because of her height difference, and her muzzle joined Alps. The wolf felt her chin against his, her throat slightly against his, her lupine muzzle pressing against Tia’s slit. The general whispered to Alps softly.

“I will lick her deep... you lick her clit... let’s give her something she won’t forget.” Tia could not hear Nidaja, but she could feel the second muzzle against her sex. She whined softly into the queen’s muff, as Nita, her head beside Tia’s

leg, able to see what was going on, groaned and arched her back.

“You two are... gonna kill her...” she panted softly, her eyes half closed, the female looking already very cum drunk. Alps groaned deeply, as he felt Azia’s tight tunnel suckling at his thick, hard cock, as she slid up and down slowly. Nidaja, her rump against Azia’s tummy, murreled deeply, and began to slip her tongue into Tia’s tight folds, as the white lupine male arched his head back enough to start teasing her little nub with his tongue, softly up and down, then back and forth. Tia whimpered softly, as she buried her muzzle in Nita’s folds. The queen caressed over Tia’s rump, teasing her tail a bit, and petting her bottom as she was serviced by two tongues at once.

Nidaja released a plaintive moan, as Azia’s hand slid around her hips, and under her, leaning forward, and pumping her hips, as if it was Nidaja she was actually mating with. The white female moved her hand under the general’s hips, and began to slowly strum the general’s slit with her long, careful fingers. Nidaja whined softly, and pressed her tongue deeper, and a bit faster into Tia’s sex. The younger girl arched her back a little, making the access to her sex easier for Alps and Nidaja. The slave fluttered his tongue faster over Tia’s clit, as Nidaja’s tongue dug into her slit deeper, pulling out her tangy juices. Nita caressed the girl’s ass slowly, pinching and squeezing her rump, as her hips began to roll. It felt so utterly wonderful. Azia began to speed up on Alps’ thick cock, and the wolf groaned loudly. He wasn’t gonna be able to take much more of this. He could not believe how complex this five-way union had become. But everyone was getting pleasure now. Azia groaned as she stroked a bit faster and harder on Alps, her breathing becoming erratic again.

“Oh Alps... I... I wanna feel you... I wanna feel you squirting inside me!” she whimpered. The slave groaned loudly, and fluttered his tongue harder over the sexy gray lupine’s slit, rubbing her clit hard, making her whimper and growl loudly into Nita’s sex. Alps’ mistress rolled her hips harder, wincing at the vibration of that growling into her saturated cunny. The queen’s sister pressed her tongue deep, in and out of Tia’s sex. Alps groaned, and decided to try to join her tongue, to see what it was like to put two different tongues in the same tight, wonderful sex. The result was a sharp squeal from Tia, as Alps pressed his tongue in with Nidaja’s. At the angle he was at, his tongue had to drag over the girl’s clit each time he pressed it up inside her. She was getting both the sensation Nidaja wanted to give her, plus two tongues, working with counterstrokes against each other inside her. Tia wasn’t able to handle it. She stopped licking Nita for a moment, whimpering loudly, as Azia, seeing what Alps and Nidaja were doing to her beloved, started grinding and pumping and swearing against Alps’ cock, impaling herself deeply on it, her walls gripping it and milking that hard length tightly.

Her position with Nidaja was an obvious doggie style, as Nidaja lay against Alps’ chest, and she stayed straddled in his lap. Her hand stayed under

the green-furred general, holding onto her for leverage as she fucked Alps fast and hard, her fingers fluttering over the general's slit, working up the green lupine female very intentionally. Nita whined as Tia neglected her for a moment, and the gray female, unable to use her tongue right then, through her plaintive moaning, moved her fingers to the queen's sex, and began to pump them eagerly, slightly hooked, inside her. Alps' mistress responded well to that, as two, then three fingers filled her clutching slit, the younger girl holding her head back as she rutted against the two tongues.

Alps closed his eyes, using his hands to caress Nidaja's sides and breasts. He felt like he was kissing Nidaja like this, and, in fact, a few times, Nidaja did kiss him, probing the Tia-flavored tongue into his mouth. But as Tia's cries became faster and higher pitched, both Alps and Nidaja pumped Tia's sex hard with their tongues. Alps felt Azia thump harder on him, as she held Nidaja tightly, one hand around her tummy, to hold on, and the other rapidly rubbing side to side over her slit, wanting to make the general cum for her. The slave felt his sac drawing up tight against him. This was so incredibly erotic... they were all working each other to climax again, right there on top of him.

"Oh mistress..." Alps whimpered against Tia's sex, unable to lick for a moment, "Nita... Azia, I'm gonna cum!" he cried, letting the white-furred female know perfectly well what was about to happen. She didn't slow down. She growled rather savagely,

"Yes! Oh yes, give it to me Alps! Lemme have all of it!" she panted hard, thrusting heavily on the slave's lap. He felt her grinding with each downward motion now, working him almost painfully deep into herself. Alps felt the barrier of her cervix, and that tap against the tip of his burning member was all he could take. He threw his head back and howled, hard and heavy, over Tia's sex, making her shudder, as Nidaja flattened her ears, while Alps made so much noise. He felt that wave of heat shock through his body, and surge up into the now deeply grinding Azia. She took him as deep as she could, and just rubbed herself frantically on him, wet and hot, as his cock spouted thick ropes of lupine cum into her body, spewing it hard all over her cervix, and up and down along her tight walls, which milked him tightly. The white-furred female then started stroking again, hard and fast, just as she had been doing. Alps whimpered loudly! He had just cum! It was a bit painful, but he couldn't tell her to stop. He trembled, and tried to deal with it by letting his tongue join Nidaja's again, in pleasuring Tia, who was pressing down a bit more against Alps' muzzle. Alps suddenly heard Nita's voice, as his tongue went back and forth over Nidaja's inside Tia.

"Oh yes... Tia... faster! I'm close! Make me cum! Just rub my clit... I'm gonna cum!" she whimpered. Tia did as she was told, breathing deeply, and very fast, sounding like she was hyperventilating.

“Majesty... I... I... I can’t... I...” and with that, Tia stopped all motion, her hands gripping the bed, as if she might just fly right off, and started shaking, her eyes wide, an expression of almost fear, as she felt her climax boiling up fast.

“Oh, no! Don’t stop!” Nita whined, as Azia humped Alps’ shaft faster, whining loudly.

“Yeah! Yeah, let it go! Lemme watch you!” Azia cried, getting heavily worked up on Alps’ thick shaft. Alps groaned, feeling his tingling coming back, feeling the desire to mate surging back over him, even so soon after a powerful climax. He began to pump softly back against Azia’s motions, wanting to make her cum. He wanted to feel her jerk tight around him. She was so wet, almost foaming now as he pumped her, still full of his thick, white essence. Tia trembled, and Alps did everything he could, with Nidaja’s help, to set her off. Their tongues worked opposite of each other, as if trying to start a fire inside her, rubbing back and forth rapidly. Alps hooked his tongue inside Tia, letting the base of it grind her clit, as the tip hooked up, against that slightly rough patch he’d found Nita loved having touched so much. Tia lowered her head and just jerked tight, her muzzle opening, and her low cry making her sound like someone kicked her.

“GAAK!” she cried, her body buckling, her head falling against Nita’s tummy, as her cunny tightened and mashed Nidaja and Alps’ tongues together, before spraying both their faces heavily with thick, warm female cum. Alps took the majority of it, all over his throat and chin and muzzle again, then on his ears, as her body lowered a bit. Nidaja kept licking inside her, letting those juices squirt around her tongue, whimpering loudly, suddenly, as her hips started to buck against Azia’s attentions. Tia fell over, shaking, and then rolled right off the bed, with a dull, resounding wooden *whumph*. She moaned and crooned and writhed all over the floor, in an orgasm that had her locked away in her own little universe.

“I’ll have to remember that one.” Alps panted, groaning as he felt himself working closer to climax again. He held Nidaja’s hips as she rutted against Azia’s attentions.

“Oh, Alps! I’m close...” Nita whined, rubbing her breasts. Alps watched her get up on all fours, and move in behind Azia.

“I want him... I need him...” she whined hotly.

“I’m gonna cum!” the white leader of the Silverlight cried. Nidaja arched back, and Alps watched, dizzily, as the three females were straddled over him. Nidaja had her back pressed against Azia, while Azia very graphically rubbed her slit, side to side, rapidly. Her other hand was now holding Nidaja’s breasts, while the white-furred female started biting the general along the neck, pumping her

hips hard, as if it was Nidaja getting fucked. Alps had no idea what thoughts and emotions had to be going through Azia's mind right then, but she was thrusting up and down hard and her growls were fierce and determined. For all it mattered, she was the male, and Nidaja was taking it hard, while she rolled her hips, bumping them into Nidaja's rump. Nidaja's eyes were shut, her teeth bared.

"Oh yes! Yes, Azia... bite! I'm close... ohhh!!" Nidaja cried. Alps groaned loudly, as he realized what Nita was doing. She had grabbed Azia's tail, and pulled it between her thighs, behind her, holding Azia with her other hand tightly, and she started grinding her soaking wet sex on the base of her former enemy's tail! She was left really worked up by Tia. The slave had never seen or experienced anything so depraved in his life! He felt himself getting closer and closer, when a wave seemed to slam right through all three lovers. Nidaja threw her head back and howled first, her cunny spasming against Azia's rapidly moving fingers, and her hot juices flashed over Alps' tummy hard, trickling down his sides, and even up to his chest, as he arched his back in pleasure.

Almost immediately after Nidaja's cry, Azia went ridged, and ground herself deep again, pushing her clit desperately on the base of Alps' cock as she went ridiculously tight and hot against him, her pussy sucking him tightly, before hot, thick syrup doused his inner thighs and sac, and heavily onto the bed. This bed was a lost cause now. As she climaxed, and jerked her hips so hard and frantically, shaking against Alps, Nita, who was still holding Azia's thick white tail between her legs, found the motions of the other queen's climax to be perfect for bringing her off, and she promptly soaked about half the length of Azia's tail. Nita screamed loudly, and then hiccupped and sputtered a bit, falling backward, barely missing hitting her head on the headboard. She landed with her shoulders half way up the pillows, her head tilted back, trembling. The general slumped down on top of Alps, and Azia, shaking, her eyes wide with pleasure and almost shock, fell off to the side, pulling off of Alps' throbbing cock.

The slave whined loudly, still feeling close! He wanted to finish! He lay there, trembling, as Nita's breathing began to slow, her eyes only slightly open, but white, rolled back. She was out cold. He looked at Nidaja. She was trembling, for a little bit, then her muscles went soft, and she just panted over his shoulder. She was gone too. Alps petted her, his cock twitching softly. He couldn't just take one of these lovely females when they were not even awake. That would be terrible. He looked to Azia, who had been the one to ride him back into his feral need again. She was lying on her belly, one leg still draped over his thighs, her head and one of her arms draped over the side of the bed. She wasn't moving. Her cunny, displayed a little in this position, was dribbling the white mess the wolf already made inside her.

Alps carefully rolled Nidaja onto her back, and looked at her lovely face. She seemed pretty serene and peaceful now. Alps whined softly, a dapple of pre

spattering over the green-furred general's tummy. Should he? Alps looked up at Nita. Her body was limp on the pillows, prone, and pretty easy access. The slave whimpered, looking at her gentle, happy face. It would be cruel. He then saw a pair of gray ears peek up over the bed, and Tia weakly moved onto the bed.

"Heheheh... wow..." she said, sounding utterly drunk. She moved over the bed, and laughed as the lovely Azia's position. She then cooed, and slipped her fingers over the white lupine female's slit, getting some of that overflow from Alps, and licking it off her fingers. She carefully then hoisted Azia fully onto the bed, so she would not wake up with a headache, and held her, on all fours above her. Tia then squeaked loudly, as she felt Alps crash into her from behind. Alps groaned deeply, holding Tia's hips.

"P... Please.." he whimpered. "They kinda... left me hanging."

"Oh Alps!" Tia cried, her eyes tight. "Yes! Yes!" she said, backing against Alps. "Even if it hurts!" she said, shaking. The slave groaned lovingly to Tia, holding her around the waist, in a true doggie style with her. He loved being with the girl. Something about how her body felt against him, and the memories of their childhood friendship growing into an adult love.

"Oh Tia... Oh yes... thank you!" Alps panted.

"Fill me!" Tia cried, wriggling her rump against Alps. He streaked pre along her tummy, as he reared back, getting into position, and slipped himself suddenly and completely into her tight depths. She pressed back firmly on him, as she looked at the others, already out cold. She giggled softly, and lowered her chest to Azia's, holding her mate, as Alps began to stroke against her. He held her tail base and her hips, under her tummy a bit, as he began to thrust hard and fast into the already searing hot female.

"Alps... I'm gonna cum again!" she whimpered. "Cum with me! Let me feel it!" she whimpered each time Alps thrust into her, obviously a bit sore from what he and Nita and Nidaja had done to her. The slave took advantage of the stamina of her youth, and held her tight, tensing his muscles hard, forcing himself to enjoy every sensation inside her hot, tight sex.

"Yes... yes, I'm almost there!" Alps panted. Tia whined, crying out softly, as the bed shook from Alps' suddenly violent thrusting. His thick, hard shaft pistoned hard into her soaking sex, spattering her juices in sweet, slick droplets all over the bed as she tightened up.

"Oh Alps... Alps... hurry..." she warned, trembling. "Nnnngg..." She closed her eyes tightly, rocking her hips firmly against his, feeling so hot against him.

“Tia... not yet... A little longer..” he groaned, rutting her against Azia, who was bouncing limply under Tia’s rocking body. The white-furred female was definitely out. Tia whined loudly.

“Alps I can’t hold it!” Tia cried, going tight. “I’m cummmiiiiinnngg!!!” she wailed, her hot tunnel tightening and relaxing in rapid fluttering pulses on Alps pounding flesh. Alps gritted his teeth, arching his back and holding Tia’s tail, jerking her tight against him, as her juices flooded out over his cock. He grunted, his legs jerking a bit, as he felt himself release. Hot, powerful gushes of thick seed pulsed deep into his long time friend, and she just wailed pitifully, tears rolling down her cheeks, her muzzle turned up to howl, and that howl going silent, as she just held her eyes shut tight, her mouth held open, and shook violently, convulsing on that throbbing, pulsing, jetting thick flesh inside her. her breath finally came out in a rather soft and dull groan, which died half way through, and the gray lupine just collapsed on top of Azia, holding her weakly, panting, her eyes closed, her body quivering around Alps’ shaft, as his thick seed continued for a little longer to spill into her, and out of her, down her tummy as it oozed from her pulsing cunny.

The slave was aching now, so weak, his head hurting from the intensity of it and the force of his motions. Alps held Tia, her rump still in the air, his cock still pulsing inside her, as he drifted happily into afterglow. He’d skipped his afterglow on the first climax, and it came back with friends this time. The white male’s head swam, and he was just in paradise, as he held himself in Tia for a bit longer, before slipping out and carefully pulling her knees back a bit, to let her rest against Azia and not wake up with a sore back from the position she had fallen asleep in.

Alps looked at the four females. Nidaja was lying in the middle of the bed, her face and chest and thighs soaking wet. Aside from Alps, she had the worst mess made of her fur. Nita was sprawled out at the top of the bed, her ears splayed against the headboard, her head back a little bit. Her face and thighs were soaking wet. Azia was laying under Tia, her hips doused in Alps’ opalescent sexual discharge, and Tia’s thick nectar, as well as her own. Azia’s muzzle had taken a soaking too, from Nidaja. Tia lay comfortably on Azia, her beloved, and was dripping Alps’ second wave of seed along her mate’s thigh, and her muzzle was wet from Nita as well. What an incredible mess. All of them would need a shower in the morning before making any public appearances. That sounded pleasant, however. He looked forward to it.

The slave crawled up the bed slowly, and snuggled in close against Nita. He lay there, in the pile of lovely lupines on this large bed, feeling wonderful, through afterglow, and just the emotion of everything working out. In the silence of the room, and the sleeping lovers, he wagged his tail, thumping softly upon the ruined sheets. He was back with the one he loved. He looked to Nidaja. The white slave lupine had both of them in his life again. He felt, for the first time in a

long time, that he was really comfortable and happy where he was, and with what he had become.

Sirius, Book II

Legacy of the Letai

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 7

Alps smiled as he looked around outside. He was standing on a balcony where, in a few short moments, Nita would be giving her speech over what occurred up in the nearby mountains. There was already a crowd assembled, many of whom were looking at him skeptically. Some, even in disgust. The slave smiled. They didn't understand. Soon, they would look at him completely different, he was certain. He didn't care though. Many of them he would never know or see face to face anyway. He would soon go back home with Nita, that attack on Jalana having failed, and the Queen in much better spirits. In time, the people would have their fill of the story and go back to life and normal, and his life would not change a whole lot since he stayed in private with the royal family for the most part anyway. Nita herself had assured him that a crowd's fancies were fleeting.

Finally, as Alps stood on the balcony, Nita emerged. The crowd went wild. Well... as wild as a crowd who stayed up all night in celebration and had to wake up at ten in the morning for a speech could. Alps smiled, as Nita waved warmly to her people. The wolf had honestly never seen Nita deliver a speech quite this big before. Not with an entire city as her audience. There were so many different lupine bodies down there. Nidaja uttered a spell on Nita's throat, the same as she had given Alps. The white wolf finally understood why Nidaja did it exactly right. She was used to that spell. Nita called out to her people in a very casual way.

"Good morning!" she said loudly. The crowd cheered. She waited for the tumult to die down a bit, and then continued. "As all of you already know, a disaster was averted two days ago. A force of 1000 orcs was poised to attack from deep in the mountains. That force has been completely wiped out." Nita said proudly. Exasperated clamor erupted from the crowd. Things were being thrown into the air. Balls made of grass stuffed animal hides. Those were apparently popular items in a crowd. They bounced around all over the place. Nita waited again for the mass to calm down. "Thank you... Thank you all for your support and belief in me, but I will be plainly obvious... seeing that force down there, I gave up. I was preparing myself for the loss of Jalana... and in fact, my entire empire, because I felt there was just no hope..." She then looped Alps with her arm and pulled him forward, at her side. "This is Alps, my personal servant. He was led to the orcs in question, and I as well, by Azia Castalia, the

leader of the Spirits of Silverlight.” There was muted, uncertain fanfare. Azia was considered, before, as a criminal of the Amanian Empire. Azia stepped forward, and there was louder cheering. If she was there, and the queen’s hand was not around her throat, then maybe they were not enemies anymore. This was generally seen as a positive development. “Azia Castalia is now an ally of the Amanian royal house. She will fight alongside us for our future!” Nita cried. There were jubilant shouts and festivity below. The slave wondered how long it took to give a speech, when one minute of talking was cut into by five to ten minutes of frivolity.

Nita was finally able to continue. “She too, upon seeing those numbers, was prepared for the loss of our empire.” There was silence. “Then Alps...” the queen pulled at the slave again, as if the crowd might have already forgotten who that was. “...walked to the edge of the cliff, overlooking the valley the orcs were in, and requested that General Nidaja...” and Nidaja stepped forward, among tumultuous fanfare, which soon died down, as it cut Nita’s sentence. “...General Nidaja cast a spell on Alps’ throat, similar to the one I am using to speak with you now.” Nidaja leaned in and recast the spell, as Nita’s voice started to soften. All eyes were on her, and then on Alps. The slave shifted nervously. He already hated being the center of attention. That much he now knew. “When Nidaja cast that spell, Alps howled, crystalline and pure, into the peaks of the mountains behind us. This caused a massive avalanche, burying the entire force of one thousand. In an instant, a substantial chunk of Mannus’ proud fighting force... was utterly wiped out!” There was a pause, and the view of a hundred thousand muzzles hanging open that burned itself into Alps’ mind.

Then there was a huge uproar, and Alps heard his name repeated over and over again. He lowered, as if to hide behind the balcony, but Nita pulled him back up. “Now...” she said, as Nidaja leaned in and cast that spell on Alps’ throat. It was still tickling from the howling. “Alps... I offer you something you have never had before.” Nita said. Alps watched her intently, the crowd also watched her intently. “Alps, I offer you freedom. You may continue to live in Diera with me, but you will no longer be a slave.” she said loudly. Alps thought for a while. With a single answer, he could be free to act and do whatever he wanted. Finally, after some thought, he answered.

“Your majesty...” he said, a little startled by his loud and echoing voice, “Your Majesty, I would spend an eternity alive as a free lupine, and bathe in riches, and raise a family, and enlist to serve as a noble knight, and ride the fires of destiny to victory against the Uruk hordes... and yet, such a great life... Such adventure and esteem, could not compare to a single day of the happiness I enjoy being your slave.” Alps said loudly. Nita blushed hotly.

“So... you would... remain a slave?” she asked, incredulously, obviously having expected Alps to jump at the chance for freedom. “As a slave, it would be hard to reward you enough for the service you have done for our empire.” Nita

said. Alps smiled, forgetting about the crowd, his hands moving to Nita's cheek, as if he suddenly became aware of how beautiful she was. The entire crowd stayed silent.

"If you must reward me, then never let me go." Alps said. The crowd drew in a very audible gasp. "Hold me forever, have me at your side until I draw my final breath... and that would be a reward far beyond anything you could have given me if I were free." There was a long silence. Nita looked, a little stunned, at Alps and swallowed softly, before saying, softer, but still audibly across the rest of the crowd.

"I will. I will never let you go..." there was an obvious choked sob in Nita's voice, as she pulled Alps into an embrace, which he shared with her. There was violent cheering, even tears of rejoicing through the crowd. Nita then did something that Alps did not expect her to EVER do in front of anyone but family. She pulled his chin up, and kissed him, deep and passionately. Alps' heart soared and he felt like everything he could ever want was now his... just before a loud shout emitted from the gasping and awing crowd. Something that made Alps' blood run cold. Something that made Nita release him and step back suddenly in fear.

"Long live the Uruk empire! Suffering eternal, SHADOWFALL!!!" Alps leaned over the balcony, to see who it was. A robed figure cast off her robe, and pointed a scepter which terminated in a jet black crystal, up at the balcony. It was a grey lupine female, wearing a magician's robes. While not a magic user herself, being a mountain grey, she didn't need to be. The spell was already cast on the relic she wielded. The staff she held was a thing that only Mannus himself could have provided. And it was aimed at Nita. Alps cried out, throwing himself forward, between the assassin and the queen, before seeing a bright flash of red light from the scepter, and hearing the screams of thousands of frightened and enraged lupines in the crowd, as a crack of thunder was heard, intense pain sweeping through Alps far worse than any he'd imagined, and then darkness. Silence. Pure and total nothingness.

Nita shrieked as Alps' body was bathed in black and red mist, as if his blood was suddenly forced out of him into a storm cloud of bloody fog, black lightning crackled through it. Alps then convulsed, raised into the air slightly, before a bright flash of light erased any trace of him, and the crystal glowed brightly for a while, a cry, Alps' voice, coming from it, before it stopped glowing. Nidaja had already jumped from the balcony, using magic to slow her decent right near the end, and launched herself at the magic-user at a speed completely unseen by anyone in the crowd before, as they scattered away from the dangerous attacker. She pointed her staff at Nidaja, but too late, as the furious general knocked the staff out of her hands, and grabbed the woman by the throat, snapping her neck in a single flinching motion, dropping her in a crumpled heap, the light going out of her eyes. Nidaja panted heavily, and looked up at the

balcony. Nita was on her knees, so Nidaja could not see her. But her voice, still affected by that spell, she could hear. She kept crying Alps' name, over and over and over again, then, plaintively, the words Nidaja wanted to hear the least.

"He's gone... He's gone... Oh fate, why did you take him!?" and the crowd burst into wailing of sorrow, their happiness whisked away by the tragedy of the loss of someone the queen had just revealed her love for. Nidaja looked severely down at the dead lupine lady, and dropped to her knees.

"That... wolf... was... *ours!*" she cried, and took a knife from her belt. She stabbed the corpse in the back. Then again, in the shoulders... then again, the crowd cautiously backing away, as Nidaja became consumed in rage and her hand moved at a blurry pace, a spell being cast in silence upon those muscles, as the rapidly rising and descending knife liquefied a wide section of the general's victim, crimson blood spraying everywhere, soaking the knife, the ground, those in the crowd that did not back away enough, and most of all Nidaja. She kept going until the spell wore off, and the mass of wet bloody flesh on the ground didn't even resemble a living thing. It looked like a pile of slippery red mud. Nidaja then leaned over, crying... sobbing heavily, along with the entire city of Jalana.

Darkness. Alps had never endured darkness like this, had he? Wait... he had... A dream... This was like a dream. He felt detached. He could not feel anything, really. He felt numb. What dream was like this? He thought about moving, but he could not tell if his legs were even there. He tried to speak, but there was no sound. The slave drifted in this surreal, ephemeral darkness, for what felt like hours and hours, maybe even days. He thought about all the things he loved, and the moment when it all changed. Shadowfall. It was the thing that took away Nita's mother and drove her father to suicide. Shadowfall... Alps had been told about it by Misty. It was a terrible spell. It completely destroys and consumes the body, using the body itself to make a prison inside a crystal of pure dark and evil will. The walls of this prison... the gate that Alps could enter but never leave was strengthened by the magic potential of the one imprisoned to make sure no one with great magical power could ever leave. Those with low will and low magical energy would eventually be extinguished outright, unable to sustain the energy required to give their prison form.

This was how all the Letai, the most powerful race on Amani, were wiped out by Mannus... in crystals just like these. Alps could not see a wall though. He could not see a prison. This was the real terror of the Shadowfall spell. The mind. The soul. The essence of all that Alps was remains, awake and thinking in total darkness and isolation, doomed to go mad in the silence of his prison.

Alps wept in this silence for some time, drifting, before he shook himself out of it.

"I have to find a way out." he thought to himself. "Nita could be in danger... she could be alone and afraid." The slave continued. Finally, he remembered what this darkness was from. His dream. The one with the priestess. He thought back to that dream. What had he done in it? Will. He willed himself to move. Alps thought long and hard about where he was, and thought to turn, slowly, in a circle. As he did so, he caught sight of three points of light. Two close together, and one almost opposite of the others, so far was it away. Lights. Those had to be something other than darkness, and right now, to Alps, it's all that mattered. The one alone was the brightest one, so he thought to move toward it. He felt it might be closest.

And closer toward it he moved. In the silent darkness, he felt the slight sensation of drifting forward. It felt like he moved forever through that blackness, but as he moved, the light got bigger, and brighter, a sphere of light. The others he could not even see anymore, because of the brightness of the one he chose. After moving forward a bit more, he gasped, as the light overtook him, and there was heat, and then cool, and then tingling all through his body. He was on his knees in a patch of grass, a lovely sunny day. Up, at the top of a hill, sat a priestess. It was Luna... the one from his dreams, looking startled and stunned. She gasped, getting to her feet, and looking around.

"Hello? He - Hello? Oh my ... I have a voice." She stammered in her soft, feathery voice. "And - and I have a body... Oh it's my young, beautiful body..." she said, exasperated. "Am I free? What happened? Hello, is anyone there?" she repeated. Alps was still wearing the outfit from the balcony, a nice pair of dark pants, with a suede belt with silver buckle, and a white, loose tie up shirt. At least he didn't show up naked. He walked toward the priestess, who he already knew from his dreams.

"Luna?" Alps asked softly. She gasped, and turned to face him. That's good, Alps thought, she can at least see me. "Hi, I'm Alps... I followed the light to find you." he said. The lady lupine fell to her knees, her jaw open slightly, trembling.

"Th... Th-that's not possible!" she cried, shaking.

"I don't know what's possible or impossible in this place, but I followed the light to find you." He said. "I promise."

"What light?" Luna said loudly, getting up and striding toward Alps, and touching him, rather hard, on the nose. She doubled back a little bit, looking stunned.

"I touched you... you... You are really there..." she said, her violet and

green eyes widening a bit. She was definitely the same one. How many like her could there be? "How do you know me?" she asked.

"I had a dream about you..." the slave said, realizing how cryptic that sounded. She paced a bit, and wrung her hands, and then hugged her chest. Alps had not been here very long, but she had been here since she was captured and floating in that same darkness perhaps.

"What is this place?" she asked, pointing to the lovely field.

"It was in my dream. You... fell in this field... You were trying to restore it with your magic, long ago, when you were shadowfallen." Alps explained. She gasped softly.

"You... You are right... this is the field..." She rubbed her eyes.

"I need to get back to her majesty's side." Alps said sternly. "Do you know of any possible way out?" he moved close to her, and she reached up and touched Alps' face.

"No." she said softly, though not looking terribly sad. She'd come to accept it long ago. "No, there is no way. The stronger the magic you have, the tighter you are held in the crystal.

"What if you have no magic potential?" Alps asked.

"Then you die inside the crystal almost instantly. Without some kind of magic potential, your mind is snuffed out like a candle with no air. Magic keeps your mind alive in this place. Forever. If you have none, your mind can't exist here." Alps shook his head softly. That was very confusing.

"I will find a way... I don't have magic ability, and I was able to travel through this place and find you. I can lead you. Maybe... to the other two..." Alps said, smiling softly. The priestess gasped again, and grabbed Alps by the collar of his shirt.

"What? You saw two more?!" she cried. "In the crystal with you?" she asked.

"I saw two more lights, like stars, so far away. I... I don't think I can get to them right now... but if I rest a bit, I think I can." Alps said, confidently. He didn't know what was going on, or if it was all a dream in that last instant of life before you die, or something completely different, but he knew he wanted to do what he could to get out, and one of the others trapped in here might know why he was able to survive and move around, and that might lead him out. Luna nodded slowly, and sat down in the grass. She inhaled deeply.

“How are you doing this?” she asked.

“Doing what?” Alps asked, sitting down beside her. He felt safe with her for some reason.

“How are you making this place? Where I can feel and talk and see and smell again?” she asked. Alps blinked. He thought that Luna had done that. He swallowed softly.

“I don’t know. It just happened.” he said softly. “I guess... I suppose this is just what I expected I would find when I reached the light.” Luna pressed a little closer to Alps, and smiled warmly.

“Do you know how long I have been here?” she asked softly.

“How long?” Alps asked softly.

“I have been here for 700 years. What is your name?” she asked. The slave gritted his teeth. 700 years was a long, long time to be anywhere, much less trapped in nowhere. He swallowed, realizing that he could not leave without her. He simply could not. Luna leaned in close. She was older than him. Older than Misty, really, though he could not tell exactly how it was obvious. Maybe it was something about her eyes. Her beauty, however, was still that of youth, no different than Nita. Alps looked up into her eyes as he answered softly.

“I’m Alps... I am a slave to Queen Nita Razelle.” he churred.

“The Razelle bloodline is still around?” Luna answered, smiling. Alps nodded.

“Yep. Going strong. Nita’s a really nice owner.” he said. Luna smiled lying down on her side in the grass, enjoying the warmth of the sunshine that she was sure Alps was somehow generating. Alps lay alongside her, facing her, wagging his thick tail softly.

“What does a personal slave do, Alps?” Luna asked. The slave’s ears tinted red, as he chuckled.

“Ahhh... I do... Personal... things... Personally. For the queen.” he stated softly, swallowing. Luna looked at him blankly for a moment, propping her head on her hand. Suddenly, she blushed, and almost dropped her head. She looked at Alps rather piercingly.

“Alps, you mean you... You...” she stammered for a moment, sitting up, looking at the lupine. Alps remained laying on his side.

"I don't know how it was in your time, but the queen doesn't... have the time to dedicate to romantic relationships, but she... She still has needs, you know? So a strong slave with high endurance... Can be used for - for those needs." he churred. Alps was hoping that he was not offending her.

"You mean... you are trained... To..." Luna started to inhale heavily, and Alps sat up.

"Are you okay?" he asked, reaching over, and placing his hand on her head, seeing if she was feverish.

"You are trained to..." she swallowed softly. Reflexively. "Make love? You are a consort?" she asked, her voice going a little higher pitched. Alps saw the tinting in her ears. She was embarrassed? Alps gritted his teeth as the scent of feminine arousal hit his nose. It was pretty strong too, and almost immediate. The priestess looked away. "I'm sorry. I just... It's been 700 years, Alps. That's a LONG time to be alone. The thought of... After all that time, someone like that - someone trained - right there with me. Alone..." she looked around the field, blushing softly. "... And with me able to feel... everything... again." Alps flicked his ears, looking at her with an arched brow. That clinched it. He was going to make Misty check him out and find out if he was kicking out some manner of pheromones that made this keep happening to him. Was it simply obvious now that he knew how? Was that all that changed it? If that was the case, then this was Nidaja's fault! Alps reached over and stroked Luna's head. She leaned into his touch, sighing happily.

"It's... been so long since I have been touched, Alps... I don't know how this happened... But it's the most wonderful thing to happen in nearly a millennium." a tear rolled down the bridge of her muzzle. Alps, like clockwork, melted. The slave couldn't help it. It brought him satisfaction and joy beyond words to bring comfort and pleasure, especially where it's been lacking. He moved in close, brushing his warm body against hers.

"You are a priestess, right?" Alps asked, sliding his hand over her shoulder and her side. "Would you like to feel pleasure again, Luna?" the wolf asked, feeling so naughty and wrong for this. He was taking advantage of her. Or, was she taking advantage of him? He thought hard about it. She had not known pleasure, or even company, for 700 years. In all seriousness, she would probably do this now, whether Alps wanted it or not. He would make this emotionally easier on Luna, and want it too. Even if just once.

"Alps I... I want to say no... Because I know it would be wrong to use you like that. You belong to someone else. I don't have permission to be tended by the queen's consort, but it's been so long. So long since I felt..." Alps drifted forward, bringing his muzzle closer and closer to Luna's. "... lips..." she

whispered, and Alps kissed her, his eyes shutting, as he shared his tender emotions with her. Nita would understand. She would be glad he did this for the priestess. Alps could feel her heat up, almost instantly, even through her robes, as tears rolled down her cheeks. Alps drew away, looking at her with concern.

“Are you... Okay, Priestess Luna?” Alps asked. Luna inhaled deeply, looking up at the wolf.

“Yes... I... I am happy. I feel like... The nightmare is over. And I am in the arms of someone who I... Should know... Someone I can love...” She closed her eyes. “I want to feel you touch me.” she said. “Please... Kiss me.” The slave nodded, smiling, and brought his lips to hers. The kiss gradually intensified, as the two pressed closer together. Alps began to untie the hidden strapping to the priestess’ Letai styled robes. Alps wanted to see if she was completely white too, like he was. Luna trembled at the motions of Alps’ hands along her body, as he pressed in closer, getting onto his knees, feeling so lewd for doing this with a complete stranger, especially one so powerful and popular that she warranted a Shadowfall spell.

That spell was meant for Nita. She had been saved. The slave felt a soft pang of guilt, wondering how she was doing, and then decided that playing nicely with Luna and making friends like this was his best chance to escape. Luna wrapped her arms around Alps, and he felt her claws run up his back slowly, and his shirt simply fell away. She’d ripped it right off, and was already panting softly. Alps looked at her in amazement as she whimpered softly.

“Want me... to take off your clothes?” Alps asked, making sure this is what she meant when she agreed to pleasure.

“If you don’t, I will have to hurt you.” she panted. Alps swallowed. It was a teasing remark, but coming from her, Alps kind of believed it. He nodded slowly, and he carefully opened Luna’s robes. She rolled out of them in the grass, and was naked, wearing nothing under those beautiful robes. She lay, panting softly, on the grass, on her back, sprawling. “Please touch me Alps.” she said. “Touch me all over. I want to feel what you were trained to do... I don’t care if this is a dream; I’m going to enjoy it. It’s the best I’ve ever had.” she said. Alps swallowed and nodded softly. He slowly moved over to her, and Luna said, shakily, “Alps... Take yours off too... You don’t need them.” She reached to her chest, and hugged herself. “Oh, by the lights! I feel everything. The sunshine, the wind... Please, let me feel it all!” she whimpered. The slave blushed a bit, and nodded, taking off his clothing carefully, and leaving it on the grass. Would it reappear if he left this place? Or would it stay gone? He didn’t know.

The white male moved until he was on all fours above Luna and she immediately reached down and encircled his already firm length in her hand, solidly. Alps tilted his head back slowly, releasing a long, measured moan. He

could tell just in the way that Luna was holding him, that this would be intense. He pulled out of her hand, as he backed up a bit, just out of her grasp, and he kissed her hotly, tongue upon tongue, making her breathe fast and hard, the older female wrapping her arms over Alps' shoulders holding him tightly. Her bright white fur was, in fact, pure, like Alps'. The slave knew this was a Letai priestess. Did all Letai have white fur? Was that the answer? Did Azia merely have Letai heritage? Alps shook his head softly, trying to stop thinking about such serious things. There was something he needed very little thought at all to do.

"Are you ready?" Alps asked, pulling his head down slowly, toward Luna's thick, throbbing pink nipples. The priestess whined loudly. Her playmate took that to mean yes. He immediately brought his lips to one of those fat, needy looking nipples, and began to suckle softly. He massaged her breast, and then pulled back, licking his muzzle, looking a little stunned. It was very... Sweet... And wet. Luna rubbed her chest, shaking her head.

"No... don't stop... Please!" came the heated whimper.

"But I-"

"Please!" she moaned, arching her back. Alps gritted his teeth. She was in pain if the pleasure didn't continue. He brought his head back down immediately and suckled softly, massaging those large, round breasts. She was very well endowed, those breasts so firm and heavy, and Alps tasted that warm splash of wholesome sweetness against the back of his tongue. He pulled his head up, and squeezed her breast softly, watching a rivulet of ... Milk? Alps gritted his teeth. Luna cried out softly, wrapping her hand behind Alps' head, pulling his muzzle forward again. Alps muffled and closed his eyes.

It was kind of weird, and made him feel odd, but the stuff actually tasted nice, and it seemed to reduce the anxiousness in Luna. He worked one breast, and then the next, drawing in the warm, thick milk, and swallowing it eagerly after a while. He had not realized how hungry he was till now. He had not eaten breakfast before the speech, and there was no way to be sure how long he was adrift in the nothing before he became aware, or how long he had been aware and feeling sorry for himself until now. Finally, he pulled away, and started kissing slowly down Luna's belly, as she whined and writhed beneath his touch.

He felt odd driving the priestess nuts like this, and he felt a bit wrong, but he would want someone to be willing to do this for him if it was something he had wanted for 700 years. Besides, who could it hurt? He would ask about the lactating later. With her being a healer, having the power to rejuvenate like that, it might have been a natural result of her power. Then again, she may have been a mother when she was sent. Alps felt a trickle of sadness run through him. Her story would most certainly be one of tragedy. That story could wait

until later, and his ears would certainly be hers if she needed them, but the male knew this priestess needed a lot more than his ears that moment.

Alps kissed just over her sex. It was very soft and tangy-sweet scented like the rest of her. The white male pressed his muzzle against her mound, pressed his tongue into her. Luna arched her back and wailed, cumming nearly instantly, all over his tongue. Alps swallowed as fast as he could, before coughing and sputtering, being a bit overwhelmed by the surge of juices, and having to pull back a bit, just licking the crying priestess' clit eagerly, rubbing it frantically with his tongue. He urged the full routine of her pleasure from peak to peak, letting her ride out the natural internal turmoil he wanted for her now. As her climax waned, the slave looked up at her, licking his whiskers slowly, watching her writhe pitifully.

"Feel better?" Alps asked, licking his soaked face. Luna looked up at him, and groaned softly.

"I want to feel it... I popped too soon... Get on top of me Alps. I want to feel you... I want to feel your whole body rubbing against me. No one can see. I need this. I needed it even before I was captured. Please!" she pleaded. Alps groaned, dripping and smearing pre over her thigh, as he slowly moved up her body. His aching cock throbbed painfully with need. He could not say no to that. He just couldn't. He lowered himself, and Luna's legs wrapped around him quickly, and drove him right into her. Alps cried out in surprise and pleasure as he felt those spongy, tight muscles spread around his thick, hard, twitching cock as she bathed him in her searing juices so suddenly with that stroking, tightly embracing channel. The wolf hilted into her, making her shudder, and cry out again.

"Oh Luna!" Alps cried, huffing out a hot breath, as her cunny clenched and sucked against him, the hair-trigger female flying off the edge again.

"Do it! Don't stop!" she cried, shuddering. Alps groaned deeply, and began to slowly stroke his hips. Luna seemed to calm a bit, but was still writhing in pleasure. Alps had never in his life known a girl to act like this. He felt completely like he was being used for pleasure, and he felt good about it, finally. Luna closed her eyes tightly, breathing hard, as Alps stroked slowly faster against her, feeling that tight sex, and working his body against hers, his chest sliding back and forth over those large, heavy breasts. Alps pumped his hips rapidly, as he felt his own pleasure starting slowly to build. It felt so wonderful, body against body with her. Luna suddenly wailed again, and wrapped tighter around Alps. She kept him from moving for a bit, as she ground her sex against his thick shaft, soaking his thighs as she trembled, holding him closer. The white slave shuddered a bit, feeling her clenching and relaxing in hard orgasm, before she began to relax again, rolling her hips against him once more, wanting more from him.

“Nnng... Nff! Feeling better... Th - Thank you.” she whimpered, as she pumped faster against the wolf, using her legs to pull herself up against him, as he kept her pinned, watching Luna’s face. “Are you... Close?” she asked, panting. Alps nodded, feeling kind of dizzy.

“Y... yes.” he said, shaking. “Do you want it inside?” he asked. Luna shook her head.

“Come up here... Over my chest...” she said. “After... I... Finish...” she whimpered, her voice going higher with each word. Alps nodded and drove himself faster again, pumping heavily against that slightly older and more mature body, her legs dragging him against her. Alps groaned deeply, and felt like he was about to pop, before he felt her tense around him, and cry out, louder than the other times, shaking, as his sack was treated to the feeling of her warm fluids washing down it. Alps groaned loudly, and then pulled out suddenly, straddling over her, pulling himself up her body until his thick, throbbing member was laying over her breasts. Luna pressed his slick member between those large, heavy mammaries, and licked the tip softly. Alps shuddered softly, as she began to rub her breasts together against his shaft.

“Oh Luna... Ahh... If you keep that up I’ll...” Alps gasped, feeling the tip of his oversensitive shaft pulled into Luna’s muzzle. She suckled for a bit, and then looked up to Alps.

“It’s okay, sweetie... Let go... I want it. It was my favorite thing to do with my lover... All those years ago...” she huffed. Alps groaned deeply, and nodded, slowly thrusting his hips, as he found that sensitive tip nestled in that very hot muzzle and the length of his shaft pressed between those warm breasts. He thrust pretty briskly for a while, before he groaned out, long and low,

“Oh priestess... I’m gonna...” he cried out, as Luna let her breasts go, and pulled him forward, suddenly, the tip of his cock sliding all the way to the back of her throat, just as the first hot, thick pulse of cum squirted violently from the tip of his quaking member, going right down the white female’s tightening throat, as she swallowed him down, holding the trembling wolf while he gave the first five or six strong pulses of his essence. Then she pulled back, sucking hard, making Alps howl. She bobbed her head softly, holding his rump, squeezing, and then keeping him still by holding the base of his tail. Alps grunted and groaned as he felt like he was about to be sucked inside out. Finally, Luna pulled her head back, giggling, licking her lips, having not lost a drop. The slave fell back and to the side, his leg still draped over her chest, both of them panting heavily.

After what seemed like about ten minutes of lying there Alps sat up and looked at Luna, who was rubbing her chest softly, idly. She looked at her fingers, seeing a bit of milk on them, and seemed pensive for a moment. Alps decided it

was better not to bring that up right now. He leaned in and kissed Luna's lips softly.

"Feeling... A bit sated?" he asked. "I didn't get to really do a lot of what... I was trained to do." he said, wanting her to understand that, due to how easily she climaxed, he could not do anything very extreme with her. She chuckled softly.

"It's alright... You did exactly what I needed." Luna sat up, slowly getting dressed again. Alps worked on doing the same.

"You seem a little more relaxed, at least." he said.

"A lot more actually. You have no idea how much... Sorrow, stress, and loneliness just got cast off." she said, smiling. The priestess stood up and dusted grass off her robes. She looked at Alps for a while, and shook her head.

"What's wrong?" Alps asked.

"After ten years here, I lost all hope of getting out. I wanted to get out so badly." she said.

"I understand..." the slave said softly. "You still think there is no way out?" he asked.

"Alps... I will follow you, and we will find a way to look for the other lights you saw. I will believe in you." she said. "You are the most wonderful thing to happen to me since... Since the day my child was born." she said, caressing her chest. "You don't age here... My body still thinks it's five years after I had my child, even though... It's been 700... After so long, Alps, I am happy again. I owe it to you to believe in you, but I can promise one thing." she said, hugging Alps warmly, as she tied the last string on her robes. "I can promise you that I will stay by your side as much as possible. I will never, ever be lonely again." she said, wagging her tail softly. "If you are trapped here, neither of us has to be alone." Alps smiled, and nodded. He didn't say so, but he was glad. He feared being alone. He had never known it. Even when he was owned by a cruel mistress, he was never alone. He was glad to end Luna's loneliness, and if he could, he'd help her get out. If he could not, he knew at least that he was still making someone's life - No... not life... Existence - better.

Sirius, Book II

Legacy of the Letai

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 8

Azia watched Nita from the doorway of the main hall. The queen was on her throne, asleep. Her head was lying to the side, against her shoulder, and she was slumped in her large, posh chair, looking exhausted. It had been an especially rough week for Nita. The white-furred leader of the Silverlight nation closed the door to the main hall, so no one would come to bother the queen. Azia slowly walked toward the throne. Nita had given a speech two days before, to the people of Diera, the largest city, expressing her sorrow over the loss of Alps, and admitting her taboo relationship with her slave, though not in explicit detail.

The public would not see Alps as a slave, but as a lover for Nita, someone who, in all possibility, would have ultimately married her. That is all the public would be allowed to know. Yes, it was known Alps was Nita's personal servant, but not that his purpose as a servant had been for her sexual pleasure. His role would always be seen as something nobler. Azia looked up at the top of the queen's throne. Faceted, in a tightly wound silver heart, was a black crystal. Taken off the staff that belonged to the assassin who took Alps away from them, the Shadowfall crystal was now permanently attached to the queen's throne. She felt that Alps was always close that way. Azia turned as she heard the door softly open. It was Misty. She was holding a stack of books, some of which looked very old.

"Is she sleeping?" Misty whispered. Azia nodded softly. "How is Tia?" Misty whispered, coming close.

"Still in shock. I... I worry about her." Azia said. "I am glad she didn't see what happened to Alps first hand. It would be worse if she had, but she's upset because she never got to say goodbye." Misty set the books down beside the throne.

"These are all the information we have on these accursed crystals. I looked through them all week long, Azia. No one has ever gotten out... You go in, and you supposedly drift... your mind alone in darkness, for eternity. A punishment worse than death that Mannus made a reality," she said, trembling a bit. "But, I brought Nita the books to kind of keep her mind occupied, and maybe she will see something in there that I did not, to give her hope." Nita stirred softly

in her seat, and then opened her eyes, looking up, before stretching and yawning, looking a little pleasant at first, before reality set in once again, and she looked up at the crystal.

"I dreamt he was back in my arms again." Nita said softly. She had that dream a lot these days.

"I know. I saw you smiling in your sleep. Perhaps you should rest some more." Azia said, kneeling beside the throne.

"I won't... Not till he really is in my arms again." Nita said drearily.

"There is not much of a chance of that. The books all say there is no-" Azia was cut off by Misty.

"What the..." she said sharply.

"Huh?" Nita asked, looking at Misty. Misty was staring at the crystal. Nita looked up, as did Azia, a gasp leaping from both their lips. In the middle of the crystal, near the top, was a light, like a star being viewed through glass, twinkling and shining bright, before fading, and becoming almost invisible. They peered at the crystal, all three of the lupine females holding their breath, their faces pressed close together as they could still faintly see that light, steady, not winking out of existence, like the last star of morning, refusing to fade with the rising sun.

"Misty, what does that mean?" Nita asked, trembling.

"I don't know!" Misty cried, backing up, picking up a book and flipping through it. "I... I only read that the crystals were eternal darkness... Light could not exist within them!"

"Well there is sure as hell light in that one!" Azia said, picking up a book as well.

"He's fighting to get out..." Nita said, almost breathlessly.

"What?" Azia asked, looking at Nita, as she peered into the crystal.

"Alps... he has really strong willpower... He... He is trying to free himself..." the queen murmured with certainty. Misty watched, along with the others, as the blackness of the crystal shifted into a deep violet, still very dark, but tinted like the coming dawn.

"Nita... The darkness... It's starting to lift..." Misty said.

"I know..." the green-furred leader replied, "We have to believe in him.. We

have to hope he can get out.” Nita said. “I was supposed to be the one cast into that darkness, not him. It’s... It’s hope.” Nita said softly, sitting back down in the throne. “Azia... Let’s call a meeting, and work out a plan to wipe out another Uruk base... one near Alps’ home town of Luca. It’s not a big one, but I think it’s time we started slapping Mannus’ hands!” she grumbled. Azia grinned sassily.

“All right... That’s what I have been waiting to hear!” And Azia dashed from the room, to set up the meeting, and to get Nidaja, so that the attacks, the first offensive of the Amanian Empire, could be a joint mission.

Alps held Luna’s hand. She clasped the slave’s hand tightly, and smiled at him.

“It will get dark again...” Alps said, warning her. “I can’t be sure that this will even work.” he said.

“It’s okay. I enjoyed the time I spent with you...” she said. “I would not wish to keep you to myself, and rob others who have been trapped in here for perhaps longer... of the chance to be freed, to feel again.” she said. Alps nodded, and closed his eyes softly, and felt his self floating again. But the feeling was different. He could still feel Luna’s hand in his, and some manner of ground, feeling like smooth glass, under his feet. He opened his eyes, and looked at Luna beside him. There was very, very little light, but he could slightly see her, and she could see him, as she squeezed his paw a little tighter. The white male could not see any ground, just blackness under his feet, but he wasn’t floating in it. He was standing in it. He inhaled deeply. He could breathe... and he could hear his breath.

“We are... not adrift.” Luna said. Alps looked around him, and then turned, leading Luna to the side a bit, and pointing.

“There... look... That’s how I found you.” he said softly. Luna looked. Side by side, though still a pretty decent distance apart, were two stars.

“That’s what I looked like in the darkness?” Luna asked softly.

“Yeah.” Alps said, starting to walk, still holding Luna’s hand. “Don’t let go... I think my contact with you is what... makes things around us real again.” Alps added, voicing the concern that if he let go, he’d be adrift again, and he hated that feeling. Luna nodded.

"I had suspected that too." she said. I will hold on." They walked together for a long time, slowly getting closer and closer to that light. It was indeed far away, but it gave Alps a chance to relate his life to Luna. He told her the good times, and the bad, and she hung on every word. Then again, this was the first time she had ever been able to talk to anyone about anything in centuries. After Alps had explained his story, Luna explained hers. She was a Letai Life Priestess, someone who specialized in growth, fertility, and healing. She ran a shrine outside Luca, which Alps explained was where he grew up. The shrine was attacked, and Luna explained that she lost her family, and all her friends, in that terrible attack, but escaped, and helped the resistance against Mannus for less than a month before she too was 'killed'. She explained to Alps that she had no hope of escaping, but with the feeling of his touch, and his warmth, and the sound of Alps' voice, hope was returning to her. Because Alps was a slave of the royal house, Luna vowed that if she managed to get out of this prison with him, she would help serve Queen Razelle with the fullest extent of her power. After what felt like a day or so of tireless walking and talking, they could almost touch the now bright sphere of light.

"Is this it?" Luna asked, holding out her hand, shielding herself from the light.

"Yeah... now we just step into it..." Alps said, still unable to see what he was standing on. Luna nodded, clasping his hand tightly, as they took a step... and the world changed around them with a bright white flash.

Alps looked over beside him. He was still holding Luna's hand, a bit dazed. The place they were standing in looked like a temple, but a very dark and sinister one. Luna gritted her teeth. Alps held her hand tightly, as he looked around. The ceiling was very high up, arched and black, held up by a forest of columns, which seemed never to end. It looked the same, endlessly, in any direction.

"What is this?" Alps asked, as Luna looked this way and that.

"It's... It's a Letai shrine of twilight... a monument erected to honor spirits. But I have never seen one so huge." Luna said. "It would seem... when you come in contact with someone in this place, you end up in a place in their mind. That field, where you found me, it was the place I always thought of. This must be what the person you just came in contact with thought of." Luna said. Alps didn't even come close to understanding, but nodded anyway.

"Hellooooo!" he called, listening to his voice echo. He listened for a while and finally, right before he was going to call again, he heard footsteps, distant, approaching from behind. He turned around, and saw a dark figure, briskly walking toward him skipping a bit, and hugging herself, and petting herself, as she drew closer. This female was not wearing a stitch of clothing. Alps could tell

she was female from a long way off as a result.

“Alps, it’s a Twilight priestess. She is in charge of taking care of tombs and the like. They don’t wear clothing, as it is worldly, and worldly things alienate the spirits... making it harder for them to rest comfortably.” The white-furred priestess explained. The slave nodded. There was so much he did not know. The figure walked right up to them, and looked between them, shaking, a smile on her face, tears in her eyes.

“I... I am... free?” she asked. She was a jet black lupine, looking almost obsidian in color, with dark eyes to match. Unless her mouth was open, and her teeth showing, one could not see any contrast at all on this female. Even her tongue was black as night. Luna shook her head.

“No... Not yet. We are still in the crystal.” she said. “But, Alps...” the priestess patted the slave on the shoulders. “Alps here... he found a way to travel inside the crystal, and group up with others trapped here instead of aimlessly floating.” The feminine picture of darkness moved up to Alps, and caressed his face softly. The slave quivered just a bit. He could feel immense power from her, just in her touch.

“What is so special about him?” she asked. “I don’t... I don’t even feel any essence potential. His little mind should have been snuffed the moment he got here.” she said. Luna shook her head.

“Well, he didn’t. It’s like his will to live was as strong as magic potential.” Luna said.

“What’s your name?” Alps asked softly.

“Are you going to get me out of this accursed place?” the female asked.

“If I can. I know I can do things here that I am not supposed to be able to.” he said softly. The female nodded to that.

“My name is Ceriss.” she said. “You... you are a life priestess, I can tell by your robes.” she looked at Luna.

“Yes... I have been here about 700 years. My name is Luna.” she said.

“I have been here about 700 as well.” the priestess said. Alps explained to her, regrettably, that no Letai were known to have made it past those times. They both nodded, and Alps sat down on an altar near what he supposed was the center of this temple. He looked at Ceriss’ lovely body, as she stroked her fur slowly over her chest and her tummy, seeming to start to get worked up, the same way Luna did. Alps mentally groaned. He knew what was coming.

“Good to be able to feel again?” Luna asked. Ceriss kept looking over to Alps, and then back to her feet, a little nervously, it seemed.

“Yeah... yeah, it feels really good.” she said, trembling. “Life... running all through my body again.” she churred softly. Alps looked at his feet, as they hung off the edge of the altar. Normally, he could not sit there, but since this was not a real temple, he felt it did not matter.

“I felt the same way.” Luna said softly. “I know what you are feeling now.” she said softly, moving over beside Ceriss. The jet female looked into her eyes, and then glanced over at Alps, just as he was looking at her, locking eyes with him.

“No... No, I bet you have no idea.” Ceriss said, shuddering a little.

“Alps *is* a trained consort, you know.” Luna said seductively. “He can make the burning stop.” Alps closed his eyes, whimpering very faintly. What was Luna thinking? Then again, if Alps really was, as he explained, a pleasure slave, Luna surely must have felt that the male was used to this as a duty, and his service did make Luna feel a lot better. Still, he was certain that Ceriss would be a bit insulted by that. He opened his eyes, just in time to cry out, in slight fear, as he was forced onto his back on the long, black marble altar. Ceriss held him down, her hands on his chest, looking lustfully into his eyes. Alps could not even see her pupils against jet black irises.

“Are you... really?” came Ceriss’ deeper feminine voice, full of passion and heat. Alps whimpered softly. Luna might have gotten violent if he refused, but he felt pretty certain this one could kill him. He didn’t find the lovemaking unpleasant, after all, so it didn’t matter that much to him, but he found himself wishing he could just run into someone here who did not require him to get undressed.

“Yes. Yes... I am a personal servant to Queen Nita Razelle.” he explained.

“It’s been... 700 years-” she started.

“-since you have felt anything, yeah, I know.” Alps said, looking into her eyes. “Turn around.” Alps said, very casually. He smiled warmly, not really minding his odd fate here now. The thought of releasing her from the overwhelming sensations that were burning inside her now that she could feel again made him feel good.

“Yes.” she said, closing her eyes, and getting into a 69 position on the stone altar. Alps brought his muzzle to her sex rather suddenly and willfully, only

to have a thick drop of her honey land on his tongue even before it could touch her. Something about this place... something about their ability to feel coming back to them, did this to them. Alps whimpered very faintly in the back of his throat. Anyone he released, this might happen to. At least there was only one more star that Alps could see.

“Alps... Th - thank you...” Ceriss said, trembling softly, as her nude form pressed a little tighter against Alps. “Go slow... I feel like I’m on fire already.” Alps nodded slowly, and caressed alongside her slit, that dark velvety mound hot already, scented of her longing, as her sex spread open a bit. There was no pink. She was as completely obsidian black as a wolf could be. Alps finally brushed his tongue over her slit, making her groan loudly, as he felt trembling hands unfastening his pants, and untying them. Both of Ceriss’ hands were on the slave’s legs, as she shook from building pleasure. The trembling hands belonged to Luna. She cooed softly to Ceriss, as she freed Alps’ member, already almost fully erect, from his pants, ‘displaying’ it for the newly found priestess.

“Look, Lady Ceriss..” Luna whispered. Ceriss whined softly.

“Mmmhh. No, Luna... I know you are a fertility Priestess, and you like seeing that sort of thing, but... I just... want... the burning to stop, don’t need to... Uuuh!” Ceriss shook suddenly, and a small amount of warm honey ran down Alps’ muzzle, as his tongue dug into her deeply for the first time. It was a light orgasm, but an orgasm nonetheless. Alps slowed down his tongue, stroking her thighs, and her sides and tail as he continued to very slowly lick her through her afterglow, knowing full well she was going to need a more powerful climax to satisfy her.

“You know my type all to well... Yeah, I like watching others mate.” Luna said, giggling softly. Alps blushed hotly as he slipped his tongue into the panting black lupine again, her scent flagging into the air with her waving tail.

“His... tongue is doing just... f - fine.” Ceriss said. Alps groaned softly, as he felt Luna, still wearing her robes, crawl up onto the altar and straddle his hips.

“Suit your self...” the white priestess said, giggling warmly, as Alps felt her sink down, wet and tight, onto his cock. He groaned deeply at how hot she was around him, and licking someone like this always got him riled up and anxious.

His tongue began to stab in and out a bit faster. The dark priestess was able to take a lot more than Luna was, but if Luna was, as Ceriss said, the type who longed for sex naturally just because of being a Life Priestess, that would explain it. Going without would be worse for her than most others who were trapped here. The life priestess began to rock her hips slowly, her robes spilling around Alps’ legs and tummy but not in the way of her strokes, that tight, deep tunnel taking Alps in, as he braced his legs against the black marble altar and

pressed himself a little harder into the white-furred female, speeding up his tongue as it dipped and hooked into the sweet-tasting sex of this priestess.

"I am glad... to be around... another priestess though... even if it is one of you... lustful Life Priestess types..." Ceriss panted, closing her eyes. She rolled her hips softly against Alps' muzzle, as Luna began to breathe heavily, thrusting down on Alps a little faster now. She held his tummy as she bucked softly.

"He's handsome... and young... and I need this." Luna said, whimpering softly, panting.

"Uuughh..." Ceriss moaned, tilting her head back. Her face was at the level of Luna's sex, and she was getting a full whiff of her lovemaking with Alps, and it was driving her hotter and faster. Finally, Ceriss, perhaps out of curiosity, lifted Luna's robes, to watch Alps sinking in and drawing out, flesh clinging to his cock from Luna's deep, hot honey-pot. She watched this for a few moments, panting hotter and faster. Alps' tongue pressed as deep as he could make it go into that trembling, quivering flesh, and he slid his tongue back and forth against every hidden surface of slick, black wetness.

"Look fun?" Luna giggled, panting, rubbing her breasts through her robes. "I'm sorry about this Alps... but I still have rather uncontrollable urges right now..." she whimpered, blushing hotly. Ceriss whimpered softly as well.

"Looks... fun." the female which Alps was licking said, breathlessly. "Luna... I want to... taste him." Ceriss said with a trembling moan. Alps groaned heavily, as he felt Luna speed up, evidently getting worked up more by what Ceriss had just said. The life priestess' hips pumped hard and fast as Ceriss watched, her cunny tensing and relaxing more and more, making it obvious that for the moment she was delaying her climax intentionally, to make it stronger. Alps helped this intent by slowing down, then speeding up, slowing down, and speeding up. Their cries, and their lustful moans, could be heard echoing all through the empty temple created by Ceriss' mind.

"All right... I'll let you!" Luna panted, whimpering softly. "I'm close. Hold on Alpsie." Luna whimpered, her hands holding his sides. Ceriss groaned loudly, and leaned in, intentionally licking over Alps' shaft, any time the length slid free of Luna's tight sex, getting a taste of Luna and Alps both each time she had enough flesh available to lick. Luna suddenly jerked tight, and wailed, trembling hard. Faster and harder Alps slipped his tongue in and out of Ceriss, fucking her with it instead of just licking her now. He wanted her to cum. He wanted to feel her satisfied trembling body on his. The eroticism and intensity of it all became too much for Alps. The white slave grunted deeply, and tensed his legs, whining, as he held back as best he could, but he cried out, feeling himself let go.

"I'm cumming!" he croaked pitifully, sending a thick jet up into Luna's

clenching pussy, making her wail even louder. He gasped as he felt his cock jerked out of Luna, Ceriss eagerly drawing that squirting length to her muzzle, taking a hot spurt of it across her cheek before getting it in, then against her tongue. She groaned, stroking and sucking Alps as pulse after pulse of that rich life essence left him in rapid and violent strobing pulses. Alps cried out dizzily, as Ceriss pulled her muzzle off his cock with a loud pop, taking several jets of Alps' thick seed to her chin and throat, streaking her beautiful white fur, as her muzzle fell open, some of that thick fluid dripping from her jaws as she screamed, echoing through the halls, and her cunny snapped tight against Alps' frantically moving tongue, splashing his face heavily with her hot fluids, trembling as Alps cupped his muzzle to her and sucked eagerly. She shook and cried, as Luna reached down, smearing Alps' seed all over her sex, feeling that single jet she got to keep trickling out of her slowly. She whimpered with relief as she fell fast into afterglow, along with Ceriss.

Alps felt them hugging one another, gratefully, on top of him, as he kind of drifted, his mind fried for a bit. He wondered if the next person in here would also be female, and react the same way. What if there was no way out? Alps would be with these two, perhaps three, forever. His intended hell did not look so dark and unhappy. Mannus would be furious if he knew. So, for a while, in bliss, they rested. Ceriss commented over and over again, that even if she was not able to escape the crystal, her nightmare had still come to an end.

"Did you find anything?" Azia asked, as Misty peered through the books. The meeting had gone well, and troops had been dispatched. Using Alps' idea to use the landscape itself against the orcs, they had sent a detachment of knights to break a mud dam, and flood out the orcs that were camped near Luca. Part of the farmland of Luca would be damaged, but another three hundred Uruk would die. Azia and Misty were looking through books again, trying to find some mention of what was happening to the crystal. It was light purple now, and there was no record of one of those crystals ever changing color. This was giving Nita a lot of hope, and the queen had taken to talking to the crystal, along with Tia, and they took turns throughout the day, even kissing it.

Nidaja and Azia both worried about them, but knew they were just hopeful and excited, and it was better than the shock and depression they had before. Besides, Nidaja and Azia and everyone else had hope now too. They could not be sure what it was, but there was something, at the very least, happening inside that crystal. The light had shown brightly again, and was glowing brighter constantly now, well enough that, with the curtains drawn in the main hall, one could see the light from any point. The violet color was the same as Alps' eyes

now. The crystal was no longer dark as it was beautiful. Something was changing. They didn't know what, yet, but there was definitely something changing. This, to them, was all the proof they needed that if anyone could get out of a Shadowfall crystal... it would be Alps.

Sirius, Book II

Legacy of the Letai

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 9

Alps looked at his pants, which were lying on the stone floor of the dark temple. Luna and Ceriss were lying side by side, facing each other on the altar, which was not the most comfortable bed he'd ever been in. They were asleep. Their minds had been unable to actually sleep all those years, and they agreed to take a nap. It felt like it had been a full day, but Alps did not want to wake them. He pondered getting dressed. He could not shake the feeling that it just would not be worth his time to do so. He'd probably just end up having to take his clothes off again. Still, just in case his nudity would offend or frighten whoever they ran into next, he decided to get some clothing on. As he did so, he looked back at Ceriss.

The jet black female wolf lay on her side, an arm around Luna. Alps sat down on the edge of the altar, looking at them both. He was their hope now. The slave felt a little overwhelmed. For centuries, they were alone, in sadness, guilt, and fear. Now, they were holding each other, sleeping happily. He had ended their suffering. At least for a while. Could he really get them out? When there was no other star left to see, would he then have enough dark to see the way out, or would there not be a way out? If he got them out, would their bodies come back? Would his? No one had ever been known to get out. Had they actually gotten out before, but merely became spirits, and given the chance to rest?

He didn't know, but he knew he would not leave them here. He hoped they would go back to normal once out though. He knew Nita was grieving. He could almost feel it. He wanted out. Luna finally stirred, and then sat up, and yawned widely, before reaching back and scratching herself at the base of the tail.

"Good morning, Alpsie." came her adoring voice. Alps chuckled. Those who became affectionate with him, one way or the other, always called him that eventually.

"Good morning, Luna." he said softly. "Feel better after sleep?" he asked. Luna smiled warmly, hugging herself.

"I feel spectacular! You try not sleeping for that long!" she said. Her voice

woke up Ceriss who yawned as well, stretching her arms out.

“Hello Alps.” came her soft statement. She slid off the altar, and flicked her ears nervously, looking around.

“What’s wrong?” Alps asked, feeling that he already knew. It was on his mind at the moment too.

“I haven’t... had to do this... in a long, long time..” she said.

“I think I know what you mean...” Luna said, fidgeting.

“I say we go three separate directions, and take care of it.” Alps said softly. He chuckled very softly.

“Let’s not go too far. Let’s stay in earshot.” Luna said.

“I ... I agree.” Ceriss said, and they all went in separate directions, weaving around the huge columns and talked as best as they could to make sure no one vanished while all three relieved themselves. That clinched it. Their metabolism at least, was working. Alps felt hungry, too. He hoped that the next place that someone had created with their mind was a kitchen. After finishing up, he moved back around to the altar, and waited. Luna and Ceriss continued to talk, and Alps called out that he was still there, for close to fifteen minutes. Ceriss explained that she felt very guilty doing this in a temple. Luna told her that the place was just in her mind, it wasn’t real. Then, after a couple minutes, Alps stifled laughter, as Luna cried out.

“No! My... my foot! Ceriss, couldn’t you think of a perfectly straight floor?” Ceriss cackled. Alps shook his head softly, as the two finally came back around, Luna dragging her foot, wiping it on the dry marble floor, grumbling. They looked at Alps for a bit, and then smiled.

“Shall we head out to get the last one?” Luna asked.

“Last one?” Ceriss asked.

“Yeah... there is one more at least in this crystal with us.” Alps said. Ceriss clasped her hands together. “Oh a rescue! You actually didn’t just... come upon me by accident... you intentionally came for me?” she said, with a whimper. Alps nodded. “Oh yes! Let’s get the other one! I want to help! I want to see their face when we show up and say it’s time to stop their lonely nightmare!” She bounced a bit. Her own rescue seemed not to matter much to her, aside from just making her happy. The thought of helping someone e/se was exciting and wonderful to Ceriss. Despite the darkness of the temple, there was brightness about the black wolf female that could not be denied. It was something Alps was finding himself wondering about with the Letai so far. They

seemed to be very driven toward the happiness and lives of others.. Alps nodded softly.

"Is anyone else maybe... really hungry?" Luna asked, holding her tummy. Alps and Ceriss both nodded.

"I need... for both of you to think as hard as you can... about a banquet or something when we reach the next star. Maybe we can override the place we show up in." Alps said. They both nodded. Ceriss and Luna both took Alps' hand.

"Are we safe like this?" Ceriss asked uneasily.

"Yeah... we are." Luna said, as Alps closed his eyes, and darkness closed in.

When Alps opened his eyes, it was different yet again. The floor he stood on looked shiny, like black crystal, but the sky had a blue haze to it, like the sun was coming up in the distance. He looked around, and could still easily see the star. Each star he reached seemed to bring light back into this dark place. The white lupine wondered if Nita was still thinking of him. How long had it been? Had she given up hope? Where was she now? He didn't think his mistress would ever give up hope. This made him more adamant, as the group walked on. During this time, the slave and Luna both explained their past to an extent to Ceriss, and Ceriss explained her past to them. She was a Twilight Priestess, but specialized in fire spells, being very powerful with them. That was why, even though she was simply a shrine dweller, looking after the spirits of the departed, she was assassinated so early by Mannus. The walk was not terribly long; it seemed like only minutes before they found themselves standing just outside the swirling sphere of light. They paused for a moment, looking at it. This one had been roughly right beside Ceriss' light.

"What do you think is in this one? Another priestess?" Ceriss asked.

"Probably... but Letai knights ended up in these places too, as well as anyone who had magic or was strong enough to pose a real threat to Mannus." Luna explained.

"Remember. Think of food, and anything we need when we step through, or we might have to be really hungry and distracted when we are trying to get out of the crystal, okay?" Alps asked. The other two nodded. All three held hands, before Luna asked softly,

"So... If we pick up a third person... You are out of hands, Alps. What will you have them hold?" Alps blushed brightly, and Ceriss cackled, before shushing Luna, and telling her to think of the things we needed as hard as she

could. And, together, hand in hand, they stepped into the light.

Nita watched the crystal, having spoken with her last regional matriarch. The flood had gone well, and not a single Uruk survived the cleanup. The few that managed to survive the flood were taken care of by the knights who circled the area. Mannus would never even know what happened to it, perhaps thinking it was a natural disaster. This suited the queen because he would be less likely to retaliate, but if he was willing to amass a force to attack Jalana, he would put together another soon. She hoped to get another plan set up for its defense.

Alps' actions had made both Nidaja and Azia start thinking outside the box of conventional warfare and strategy. Now, the ground and the sky, and everything around were a part of their plans. Smaller battles were now being won everywhere because of tricks and traps and determined fighting using the topography of the land and resources at hand to give a natural advantage. Azia drew the curtains in the room, after closing the door, and moved up behind Nita, the room mostly dark. There was a long, violet carpet that ran to the door. That, a throne, and two long couches on either side of the room, were all the furniture that was there.

The couches were reserved for those who were elderly and could not stand while they waited to speak with the queen, but they were very plush and comfortable. Nita was on her knees, in her throne, facing the back of it, looking at the crystal, as it glowed with a bright white star, amid violet haze inside the crystal. Azia moved in close behind her, petting her lower back. The queen was wearing her official green and white robes, something she was expected to be in, and Azia was wearing that black leather miniskirt, and black leather top, both shiny, waxed, looking almost wet. She had become known for this outfit, and she liked how it got attention, so she always wore it.

"It's actually very pretty..." Nita said softly. "I wonder... if there was anyone else in the crystal?" she added. Azia caressed along Nita's lower back.

"I am sure there was. Maybe that's why it keeps changing. Maybe Alps is grouping up with them, and they are helping him." Azia whispered, pressing in close, and hugging the queen.

"He would be able to get help..." Nita said softly. "I know he would. Alps has the ability to make things better with someone's heart." Nita explained, turning around, and sitting in the throne. Azia slipped up into her lap, looking around to make sure no one was around. Nita shifted a bit, inhaling deeply.

“Look what he did to us...” Azia said, blushing softly. “We wanted to kill each other before, and now, we are allies... best friends.” she said, leaning in and kissing the queen tenderly. Nita tilted her head softly, and released a soft, low croon, as she squeezed Azia’s rump softly.

“I know. He is a life turner, that’s for sure.” she said. “Doesn’t... Tia get jealous of this kind of thing? I know you two are lovers.” Nita said, inhaling deeply, her body starting to tingle a bit.

“No, not at all. She has me every single night.” Azia said, giggling softly.

“So it is okay? She doesn’t feel left out?” Nita asked. Azia kissed her again and then shook her head.

“Don’t get me wrong, she would love to have fun with us both from time to time, but recently, she’s spent all her days researching and learning more about those crystals. She wants Alps back out.” Azia said. Nita smiled and nodded.

“I think if we just wait, he will come out on his own...” Nita said, her breathing getting deeper, and her back arching a little, as Azia’s hands found her round, firm breasts.

“Why do you... say that?” the Silverlight leader asked, trembling a bit as she pressed in closer to Nita, obviously delighted to have free run of her body like this. The queen squeezed a healthy mammary in her hand again, and then reached back, with some effort, and began to untie the top of her leather outfit.

“Oh Azia...” Nita hissed softly, warming suddenly. “The door isn’t locked. Someone could walk in.” she said, blushing.

“I don’t care. This late in the day, all public has been escorted off. The only ones who walk in on us have to keep their mouths shut by penalty of law, don’t they?” Azia said. Nita groaned softly, wriggling in her seat.

“You like the idea that someone can walk in, don’t you?” Nita asked. Azia chuckled softly.

“What better proof can they have that we are serious about our alliance, eh?” she asked, as she stood up slowly, and slid that leather skirt down to her feet, and stepped out of it, that top dropping off her as the last tie slipped free. The nude white lupine female stood before her with long, flowing black hair, eyes keen and narrow and intelligently beautiful, and Nita watched her, breathing deeply in the slightly darkened room, for a while. The room was still and quiet, most of the light coming from that softly glowing crystal.

"I wonder if Alps can see us." The queen said softly, standing, and carefully undressing, and laying her robes out so they did not get wrinkled or messed up. Azia smiled, and shrugged her shoulders a bit.

"I am not sure, Lady Nita." she said, getting down on her knees, and pushing the queen back onto the throne. "But if he can, he'll like seeing this..." she added, giggling softly. The green-furred female looked lovingly at Azia. So much had changed. It had been a month now since it had happened. They had started to learn to live, at least for the moment, without Alps, with the hope that he would one day be back. Having that glowing crystal there on the throne had helped everyone cope. Now, they were back to feeling love and affection toward one another.

Azia, on her knees and nude before the emerald-furred queen, leaned in, her chest between those smooth, velvety thighs, and kissed the queen's perked pink nipples, one then the other, before licking, and caressing them, squeezing her breasts tightly. Through this, the head of the royal house caressed and petted Azia's ears. There had been, through this hard time, a bond that formed between the two. Azia had given Nita constant support and love when she felt the worst. She had been there from Nita's darkest hour, to the revival of her hope. The two were inseparable as friends.

Tia too, had grown close to Nita, the two not sharing intimacy since that first day, when they were all with Alps, but still holding one another and reassuring one another that everything was going to be all right. Nidaja had been gone a lot, handling the offensive that had been born of Alps' single act of will and determination. The general had been grateful that for this busy time, in the face of the loss they had all experienced the queen was surrounded by her friends.

Now, Nita let her voice caress the darkened hall, as the crystal holding Alps' soul shone overhead, casting light on the lovers. Azia placed her hand over her ally's warm, heated mound, as she slid forward a little bit in the throne, pressing herself against that fond hand, as a hot muzzle suckled and licked over the hard nub of each nipple. The green-furred lupine closed her eyes, feeling that gentle, slow caress and letting it warm her whole body, a burning sensation in her loins, showing her need.

It had been several times now that Nita and Azia had come together like this, though it had before been in the secrecy of the queen's private chambers. The exhibitionist feel of this was getting Nita a lot more heated. She spread her legs softly, and whispered to Azia.

"Please... fill me. Put your fingers in me, Azia... The way you did before." she said, quivering. Nita had learned to enjoy Azia's touch a lot, since the leader of the Spirits of Silverlight knew how the female body worked, and exactly where

to touch, how deep, how fast, and what each sound Nita made meant. Azia, before meeting Alps, had never even touched a male. The queen was becoming fond of reaping the rewards of her knowledge of the female anatomy. The Silverlight beauty chuckled softly, and nodded. She pressed her middle and ring finger up into Nita, still on her knees in front of her queen, kissing and suckling on her pert nipples. Once in, Azia hooked her fingers upward, just a little, so it barely touched the rough spot that Alps so liked to rub. Back and forth her fingers went, pressing upward, so they would rub over Nita's clit, against the sides and tip, as it swelled against her fingers. The queen arched her back softly, and gritted her teeth, her slick honey already coating Azia's fingers. She had become so fully aroused so quickly. Azia smiled, blushing a bit, and giggled playfully.

"Queen Razelle..." she said, licking her lips. "The nation of Silverlight hereby requests the privilege of tasting you." she said. This was something she had done the first time they had been together after Alps was taken. And it made Nita laugh. It made her laugh again, though she was already quivering with need, so it was short lived, before the shivering focus of Azia's attention replied,

"Ahh... Y - yes... Permission is granted under full... Ahh! O - Oral contract..." she said, quivering. Azia laughed this time, and then took advantage of the agreed upon contract, leaning in, and pressing her tongue to that tight little clit. The Silverlight leader had started to come to terms with the fact that she was able to treat the queen like this, and was starting to really have fun with it. She did not berate or belittle Nita for it either, always treating her as royalty with full respect any time in public, but once in private the two teased each other mercilessly. For now though, the merciless teasing was on Nita's tingling clit, while Azia's tongue fluttered in a blur back and forth over it, her fingers moving at just the right pace for Nita, carrying her body quickly toward release. Azia slid one of her hands down, and started to massage her own wet sex. She pressed her fingers into herself, and began to stroke Nita at the same pace, feeling her own desire building, as her tongue worked rapidly over her sex. The queen caressed her own breasts now, pressing them together, and feeling those strong, capable fingers sliding in and out. Azia was a master of the sword, and the strength that gave her hands was enjoyed well beyond the blade now.

"Let me know when you are about to have your orgasm, Lady Razelle..." Azia panted, strumming herself eagerly.

"Azia..." Nita said, panting heavily, whining a bit, making it obvious it wasn't too far off.

"Yes, Nita?" came the lady wolf's panted reply.

"Don't make yourself cum. I want to do it." she said. Azia groaned, and nodded, pulling her hand back from her sex. She had already brought herself

close, so now, as she licked eagerly, making Nita arch her back, and thrashed a bit in her throne, she was aching with need for release. The white lupine female wriggled her fingers inside the panting queen, back and forth, striking fondly against that rough spot, while her tongue fluttered eagerly back and forth over her sex. Nita arched her back suddenly, gasping loudly, and holding her muzzle, stifling a scream very well, as her juices forcefully ejected all over Azia's pumping hand.

Her kneeling lover kept moving her hand, making the queen brace her feet against the floor, raising her rump, and riding out her climax, whining into her paws, vision going hazy and mind almost stripped from her as she writhed in climax. She shut her eyes tight, and then, finally, as Azia kept pumping her soaking hand in and out of Nita, three fingers in her to make her feel nice and full, the queen slumped, panting, sliding through her warm, fuzzy afterglow. For a while, she relaxed, and then, her eyes slowly opening, she smiled softly. She got up, Azia still on her knees in front of the throne, her legs spread, her juices dripping on the violet carpet, leaving a wet spot. There was a wet spot on the nice purple velvet of Nita's throne too, however. Azia didn't even try to catch all of her lover's juices, as plentiful as they were. The queen moved around behind Azia, and smiled, as she spooned up, doggie-style with her.

"Hey... what are you up to, your majesty?" Azia said teasingly. Nita reached over, and fumbled around with her robes. The white wolf female held onto the throne, looking back at Nita, and gasping, as she pulled, from the folds of that robe, a long, dark blue object... sculpted and polished wood, made to look like a very familiar piece of masculinity. On both sides, a full nine inches, same as Nita's slave, more or less, same shape and same slight upward curve. There was a straight section about five inches long, with a band of leather, and two leather straps in a loop, which had a sliding metal clasp on each one to tighten or loosen it. "Where did you..." she asked, gasping softly, knowing what was about to come.

"I had it made. Took a while, but I remembered enough... It'll do for now." she said. She was blushing softly. "I haven't tried it out yet... just got delivered to me this morning. I was so embarrassed. The artist brought it to me right during breakfast. I hid it in my robes when I realized what I had just been handed. No one else saw it though..." she said. Azia moaned loudly, as Nita's fingers spread her labia wide, her juices dripping a bit faster for a second, onto the carpet.

"Ahhh... wh... why two sides though? In case one gets... uuhh... worn out?" The Silverlight female arched her back a bit, as Nita started to rub her clit softly. "What's with the leather loops? To hold onto it?" Nita grinned and blushed a bit.

"No... Let me show you." she said. Nita got on all fours and got behind

Azia. She carefully and slowly slid the toy into Azia's tight, wet folds. The wood, despite being smooth and polished, was a little dry, so the queen lovingly licked it, giggling softly, as Azia groaned with need, wriggling her hips. Finally, Nita pressed that toy into her fully, all the way to the leather band in the middle. Then, she unclasped the loop, and looped it over the base of Azia's tail. It was the loop that was on the far side of the toy. Nita then turned around, and slowly, carefully backed onto it, feeling it slide down her already soaking wet channel. After she felt the leather band against her labia, she stopped, already trembling with excitement and lust. Azia's head was buried into her arms, her cunny clasp around this toy, which, clasped to her tail like this, could move back and forth a bit, by about five inches, but could not just slip out. The queen took the clasp that was on Azia's side, and looped and tightened it to the base of her tail.

"Nnng... Nita, Is this your idea?" she asked, shuddering a bit already.

"Yeah, I thought it up while Alps was away on a trip a while back. Took this long to make it though, just to be sure it was right." she said, the queen also trembling. "Are you ready?" Nita asked, rump to rump with the lovely white lupine female.

"Sure." she said, biting her lip a bit. She was already in pleasure, just having it in her. Azia could not stop thinking about how Alps felt inside her, and she knew Nita felt that way too. Her lover slowly moved forward, rocking on her knees, as she leaned down. This pulled the toy out all except about two inches, the other 7 on each side, before the straps tugged firmly against their tails, keeping the toy from moving either more out of Nita, or more out of Azia. The queen then sank her hips back, her tight inner walls hugging the toy, but not as tight as Azia's. Nita groaned, as she felt the toy sink in all the way, until the leather strap caressed over the fleshy pucker under her tail, and caused it to pull the toy harder against Azia, sinking it into her tight, trembling body. Azia whimpered softly.

"Feels... okay?" Nita said, feeling her rump press against her friend's, leaving them both full of that hard, now quite hot and wet toy. Azia released a slow, trembling moan. She wasn't able to really speak. The green-furred female grinned, and pulled forward again slowly, drawing it out of herself first, then the strap pulling it out of Azia until it was tight again, holding to the base of their tails, not letting them move further apart. She then pressed back slowly again, then pulled apart, closing her eyes, as she felt that hard, unnatural but still pleasurable length slip slowly in and out of her, pushing it in and out of Azia with each move. Azia held the throne, her face buried in her arms, practically crying with the intense sensation. The queen began to pant softly and slowly picked up pace, rocking back and forth, her end pulling out, then Azia's. Each time the strap would pull tight on her end, the toy would jerk slightly inside Nita, making her whimper, and each time she would have to drive it into Azia, it would press deep and tight inside her.

The queen began to rock back and forth faster, her body trembling heavily, as she felt that hot glow returning. She was going to have a second orgasm today, even if Azia popped way before her. The head of the royal house panted softly, driving herself wetly back and forth against Azia, before stopping for a moment, to rest, the rocking being a bit tiring on the legs. Nita moaned loudly though, as Azia gripped the throne, and began to drive herself hard and fast against Nita, almost abusively, filling her with the toy, then extracting it, jerking her tail with the strap. The tail tugging Nita liked however! It felt like having someone hold her tail base and pull on it while having sex. She eventually got her strength back, and worked with Azia, both getting very wet, to the point where the toy slid evenly between them, out of them both as they drew apart, and hard and fast, back in, as they slammed their rumps back together.

“Nita, I’m gonna cum!” Azia whimpered. “Hard!” She added with a groan. Nita whimpered loudly as well, casting her body harder and faster back against Azia.

“Me too... together... let’s do it together!” she cried. Nita’s voice was not even stifled at this point. She didn’t care anymore. Under the soft glow of the Shadowfall crystal, both females slammed together, heatedly, gasping, panting, not making any more noise for a while, as Azia gritted her teeth, holding back as much as she could, before hearing Nita cry out, practically wailing,

“Now! Now! Now, now, NOW!!” with each of her powerful backwards motions against Azia. Nita’s sex tightened, and Azia wailed loudly as well, pressing all the way to the throat of the toy, forcing it that deep into the queen as well, their hips rolling, tails pulled down against each other’s rumps by the straps, before Nita felt Azia’s hot juices surge around that toy, and splash her sex, forcing her hard over the edge, her arms folding, her chest collapsing against the floor, as her splashes of hot nectar returned, wetly and messily against Azia’s spread open sex, their sexual bliss shared in a way they had never felt before. Each move, each jerking pulse of the other’s pussy on that strong, movable toy, was felt by the other, and they just buried their faces both in their arms, Nita on the floor, Azia in the throne, and moaned and sputtered and cried with delight. They stayed like that for a while, enjoying each other’s afterglow, before Nita looked up, and smiled dizzily.

“That was niiice...” Azia murred long and low. Her lover giggled, unhooking her tail strap, and just falling off the toy, making Azia whimper from the slight outward tug that the toy gave. Nita then unstrapped Azia’s tail, and pulled out the toy, licking it slowly.

“I will let you borrow it, to let your lover have fun with it, but bring it back soon... I promised Uri and Misha they could play with it when they brought Nidaja back here.” The queen giggled. She crawled back into the throne, and Azia

crossed her arms over Nita's lap, wagging her tail softly, as she stayed on her knees, both females nude, petting one another. Uri and Misha had not been quite as close to Alps as the others, but they still felt the loss. They did not even know yet about the hope of him coming back. To avoid disappointing everyone, Nita had made it so very few knew. Also, there was some fear that word of it would reach those responsible for the attempted assassination and they might try to stop whatever was happening with the crystal, to prevent any other hope from coming from the result, if it were indeed positive. Azia closed her eyes, sitting on her knees, her head in Nita's lap, her tail swinging back and forth. They were both startled by a female voice.

"You know... Most of us just sign treaties on the dotted line." Azia looked over her shoulder, and Nita looked up, still a bit dizzy, hiding her toy under Azia's chest. It was a regional matriarch. Nita blushed hotly, grabbing her robe and tossing it over her chest, lap, and Azia.

"Hey!" the white female protested, as the matriarch walked up. The queen cupped Azia's muzzle, blushing hotly, looking wide-eyes at the matriarch.

"I guess saying this isn't what it looks like would work?" Nita asked.

"It's honestly not any of my business. What's seen or told to me in this place is confidential, as I recall." she said. "Anyway, I need to report that the border patrols along the Mountain ranges north of Jalana have turned up no further amassing of troops. I apologize for being a bit late. Now I see why you close your doors after hours." she said, petting Azia's wagging tail with her foot, since it was sticking out from under the blanketing royal robes.

"Let's just say... we are serious about our friendship and alliance. Someone taught me that love and trust are the only hope our people have." Nita explained, petting Azia's ears through the robes, making her tail wag faster.

"I understand." came the matriarch's reply. "This only makes me more proud to serve you, your majesty." she said, bowing. "You two have a... ahh - pleasant evening." she said, giggling as she walked away. Azia wagged her tail even more briskly, laughing as well. After the door closed, and the matriarch was away, Nita whapped Azia between the ears, pulling the robe off them again.

"I hope you are happy!" Nita playfully scolded. "This will be top rumor news after the high council meetings, silly!" Nita said. "These girls get a few drinks in them at dinner, and there's no such thing as a secret among them!" She then smiled, gazing at her beautiful lover's face. Azia made her happy. As she watched Azia's face, it suddenly lit up.

Nita gasped, and looked up behind her at the crystal. The light was shining very brightly now, enough that it lit up the entire room. Azia looked up,

her eyes intense, as the crystal's color faded from that warm, rich purple to no color at all. The crystal was perfectly clear. There was no darkness left in it. Azia got up and Nita turned around again, on her knees on the throne, naked, watching the crystal. From some far off place, Nita and Azia both heard laughter. Alps' laughter. The light started to get brighter and brighter.

Sirius, Book II

Legacy of the Letai

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 10

In dim morning-like misty light stood a clearing of a kind of grove he'd never seen before. Bamboo. It could be found in the southern part of the continent, but only a little bit, so he'd never seen it before. It was more plentiful on the islands far to the west, where there was not a lupine population because of both hostile weather and distance from the mainland which made it hard to trade and get supplies. Alps looked beside him at either side. Still holding his hands were Ceriss and Luna. Luna's eyes were glistening, as if she might cry. She was looking directly to her left, away from Alps. The white slave looked. There, in the middle of the bamboo forest, completely out of place, was a banquet table stacked with food. The table was populated by roasts, deserts, spiced fruits, and wine. Plenty of wine. Alps gasped, and then he and Ceriss were tugged over to the table by Luna, who was apparently the hungriest of them.

Luna was ladylike, at least, when she arrived at the table, being careful not to soil her white fur. Alps watched her curiously. He was admittedly enamored with her fur, and wondered if it was still weird back in her time. He wondered if it was different enough that she would have been mistreated. Probably not, since in the Letai society, the Priestesses held power equal to royalty. This Alps had learned some time ago from Misty. Ceriss stood beside the table, and sampled different things, as her nude form, glossy black, shimmered in the pale sunlight caused by someone's mind.

"Shouldn't we be looking for the person trapped here?" Alps asked, taking a bite of salty glazed roast. He had not had food this good since the last feast at Diera. This table, he had to admit, was his creation. The only things that populated it were things that he had tried before. Had the priestesses made the table, it would likely have many things he'd never seen from their time. Ceriss finally moved away from the table, distracted by something hanging on a young bamboo shoot. It was a robe. She put it on, smiling. She obviously was not thinking about food as much as Luna. Though, in all honesty, she had just been released and was not as hungry yet. She came back, and continued to idly munch and nibble, sampling things, while Luna eagerly ate. The food was not real in this place, but still, everything here responded to will power. If their will told them they were eating, they might be okay.

"Whoever is here can find us... the smell of food will draw them from the forest. That looks like a pain to navigate through." Luna said softly. Alps looked out beyond the clearing. She was right, of course. The bamboo was almost too thick all around them to squeeze through. So they relaxed and ate for a while. After satisfying her hunger, Luna joined Ceriss at the wine. Alps canted his head curiously. Nita, while she would drink with Nidaja on a holiday or something, never let Alps drink. He'd tasted the stuff, but she had always told him that it wasn't good for him, and she was his mistress, so she was in charge of taking good care of him. Giving him wine was not taking good care of him. She was not here to prevent him from drinking any now. Alps had watched Chana drink. Chana would drink a lot. It must have been good stuff, the way she would drink it.

"I thought about the food." Alps said softly. "And I got lots of food." He picked up a bottle, and sniffed it. Yeah, it was wine all right. "I didn't think about the wine though." the slave said softly.

"I was the one who thought of the wine." Luna said. "I knew someone would think of food, but they would probably forget drink." she chuckled. She took a long draught of the stuff. Alps held out his hand.

"Slaves aren't supposed to drink wine." The black-furred Ceriss said with a playful smile on her lips.

"Slaves aren't supposed to wander through Shadowfall Crystals releasing its victims, either." he said.

"I'll drink to that." Ceriss said, laughing warmly, and handing Alps the bottle. The slave took a sip. It was bitter. He hated it. But, still, it was a rather special occasion, so he tipped the bottle, drinking heavily, stifling a gag. Very strong stuff. He handed the bottle back, almost immediately feeling warm. The three of them ate for some time together, taking sips of wine occasionally, and just enjoying the food determinedly. Alps carefully took another long draught of the wine, not wanting to seem incapable between the other two.

"Go easy on this stuff... It's good wine... It'll knock you over pretty fast." Alps sat on the edge of the table. Luna smiled at him, and then put the bottle down.

"Want to see something... Interesting?" the Life Priestess said softly. Alps nodded, feeling toasty and a little more cheerful for some reason. He could see a bit of rose tint in the lady lupine's ears. He could not see a difference in Ceriss, who was drinking a bit more than Luna. Luna held her hand out, beside the table, and whispered something in a language Alps could not understand, and then moved her hands with gentle and slow gestures. Under her hands, growing from the ground was bamboo. It grew to a little above knee level in front of Alps,

and then hooked horizontally outwards, as if having to slide out from under stone or something, away from him and the table, and then up a bit more, winding and crossing, until, to his surprise and great amusement, the structure of five or six bamboo plants tightly interwoven, made a rather nice chair. Luna sat down in it, and then held her hand out again, a single shoot slipping up quickly from the ground, and then, at the top, looping sideways, before continuing up. Luna slid her wine bottle into the loop, which held it nicely.

“So... that is one of the specialties of a Life Priestess?” Alps asked, feeling loose and care free for the moment. Ceriss released a long, happy murr. Alps looked back. She had knocked over her wine bottle, and was crawling up onto the table, her tail swishing back and forth slowly. Her eyes were on Alps.

“Ish nice to have... a young shlave...” she said, her eyes half closed. “Annnywhere you go... ‘cause they do what you telsh them to.. an’ if ya like it.. they’s jest as happy.” she said.

“Told you this stuff was stout.” Luna said. She had not been drinking as much, and while she was a bit giddy, it seemed she was still under a lot more control.

“Umm... Hi Ceriss.” Alps said softly. She had a predatory look in her eyes. Ceriss scooped the food and plates and the like out of the way, pushing them off to the side, some of the things falling off the table, clearing out the middle of this large wooden surface.

“We are the only ones here...” Ceriss said slowly, looking at Alps’ face. “And we are of... very high rank... sho you have to follow our orders while you are here... right Alpsh?” she said, licking her lips slowly. Alps looked to Luna, and saw she was smiling, rather smugly, looking at Ceriss.

“Oh, goodness is she wasted.” Luna said. “I should have known a young one like her would do that.” Alps swallowed softly.

“Will she be okay?” the slave asked. Luna nodded.

“She’ll sleep it off.” the white priestess said.

“You know what would make me feel better, wuff?” Ceriss asked softly, putting her hands on the back of Alps’ shoulders, pressing close. Alps gasped at the feel of warm, naked breasts pressed to the back of his head. Luna blushed, and smiled again.

“Wh - What would that be?” Alps asked, having a feeling he knew the answer already. The way the answer was given, however, he did not expect. Ceriss grabbed his shoulders, and with a very brisk motion, slammed him down

on his back on the table, his legs still draped over the edge, in front of Luna, who squeaked with surprise.

“Hey! Careful not to hurt him!” she cried. Alps mufed loudly, and then had his muzzle stifled, as Ceriss planted her sex right on top of it.

“You know how to use your tongue... most males won’t do that. Gotta go to a girl to get that kinda treatment.” the lady lupine crooned, her speech still uneven. “So you make me happy. Use your tongue. I like that.” she said, smiling warmly.

“Can’t really complain...” Luna said. “This is a dinner table, Alps. Get to it, I don’t think she’s in a mood to hear the word no.” Alps nodded softly, his nose parting those already damp folds. He would do this to get Ceriss to pass out and sleep off the effects. He began to stroke the black labia, those juices not flowing freely yet. Seeing Alps sitting on the table had evidently made Ceriss think of it, and she just felt like she needed it. Facing Luna, Alps could not hook his tongue inside this lovely female, to get at the spot he hit last time, so he stopped teasing a moment, and got her to turn around, and get on all fours, which she sluggishly and begrudgingly did.

As Alps parted those warm, tender folds with his strong tongue, he felt a warm caress over his swelling member through his pants. He whined very softly against Ceriss’ moist mound, rubbing it with his muzzle to make her rub back fondly. Luna apparently wanted to play too. Or at least make this more pleasant for the wolf, since she was the one who brought the wine. Alps closed his eyes, and began to get into the mood for this as well. It didn’t take much. He felt Luna’s drink-clumsy, fair hands fumble with the slave’s pants, untying them, and drawing them down, just a little. Alps whined softly again, and concentrated for a moment on what he was doing, the cool morning air brushing over his swelling member. Luna seemed content, for the moment, to do what a Life Priestess enjoyed. Watching things grow. Alps slipped his tongue into Ceriss finally, and heard her long, soft, plaintive moan.

“Yesh.. Make it hard... make your tongue nice and hard for Ceriss. If you do good, she’ll give ya a reward...” the female said slowly, trembling a bit. Alps had seen Chana this drunk before, and was happy to see that Ceriss got horny when she was drunk, rather than violent the way Chana did. It could be a lot worse. The black female lupine pressed her sex tighter to the wolf’s muzzle, spreading her spongy folds against his whiskers. The slave inhaled through the sides of his muzzle, as he pushed his tongue in deep, and did as he was asked. He made the silky hot length of his tongue nice and hard, and started stabbing it into the hot, inky black female. He groaned, sending vibrations into Ceriss, getting a loud moan of approval as he felt hot, wet tightness overtake his thick cock, all the way to the base.

Alps' legs tightened. Luna was so good at this. Her muzzle was the right shape... the right tightness... and she could take it the right depth. She had her arms along Alps' thighs, and was holding his rump, as she helped herself to the wolf's length. Ceriss looked over her shoulder, leaning back a bit, and moaned louder, seeing what Luna was doing.

"I want some of that." Ceriss said softly.

"Then turn around right before he lets it go." Luna said, casually. Alps whined again softly, licking Ceriss faster. For some reason, it drove him hotter and faster when he was spoken of in such a fashion. As if he was merely a snack to them both.

"No... Wan' it... inside." she said, panting softly. Luna smiled at the shapely black wolf female as she rode Alps' tongue, and nodded.

"Ahh. Well... when he's ready, I'll let you back up, okay?" she said, as she brought her muzzle to his thick erection. Alps tightened his legs a bit, as Luna squeezed his rump. The thought of taking Alps like that seemed to make Ceriss even hotter as well, as she rolled her hips, dizzily moaning. She seemed tired, sleepy, but more than eager to have fun. Alps grinned a bit, starting to really enjoy his fate. He had gone from not knowing when his next meal would come, to wondering when his next meal would cum! He opened his muzzle wide, cupping that soft, hot mound and pumping his tongue faster, finally beginning to hook it, as the Twilight Priestess showed to be very full of life, bumping her strong hips against her playmate's muzzle as he treated her passionately with his tongue.

Ceriss pumped her thighs harder against his muzzle, as Alps felt Luna's muzzle drop in pressure while she suckled hard, and began to bob her head slowly up and down. The slave tightened his legs, feeling the first trickle of pre slip into the eager priestess' muzzle. Alps wondered what the one who they were trying to free here was going to think if he or she should wander up on this. Would Alps then have to do for her what he'd just done for Ceriss and Luna? Could he? Watching something like this would certainly suggest it to them. Alps' sack began to slowly draw up against him, and Luna slowed down, petting it, feeling it carefully. She knew what she was doing. Ceriss began to pump her hips pretty steadily against Alps' tongue, which he drew from her now dripping pussy, and fluttered rapidly on her labia.

"Mmph! Luna... It's happening... I wanna have him in me!" Ceriss said, almost crying. She was shaking as Alps abused her clit with his rapidly strumming tongue. He slowed down, while she spoke, hearing her anxious words. Alps yelped softly, as Luna pulled her head back with a soft pop, coming off his cock. Ceriss immediately backed up, looking Alps in the eyes, as Luna held him up, guiding him to where he needed to be, and those hips sank down.

She was hot and tight, and her body was already shaking. A few very solid pumps of her hips, and she threw her head back, yowling in ecstasy, as she jerked tight around the wolf, grinding hard on him. She growled softly, rubbing herself against him. Luna had carefully gotten up on the table, and sat on her knees, seeming content just to watch, and caress Alps' face. The slave looked up at Luna as the other female rode out her climax, with hard, rotating lunges of her strong hips. She babbled happily, and cooed into Luna's ear.

"Izz zo good... I likesh the way dat feelz..." she cooed, laying her head back, pumping her hips for a while on Alps' throbbing member. The white lupine male felt so totally used. He smiled happily, and wagged his tail, and then whined as the thrusting stopped. Luna looked at Ceriss and giggled.

"Oh no! She passed out!" Luna caressed Alps' face.

"Ah! I... I wasn't finished." Alps said softly.

"Slaves don't have to... they just have to make sure their mistress is finished." Luna said softly. Alps' eyes widened. He suddenly realized where his place was in Nita's heart. He wasn't a slave to her. She always made sure he enjoyed the sex they had, even when she was tired. If she was exhausted and stressed, and Alps serviced her to help her fall asleep, she would send him to Nidaja or Uri or Misty to have fun, so he could go to bed feeling better. Uri had even taken to making Alps chase her and Misha around the room for fun, when that would happen. But Nita always made sure his pleasure was taken care of.

"I... I know..." Alps said, struggling a bit. Luna carefully rolled the black furred priestess onto her back on the table, and covered her with her robes, letting Ceriss look a lot like she had just eaten too much, and passed out on the table or something. The scent of sex was heavy about her though. Luna leaned down, on her knees, still in her robes, and took Alps' member in her muzzle, suckling for a bit, making the white male's thighs tighten up. The life Priestess giggled around him, lifting her head. She cupped Alps' balls, rolling them in here palm slowly.

"Don't worry, sweetie... I'll make sure you don't end up sore. We'll just get these bothersome things nice and empty again, since Lady Ceriss can't handle either her liquor or her licker." She blushed a bit, and rather friskily began to pump her head, as Ceriss lay happily on the table, satisfied, and drunk. Luna curled her tongue in a 'U' along the underside of Alps' cock, pressing him tight to the slightly ribbed roof of her muzzle, sucking hard, and working every inch of the surface of his tight, throbbing member. She worked fast and hard, seeming very goal oriented.

"What about you... Lady Luna?" Alps panted, reaching over to caress her rump. "What about your... mmph! Pleasure?" Luna worked harder, faster,

ignoring him for a moment, her hand cupping his balls softly, still rolling them. As Alps felt himself drift closer to climax, tightening his legs, wanting it to happen, Luna pulled up, just holding his sac in her palm, and feeling it pressed tight against his warm body.

“I am still perfectly satisfied from last time...” She said slowly, breathing calmly, looking like she was really just enjoying teasing the white lupine slave.

“Oh beauty... Don’t stop!” Alps whined.

“Oh? Is the slave giving an order?” she asked. Alps began to realize that Luna was doing this on purpose. She wanted to show Alps that, while he might have been a good friend and lover to Nita, she had not really treated him as a slave, and never would. Alps was slave in title alone. Upon realizing this, his heart beat faster, the wolf whining softly, with emotional pleasure now too.

“N - Nita... Hasn’t treated me like a slave...” Alps said, genuinely realizing that now. “I’m... I’m...”

“Her lover.” Luna said. “You would not have the will to go back to her if you were a slave. Don’t you forget that. The trip back will be hard, Alps. You will need a will far stronger than a slave’s to get out of this place. The will of a lover is a horrifying weapon to Mannus, and the Letai were known for it. Don’t ever forget the power in that, Alps.” Luna’s hand began to pump the wolf’s flesh, slowly, and moving in a way that brought him to trigger point again, but did not let him go over the edge, the writhing wolf tearing up from the pleasure and the emotional happiness.

“Her lover... I - I want to be back at her side. I want... to be...” Alps trembled, feeling so close to cumming. Luna’s wisdom as a priestess she had not really shown before now, but she had been right that this increased Alps’ will to leave this place a lot. Right now, however, his will was all in one place.

“Yes... That’s it Alps. Think about that. Remember that. You belong by her side because she loves you, far beyond your mere title of slave. A queen takes a real chance by taking a lover who is outside the ruling class... She must love you a lot.” With his emotions and physical sensations peaked so high, the priestess’ thumb now rubbing slowly, back and forth over his tingling, burning tip the wolf remembered every single word vividly. They were burned into his soul forever. The slave-lover whined loudly, arching his back. So close. He wanted release so bad!!

“Please... I - I want you to.” he stopped, his voice catching in his throat, tears rolling down his cheeks from the intense pressure of pleasure and happiness and anxiousness over him.

“Want me to..?” Luna teased softly. “What?” She lowered her head, her lips brushing the tip of his cock. He felt her breath as she spoke over it. “Want me to put this in my mouth? Want me to let you feel the heat... and the pressure as I suck you, sweetie?” she teased. Alps writhed, his feet scraping the table. His body felt like it was on fire, as she held and slowly massaged his rock hard length. “Tell me sweetie... Do you want me to swallow it? Want me to drink it from you, just as you drank from me?” she asked, shivering softly. Alps groaned loudly. His eyes closed tight. He made a mental note that an older female like this really knew how to handle a male, but there was something artistic about what Luna could do to her lover. Her hot breath caressed his pre-glistened member, a glaze over her whiskers as she took drop over her tongue.

“Yes! Yes! Swallow all of it!” Alps cried, feeling a little dirty for talking to a priestess like that, but he could not think straight, with the kind of excitement and emotion he was under. Instantly, his cock was engulfed by her soft lips, and her tight, hot muzzle surrounded his pulsing length, and she began to suck hard. It only took two full strokes before Alps shouted out in ecstasy, and then howled, as Luna rapidly swallowed the fast-arriving surges of his thick, hot seed. The priestess, valuing the essence of life from the wolf, didn’t let a single drop spill, swallowing it all, and those guttural, wet sounds of thick lupine seed slipping down her contracting throat only made the wolf cum harder. He gripped the edge of the table by his hips, and cried out, as Luna sucked him past his climax, drawing every drop, making sure she got it all, pumping her tight, hard-sucking muzzle over his length until he started to become soft against her tongue.

She finally moved her head up, his member being sucked right to the tip, where it left her hot, wonderful mouth with a soft pop that sent a shock through Alps’ body, making him twitch, and squeak with over-sensitivity. Alps sprawled there while Luna just caressed his tummy softly, letting him rest. His fast heartbeat and heavy breathing had helped his body process the alcohol a bit, so he wasn’t feeling as light headed as he was a moment ago from that, but he was feeling light headed from his afterglow.

“You are such a sweet slave...” Luna said softly. “Your mistress must really be missing you. You will be back in her arms soon. I just know it. We’ll get out of here together.” she said softly. “And we will get back at the ones who put us in here, I swear it.” She petted the slave’s now flaccid member, just liking the act of giving that attention. Alps smiled warmly.

“Take me with you.” came an even female voice from *above* their heads. It was a feathery soft, but deeply strong voice. Luna gasped, looking up, as did Alps, who sat up a bit, propping himself up with his hands. There, standing very feminine and unflinchingly balanced on a long, tall, bent over piece of bamboo, was a creature that Alps had not really seen before. She was up over twenty feet above them, but even from that height, the slave could tell she was not lupine. Then, Alps blushed hotly. Had she stood there and watched the whole thing?

The wolf looked at her carefully. She was like a lupine in many ways but her features were sharper, a little daintier. Her eyes were narrowed and a bit keener. She also had a very, very thick tail, which seem to have as much mass as her torso, though it was all soft, lovely and well kept fur. Her muzzle was slender and lovely, and her ears were a bit larger in relation to her head. Her fur was the deepest black with points of silvery white on the tips of her ears, her hands and feet, and the tip of her tail. Her throat was white as well, leading down to the cross of her unusual and ornate robes, dark grey with white bands featuring complex and unusual runes. The terminating white pattern left Alps to believe that her chest and tummy were also probably white. Her eyes were silver, seeming to have no pupils. Her hair was long, silky, and silvery as well, almost white, and very well tended and clean.

“A Lhap Islander, I think.” Luna said softly, seeming stunned.

“What’s that?” Alps asked, gasping as she jumped from her perch, and landed as if she had merely hopped off a two foot ledge, and with no sound, not even disturbing the slender dead bamboo leaves on the ground. She wandered over to the table, and munched silently on a few of the items near the far edge, away from where the fun had taken place. She sniffed at the wine, and shook her head, perhaps not having a taste for it.

“A Sable Fox... They are a different species. Like the Lapines that sometimes show up... They are from the islands far west of this continent. Back during the purging, when all the shrines and major temples were being attacked by Mannus, a few of these foxes were hired by the Letai Priestesses to act as guardians for the shrines. They were so deadly with their light, curved blades that one alone could defend against twenty Uruk with little problem.” Luna said. The vixen looked up, a large piece of bread in her muzzle, as she gathered up some strips of meat, and she waved off Luna, as if to say she was merely exaggerating.

“Ahh... Are we in any danger?” Alps asked softly, scooting off the table, and standing beside Luna. The vixen seemed to not really even care that anyone else was there. She lifted Ceriss’ tail, to get a plate, and put the bread on the plate, as well as some meat. Alps had never seen any race but Lupines and the false Uruk. He’d also never seen another creature with the beauty that he felt reserved for Lupine royalty. This fox certainly had that. He approached her and held his hands out, so show he wasn’t armed.

“My name is Alps...” he said softly. “I... got trapped in this crystal a few days ago, and can move around in it pretty freely. So I have been helping the other two get out... and came to help you too, because I could see your light.” Alps said, knowing how cryptic it sounded. The vixen calmly put butter on her bread with a knife, and then saw some jam that she wanted, but didn’t have any

more knives. She flicked her ears, seeming almost not to even listen to Alps. She could not find a napkin to wipe the knife with. She stopped for a moment. "Umm... Anyway... you said you wanted to go with us... I would be happy to take you out of here. No one deserves to be trapped in a place like this." The slave explained. The vixen still said nothing, her silver eyes scanning the table. She shrugged her shoulders, and picked up Ceriss' hand, inspecting it to make sure it was clean. Alps watched her silently and blankly. The fox didn't seem especially personable. Then, placing the blade of the knife carefully between Ceriss' fingers, and pressing them together, pulled the knife back, cleaning the excess butter off of it, before dropping the drunk, sleeping lupine's hand with a dull thump on the wooden table, and going for the jam.

"Please don't do that." Luna said kindly. The vixen looked at Luna and nodded, as if having not even considered it impolite. She stood there and started munching her food in silence.

"Okay... well... This is the last of them." Alps said softly. "No more lights... Not that I could see, at least. Should we try to leave when Ceriss wakes up?" Alps asked Luna. The conscious priestess nodded.

"Umm... Lady vixen. I am - I am Luna. I am a Letai Life Priestess. What temple were you guarding? How were you able to survive in the crystal? It was my understanding that the Sable Foxes were not magic users, just really accomplished warriors." The vixen took another bite of her food silently. Alps slicked his ears back. She had talked. He heard her say to take her with them.

"What's wrong? Are you angry at something?" Alps asked, before finally gasping, and pulling up his pants, which were still half way to his knees. He blushed hotly, and looked back into the vixen's eyes. She smirked softly. The lady fox put her food down, and then gazed at the two who were watching her, her eyes narrowing into slits, and then, as she shut them, the world shimmered into dark shadows around her, like a thick, black haze, outlining her with wisps of smoke and chaos, before she simply ceased to be. There was nothing there. Alps gritted his teeth, backing up a bit, looking fearfully at Luna.

"Okay... so she can use some kind of magic..." Luna said softly. She cried out, jumping back a bit, as the vixen showed back up, as if just walking from darkness into the light, right beside Alps and herself. "Oh, by the essence! Don't do that! Okay, Okay... I can see how you survived in this place." She held her chest. The vixen stood, nose to nose with Alps, sniffing at him curiously, her large, pillowy tail slipping around her waist, and touching the wolf's hips. Alps swallowed. Was she going to need his help too?

"Ummm... I take it you want to feel pleasure?" Alps asked softly. He yelped, and staggered backwards, as a slender hand came across his muzzle faster than he could even see her move. She slicked her ears back, looking

disgusted. Alps rubbed his whiskers. That hurt! He held his hand up to Luna, who was approaching to help him. "It's okay... I deserved that. I have gotten too complacent my role as a personal servant... I forget that not everyone wants to be treated like that." He got onto his knees, lowering his head at the female fox's feet. "Please accept my apology. My duty is pleasure. It's what I know best. I didn't mean any disrespect." he said softly. The vixen glared at him a little longer, and then flicked her ears, turning her attention to a dessert. Chocolate. She seemed to really like it.

"Not very talkative, is she..?" Luna said softly.

"Only when I have something to say that requires that I speak will you hear my voice." came her singular reply. "A lot of things... like..." and she paused, putting her foot between the bowing slave's ears. "Like No... I can say without a word." she said. Alps whimpered softly. "We have... an understanding now, boy?" the vixen said. The slave nodded under that foot, not seeing Luna as she bristled. "Good... then we can get along." she said, smiling rather warmly, despite still having her foot between Alps' ears.

"Could you please stop stepping on him?" Luna said. The vixen did as she was asked, leaning against the table, and picking up a strip of meat, eating it. Alps stood up.

"It's all right, Luna.. She's not hurting me." he said softly.

"It's disrespectful." Luna said.

"I'm a slave. Maybe not to Nita, but I am to her." Alps replied.

"I don't care, you are here to save her." the white-furred priestess said softly.

"You might be eager to thank him already, but I will save my thanks for when I am looking at this place from the outside." came the vixen's reply.

"What is your name?" Alps asked.

"That I shall save for when we are friends." came her icy reply.

"I don't like you." Luna said softly.

"You don't even know me." the vixen said even more softly. Alps gritted his teeth slightly. He hoped this would be a short trip.

"Did you enjoy the food?" Alps asked, trying to smooth things, and get to a topic they could agree on. The vixen nodded softly, putting down a bone she had

stripped the meat off of neatly.

“I missed food. I missed sleep to. I will sleep... then we can go.” was her short, simple statement, and with that, she shifted out of being, the darkness taking her. Alps didn’t know if she had turned invisible, or actually quickly left the area to sleep someplace private. After all... the wolf had just made a rather obscene pass at her. The slave looked to Luna, who sighed softly.

“Well... I doubt we will have her around long after we get out. She’ll probably just go home. How ungrateful.” Luna said softly. She looked at the sleeping Ceriss. The black lupine female had missed everything, but would wake up with butter between her fingers.

“Please do not judge her right now.” Alps said softly, knowing that conflict between the two would make things a lot harder in the long run. “She has been trapped here... maybe as long as you. I doubt that kind of thing does much for someone’s personality. There are a lot of ways to end up emotionally when you are adrift in a place like this. Not everyone has the will to stay... themselves when faced with true darkness.” Alps said softly. He wasn’t sure he would have fared much better had he stayed in this place alone for that long.

“You show... compassion far beyond that which you should. I can see the scars of an abusive mistress on your body, Alps.” Luna said softly. Alps shook his head.

“But you have not seen the loving fingers which have touched and healed the reflection of those scars on my heart.” Alps said softly. Luna then embraced the white lupine slave in her arms, sighing softly, as she rested and ate and talked, for quite literally hours.

Sirius, Book II

Legacy of the Letai

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 11

Misty stood near the crystal, studying it as wind whipped around them.

"It's generating an incredible amount of energy - seems like it's discharging from a powerful spell!" Misty yelled. Nita and Nidaja were beside her while Azia ran to get Tia. Nita and Azia had dressed hastily, and Nita's robes were still not on correctly, being a bit disheveled. The wind was sending papers flying, and scattering documents around the main hall, but the queen didn't seem to care. The crystal was clear, with a single very bright star in it, shimmering and seeming only to increase in brightness.

"Discharging a spell?!" Nita cried, smiling. "You mean it's discharging the Shadowfall spell?" Misty nodded.

"I think so... Or at least, it's not able to contain it anymore. Nita, don't get too excited! There's no way to know if Alps will come back, or his spirit will just be released!" the counselor said, not wanting to see her friend's heart broken.

"I - I understand!" Nita shouted. "I can live with myself if he gets out, and his spirit is free... I will know he's not suffering in there... But still - I hope..."

"He *will* make it out!" Tia cried, rushing into the room. "Don't you dare say he won't!" Azia returned, huffing and puffing. She had been a bit worn out by Nita earlier.

"He would be the first to ever do so!" Misty stated harshly, seeming to want to try to remain grounded in reality. "There is no record of even this much happening with one of these crystals. If Alps manages this... I will be taking a long hard look at him. He's got no magic potential. He should not have even been able to exist in there." The long-furred counselor inhaled pensively, watching the crystal glow brightly, and then spoke again. "I didn't want to say it before, Nita, but ... But... He should have just... winked out of existence when he ended up in the crystal, with no magic force to sustain his mind. But! But you both say you heard his voice! He must be in there!" Misty said, holding her hands in front of the crystal. "We need to step back! Way back... away from the crystal! It could shatter when he's released, and I don't want anyone hurt!" Everyone did as they were told; backing up as electricity and red and blue smoke

began wisping around it, crackling softly.

“Come on Alps! Follow my voice!” Nita cried.

“Yes! Alps, we want you to come back!” Tia wailed, tears flowing from her eyes.

“We need you!” Azia called, as loudly as she could.

“Alps! Your home is with us!” came an echoing boom of a voice. Nidaja had cast that strength spell on her throat again. The crystal suddenly glowed brighter.

“Nidaja! Do it again! Enhanced by magic, he can hear it!” Misty cried. “I’m sure he can!”

“Alps! Come back to us! We want you in our arms again!” Nidaja trembled, crying. Nita watched, a little stunned, not being able to remember the last time she saw her cry like that. “*We love you!!!*” There was the sound of something shattering hard, and then the room went totally dark...

Ceriss wiped her buttery hand on the bamboo stalk, grumbling softly.

“Why didn’t you keep her from doing that?” she said, as she looked around.

“I don’t think she would have cared.” came Luna’s reply. Alps shook his head softly. He looked around, before calling out, softly, into the bamboo, figuring that’s where she was hiding herself.

“Lady vixen! We are ready to depart!” and he waited a bit. Ceriss watched the bamboo intently, just as the vixen stepped out of unseen shadows, right in front of her. Ceriss wailed and fell over, trembling. The vixen looked down at her with pleasant regard. She then nodded, smiling at Alps. Sleep, it seemed, had made her feel better. Or, perhaps it was that waking up to find this change of pace was not a dream instilled hope in her. Alps could not say. Luna seemed to still not trust her very much, as she regarded her skeptically. Alps took Ceriss and Luna by the hands, and smiled to the vixen. She flicked her ears in silent agitation. Luna sighed softly.

“Fine.” she said, moving behind Alps and grabbing his tail. Alps chuckled softly, and held out his hand. The black fox canted her head curiously a moment,

peering at the offered white hand, and then carefully took it. Alps closed his eyes, and opened them again. They were standing on a bright, shimmering surface, and they could all see what looked like glass walls that went on to eternity over their head. Alps began to walk with the group toward those walls. The Vixen said nothing, and Luna kept quiet as well, trembling with excitement, as she saw what looked like blurred, uncertain activity outside the glass walls. Freedom was on the other side. Alps led the group in a rather short trip to the edge. Luna put her hand on it, and pressed. It was very solid, and looked to be very thick.

“Great... how do we get out?” Ceriss asked softly. Alps thought for a while, looking at it, touching it. He very tentatively released the vixen’s hand, and made sure she didn’t begin to fade. She quickly took hold of Ceriss’ tail though, to make sure she wasn’t going anywhere. The slave placed his hand against the thick crystal wall as well.

“It can’t be broken by magic. It reflects it. The stronger the magic, the stronger the wall. That’s how Mannus built it. And even if you have made it to where we can see and feel... our bodies... are merely will. Our will is all that exists in this place Alps. It is... as I feared...” she whimpered softly. “We won’t be able to get out...” Luna sighed softly. “At least we won’t have to be alone here anymore.” she said, trembling a bit. Alps’ mind started reeling again, as it had on the mountaintop. His eyes fluttered back and forth, just a little. He was not under nearly the kind of stress he was that day. He looked up, at the thick barrier between him and Nita. Then he gasped, hearing something. It was Nidaja’s voice. But it was far away. He could not make it out. Then, he heard something he could make out, which echoed through the very fiber of his soul. We love you.

Alps gritted his teeth, his heart swelling with more joy and happiness than he had ever known. They wanted him to come home. They loved him! They hadn’t given up! He threw his head back, and he howled, long and very shrill with complete and utter joy. Luna gasped, and Ceriss held on tight, a fox clinging to her tail, as Alps suddenly began to glow a pure, bright white, like the star that he had found Luna and everyone else by, and then, there was a sudden change in his outline, that made Luna and Ceriss both drop to their knees, as they gazed at a vision, only for a split second, that put them in awe. As the howl reached its highest possible pitch, the sound of a great shattering was heard, and all was darkness.

It was dark. It was quiet. However, Alps could feel the floor beneath his hands and knees. Carpet. He inhaled. He had lungs. That was a good sign. He heard some shuffling around, in what sounded like a hollow, empty room.

Then, Alps grunted, shielding his eyes, as light cascaded into the room. He looked up, wincing toward the light. Misty. It was Misty, standing there, having drawn open the curtain shedding late afternoon light into the main hall where Nita's throne was. Misty's lip quivered as she saw Alps there, on his knees, alive, and she fell onto her hands and knees, bursting into tears. Alps tried to stand, but was immediately tackled down. He gasped, crying out, as Nita landed on him, and pressed him to the floor.

"Oh heavens! Oh dear stars and moons, he's really here! Oh Alps! Aaaaallpss!" Nita wailed, kissing him, sobbing uncontrollably. Nidaja rushed over, getting on her knees, joining in the hugging, as Misty wiped her eyes and then focused her attention elsewhere in the room. Tia was on her knees, checking out a stunned-looking black-furred lupine female, who was looking a bit hung over. Azia was helping a white-furred lupine in the robes of a priestess to her feet. Misty shuddered, standing up as she saw an obsidian-furred vixen get up, patting herself down to make sure she was all there, and looking around the room. Nita and Nidaja seemed to have not even noticed the new arrivals. Alps hugged the queen and her sister both tightly and just started to cry as well. He had felt, several times, that he would never see them again with how Luna had talked about the Shadowfall crystals.

The queen clung tightly to him, rubbing her cheek against his. Alps felt loved. He felt warm and safe. He had suffered a fate worse than death cast upon him by the enemy to forever take him away from those he loved, and his love proved stronger. Their love proved stronger. He could hear them even in the confines of the crystal. Finally, Nita looked up, wiping her eyes, smiling, and gasped, seeing the others in the room.

"Who are you?" Azia asked, holding Luna by the hand, making sure she didn't move too suddenly. They wanted to protect the queen in case danger had followed Alps back. Misty moved over to Luna quickly, inspecting her robes, looking a bit in awe.

"I am a Letai Priestess of Life, Luna." she said, reaching out and taking Misty's hand.

"L - Letai Priestess..?" she asked, her lip quivering.

"Yes... I was trapped in that crystal for the last 700 years. Alps found me... and the others. He helped us get out." she said. Misty's legs quivered, and she held Luna's hand tightly, her head lowering, before the golden wolf female released a long, shuddering sigh, and she whined, sinking to her knees.

"She... has studied the Letai all her life." Nita said softly, also looking very numb at the revelation that Alps brought back a Letai priestess, possibly more than one, from the depths of that timeless hell.

"It's nice to see I am still popular." She said, carefully prying her hand away, as the scent of sexual peek wafted from Misty, who just sat on the floor, with her hands between her knees. She seemed a bit in shock. Alps being able to return from that which no one returns, and a true Letai Priestess right there in front of her, were a bit more than she was prepared for in a single day.

"I am Ceriss... A Letai Priestess of Twilight." the black-furred lupine female bowed happily. "You must be Queen... Nita Razelle." she said. "Alps told us a lot about you. You have... a very loyal slave here." she said, her eyes tearing up. "Am I ... really out? I mean... this isn't... another dream world?" she asked.

"Mannus is still in this world. If you made a dream world, I rather doubt you would include him." Azia stated. She let go of Luna, who moved over to Alps. The slave was laying on his back, half in Nidaja's lap, and being held tight to the floor by Nita.

"Are you a Letai priestess too?" Tia asked the vixen, who was watching with a silent smile on her lips. The vixen shook her head slowly. Tia canted her head curiously, and asked, carefully, "Can you talk?" The Sable Fox nodded, indicating she could. "Oh..." Tia said, seeming awkward now. She then moved quickly over to Alps, hugging him tightly as well. "Alpsie!" she squealed happily. Azia walked over and got down on her knees, hugging the returning lupine as well.

"Looks like you just live to make a spectacle of yourself, wolf." The leader of the Silverlight said, caressing his face.

"Yeah!" Ceriss said, coming over and sitting by everyone else in the throne room. "Right before we got out he-"

"We are all so happy to be out of that accursed crystal!" cried Luna, forcefully cutting off Ceriss, who didn't try to continue. Instead, she looked at the queen for a bit, smiling.

"The Emerald Amanians are still going strong as the royal house, I see. That is very good." she said, wagging her tail. Nita smiled and nodded softly. She remained quiet then, hugging Alps, and the slave hugging her, as the others talked, telling one another everything. Misty wanted to know everything that had been left a mystery about the Letai, and Luna wanted to know about the last 700 years of history that Misty could tell her about, so they wandered off to the library. Tia and Azia took Ceriss to get the 'stiff drink' that she really wanted, and the black vixen excused herself, saying that she would be back in a little while, and nothing more, wandering from the main hall with her thick, lovely tail swaying behind her. Nidaja stayed by Nita's side, smiling, crying softly, seeming to just melt into the moment. Alps looked at Nita's throne. Over half of it was gone,

destroyed, or locked in the darkness that had consumed a white slave who could not be forever locked away.

The somewhat exhausted slave sat down on the warm, thick, overly large bed. Nita's bed. His bed. He had never felt as at home as he did now. He had missed this more than he could even relate. He and Luna and Ceriss had been with Misty all day, being poked, prodded, investigated, sampled, and checked out, to make sure they were all in good health. Aside from Ceriss being hung over (she spent the night drinking with Azia and Tia), everyone was fine. Misty said that some of the information she had gotten while speaking with Luna, and some of the things that she found in her checkup of all three of them, made for some slightly conflicting and interesting data. She would need to think on it some, and with that wandered to her favorite place. The castle library.

This left Alps free for the evening. And Nita had made a special point to spend it with him. The white lupine male sat in the center of the large bed, with no clothes on. He'd taken a warm bath, and was nice and dry, refreshed and clean. He knew that would not last very long. The wolf smiled as Nita sauntered into the room, closing and locking the door. There were to be no disturbances. She got onto the bed slowly, in a nightgown not much different from what Nidaja had worn the night before Nita's speech.

"It's been more than a month you know... I suppose time passes faster in there... to ensure longer suffering." Nita said softly. "I hope it wasn't too unpleasant." she said, with deep concern. Alps gritted his teeth a bit, not wanting to tell Nita what he did with Luna and Ceriss, since they were priestesses and he wasn't all together sure how something like that would reflect on them. He would eventually tell Nita, he had to, but now was not the best time. He shook his head softly.

"The crystal didn't react the same to me as it did the others... I could see lights where the others were trapped... and could will myself to move toward them. Each time I released one of them and brought them with me... I could see more." Alps said softly.

"I am glad." Nita said, pressing Alps to the bed. She got on her hands and knees above him, and pressed her lips against his softly. The slave felt the delicate fabric of her nightgown caress over his tummy and chest. His mistress was wearing nothing beneath it. There was no doubt in Alps mind at that moment that she was going to welcome him back in that special, loving way. Alps thought back to when she had handed him her knife, and told him to kill

himself, displeased with the color of his fur, and feeling as if he would not do it. It was a turning point in his life, as he did as he was told, since he had nothing to live for. And now, she was what he had to live for, as were the others. Alps smiled warmly at her, as she gazed into his eyes.

"I am okay..." Alps said softly. "I won't ever leave you like that again. I am so sorry I made you worry about me so much." he said, referring more to the time he spent with Azia than the time he spent locked away in the crystal. Nita nodded softly, and kissed his lips again.

"It's okay Alps... I understand." Nita said softly. "If you had not... Jalana would be gone, and three powerful allies against Mannus would still be trapped." Nita said softly. "Don't regret it. It was important. But Alps... I am... so happy to have you with me again." She lowered her head against Alps shoulder. "Hold me..." the queen said, choking back tears. Alps rolled Nita onto her back in the middle of the bed. She put her arms around his back, over his shoulders, and gazed up into his eyes, crying softly. The slave leaned in close, and kissed away the tears, before pressing himself nice and close, with his entire body against hers, as he brought his muzzle to hers and kissed. He had kissed many times in his life after the first one he received in the inn from Nidaja so long ago, but of every one of those kisses, this one made them all seem like mere friendly gestures.

It started out slow, innocent... lips pressed to lips, the soft velvet caress of a kiss between friends, but slowly, tenderly deepened, as Nita's tongue slipped from between her teeth, met in almost perfect unison against Alps' silky pink tongue. They touched, as if strangers brushing against one another walking down a lonely hallway, and then, with only a very slight pause, they slipped past one another, tongues caressing against one another as they slipping into the mouth of a lover. Alps turned his head slightly, his muzzle parting just a bit, as his tongue coiled against Nita's, feeling the love and passion of her kiss. There was so much more there than the sexual need he'd felt from Azia or from Ceriss and Luna. Nita's kisses... Nita's touch, in fact, was very different from theirs. They cared about Alps, of that he was certain, but not to the extent that the queen did. The slave pressed himself against Nita tighter, letting his swelling masculinity brush up against her inner thigh. She nodded softly, gasping, as she pulled away from the kiss.

"Nita, I missed you so very much.." Alps panted softly, as he continued to harden, pressed against her thigh. His lover blushed, just slightly, and nodded.

"Alps... I want to hold you inside me... Long and slow. I want to feel you for as long as I can tonight... making love to me." Nita said, in a soft, feathery voice. "Just like this, holding each other, kissing... Please Alps?" she asked gently. Her slave gazed into her eyes lovingly. She did not even have to ask. Alps longed for the very same thing.

“You would have to... order me not to, if you had wished to prevent it, Nita.” Alps said, swallowing softly.

“Why would I even think of that?” Nita said, sliding her hand down, and squeezing Alps’ firm rump. His tail lifted, wagging over his lower back softly, as he looked at the beautiful lupine under him, her nipples perked tight against the satin and lace fabric of her nightgown. Alps was going to help her out of that light, senseless garment really soon.

“I am still your personal servant, love...” Alps said, having really not used such tender language with Nita before, but feeling like he should now. “I am your slave. I would do anything you asked of me...” he said. Nita blushed a bit and then smiled, pulling his hips forward, her hands cupping his rump, squeezing both cheeks fondly. She nodded as Alps leaned down, holding still against her for a moment, as her hands stroked and petted up and down his body.

Their lips met again, as a soft, heavy sigh of happiness and warmth escaped heavily from Nita’s flaring nostrils. She closed her eyes as she held her lover tight, and the white lupine began to stroke tongue over tongue again, a gentle dance to music that neither could hear in any place but their hearts. Alps felt a wash of warmth through him, as she kiss trailed off, with Nita slightly suckling his tongue as he pulled it away. He felt the warm, tingling sensation between his thighs, knowing he was already able to give Nita what she wanted, but wanting to feel her, fur to fur. He got up on his knees, Nita’s hands caressing his sides as he rose, and then cooing at the view of his solid erection, that pink shaft exactly what she was asking for. His queen sat up in that light blue nightgown, and wriggled a bit, so it wasn’t trapped under her rump. Alps was there before her, his knees between her thighs, as she sat there in front of him, supporting herself on one hand a moment, before putting both on his shoulders, her head touching his chest a moment. She smiled happily, sighing as she felt his careful fingers ensnare the bottom of her garment, and start to draw it up her body. She leaned back a little, raising her arms, as he took it off, and then, supporting herself on one hand, positioned behind her, she looked back up into Alps’ eyes.

The white slave saw more love in them than he had ever seen before. He felt glad that his relationship with her had not been harmed by his rash actions. He leaned in and kissed Nita softly between her ears and gasped as she felt a gentle, soft hand caress his length very slowly from base to tip. Again that caress came. Nita was petting him, sliding her careful, loving hand up his length, and then back down, in almost a worshipping fashion. Her eyes were fixed on it, her head leaning down a bit, ears splaying against his chest.

“You are beautiful, Alps...” Nita said slowly, as she used one hand to slowly and tenderly caress his manhood. Alps blushed, and quivered a bit. For

all the things anyone had done to him sexually, no one had said something like that to him. He was not quite sure how to take it. He kissed the back of Nita's head again, as she remained sitting up, in front of Alps. He lowered his hips a bit, to let her lean forward a bit more. In doing so, she didn't have to support herself with her other hand, and brought it to his sac, cupping it in his hand carefully, her eyes narrowed with tenderness and happiness. Her slave closed his own eyes, bringing his hands to the queen's ears and head, caressing her slowly as she made him harder with her fond, careful touches. She cupped and held his sac with almost feathery tenderness, and then her hand caressed and touched over his length, occasionally giving a brief squeezes. Finally, one of her fond squeezes resulted in a bead of pre rolling down his pink, hard shaft. Nita smiled, inhaling a deep, shuddering breath, and leaning forward a bit more, her tongue slipped from her muzzle and swiped away that salty lover's confection. Alps shivered a bit.

"Feels... so perfect..." he said, not sure of anything he could say to really describe how he was feeling now. It was the best way he could even think to describe his emotions and his sensations.

"I have thought of you every night... for so long Alps. To hold you again..." Nita shivered a bit in happiness. Alps caressed her head again, sitting on his feet, his knees holding only half his weight, making him a bit more comfortable, as Nita propped her feet up a bit, her thighs still parted around Alps' knees. The queen's hand slid around Alps, caressing the small of his back carefully as Alps watched her through half closed eyes. She used her hand against Alps' back to pull her forward a bit more, and her muzzle slid down his shaft, rewarding the queen with a heady trickle of pre, the first really passionate dose of it for the night. Her lover swallowed loudly, and released a long, shuddering sigh. No one else made him feel like this.

Nita pushed her head down a little, taking about half his length into her hot, silky mouth, her tongue sliding up and down the underside of it slowly, as if petting the same way her hands had been doing. She continued to fondle his sack with her other hand, as she held his back gently. Finally, she slid the hand on her back down to Alps' rump, lifting him up slowly and carefully, to his knees in front of her, making him easier to reach. The male closed his eyes tightly with pleasure, trembling as he felt Nita's head slide forward, over his shaft, and the tip of his tapered member touch the back of her throat. Her nose pressed to the fur at the base of his throbbing flesh. She had all of it. Alps groaned very softly, under his breath, caressing his lover's ears as she slowly drew back, swallowing against his tip, before suckling hard, and sliding him, with some effort, slowly from her muzzle and taking him back in. Her jaw slackened a little, releasing him so he slid across her tongue, and then suckling again, pulling away very gently. The slave looked at her face, as she opened her eyes, looking up at him.

Those eyes, violet like his own, were filled with as much love as she must

have seen in his eyes. She used her hand on his rump, squeezing, to pull him forward as she sat in front of him and her other caressing and fondling his sack, rolling his heavy, rapidly filling orbs in her warm, velvety hand. The slave felt his legs contract slowly from the tingling pleasure massaging up and down his spine and warmth flowing through his entire body. His queen drew her head back fully, opening her mouth, and leaving it opened as she used the hand that had been caressing his warm sac to slide slowly and gently up and down his ridged pink shaft, wet with her saliva so it had little friction against her slender, loving hands. She watched Alps' face, and the male watched hers, eyes locked as she slipped her hand slowly up and down, until her slave watched a clear dollop of his salty pre drip thickly against her tongue, making him shiver. She closed her mouth and closed her eyes, swallowing with deep satisfaction, and then shuddering herself. Nita let Alps' shaft go as she smiled at her lover and lay down on her back, her arms out at her side, sprawled on the bed.

"Nita... I think you are the most beautiful sight in all of Amani... Nothing can ever make me feel the way you do, when I look at you... laying there so lovely before me." Alps said, wanting to match her compliment, now that she had stopped that heavenly pleasure and he could talk again.

"Come to me Alps..." She said softly. "I want to feel you." Alps lowered himself over Nita, but did not give himself to her right away. He kissed her, tasting his own pre, still lingering on her tongue, despite her attempts to swallow it all down. She kissed Alps again, long and slow, her tongue sliding over his eagerly, as they pressed close together. Alps could feel the heat rising from Nita's mound, as her desire continued to build. Her emotions were setting fires through her body that only one thing could quench. Her slave slowly slid down her body, and began to carefully and tenderly lick her firm nipples, which were almost absurdly hard in her deep arousal. She arched her back a bit, and pressed Alps' head with her hand harder against her ample, firm breast. He felt her other hand slide down, and scratch softly back and forth over his lower back, dragging her nails up his back from time to time in a coaxing fashion, wanting him to take her. Wanting him inside her.

Alps moved to the opposite breast, licking the nipple slowly, before pulling it into his hot muzzle, and suckling softly. Nita shivered a bit, and released a long, slow whine. He lifted his head, looking into her pleased face.

"Nita..." he said softly. She opened her eyes, just a little, inhaling and exhaling slowly and deeply.

"Yes?" she asked softly. She put both her hands on Alps' sides, pulling at him, wanting him.

"Before... I give myself to you long and slow, as you desire... as I desire... I want to have the honor and joy of tasting you, as you did me." he said. Alps had

long ago learned to enjoy that, since it had initially pleased Nidaja, and continued to please anyone he did that to. His mistress, and true lover, he felt deserved to be pleased the most, though. Nita swallowed, shuddering softly.

“Okay... Alps.” she said, looking down her body, as he got onto his hands and knees, gazing at his twitching shaft. “Just, please don’t do it for too long. The way I feel right now, I would not last very long... And I want to have you inside me when it happens.” she said very softly, almost in a whisper, blushing a little. Alps nodded, smiling warmly to her, as he slowly slid down her body. Nita’s scent was incredibly strong as her desire was, perhaps, more than it had ever been. She felt she’d lost Alps, and now he was here again, making love to her. Here after a month of being worse than dead.

The slave moved his muzzle between her legs, her thighs spread apart wide for her lover, wanting to let him take what it was he needed so badly. Alps looked at her feminine treasure. The white lupine gazed at her velvety mound, framed in her lovely green fur, hot with anticipation. Her labia were already parted, those swollen lips showing the intensity of her arousal by being almost red instead of pink. Her tiny, slightly hard nub peeked from between them, positioned toward the front of her body, nestled in that tight slit. Alps had not really taken so long to look, but he found this beautiful to, and deserving of something special. He leaned in close and spoke softly over her sex, making her quiver, holding her chest with both hands. He let her feel his hot breath over the focus of every nerve in her body right now.

“I want to always be here, Nita... holding you and loving you.” Alps said, meaning it with every fiber of his being. With that, he kissed her, right on those dewy wet lips, her labia spreading against his muzzle as he kissed her no different than he had a moment ago, tongue caressing tongue. This time, there was no tongue to caress back against his, but he used his long pink satiny muscle anyway, sliding it slowly inside Nita’s tight tunnel. Her taste was exquisite, and her nectar made him far lighter headed than that Letai wine. Slightly tangy, a little sweet, a taste Alps memorized long ago and fell in love with. He turned his head, and pressed his tongue in, listening to Nita gasp slowly, arching her back as he hooked it and touched that special little spot, tapping it sweetly and lovingly with the tip, before cupping against her inner wall with that ribbon of flesh, and drawing her juices, pooled against it, from her sex. The full length of his tongue slid tightly over her clit in that single heated motion.

“Oh! Alps, please, no more!” Nita squeaked, trembling. Alps lifted his head, watching her, as she lay before him, her feet planted against the bed, legs spread, her head back, teeth gritted, eyes half open, strained in pleasure, and hands firmly gripping the sheets behind her hips. Alps nodded slowly, and crawled over Nita delicately. She looked up into his eyes, as he held himself above her, her hands caressing his chest slowly, her touch still carrying all the love she felt for Alps. He closed his eyes with a soft shiver as he felt a chill of

longing run down his spine, and Nita crooned, as a streak of warm, wet pre traced a line down her tummy, right to her firm, hot mound.

“Are you ready, Beloved?” Alps asked softly. He just wanted to hear her voice. He wanted to hear her say yes. It was such a sweet word from Nita’s beautiful lips.

“Yes, my love.” she said with a soft shiver. Alps’ heart jumped at her words. My love. All the love he felt, he could only express in his next action. His hips lowered, and his knees parted and drew forward against Nita’s thighs, slightly embracing her as he slid his hands under her arms, and then back up over her shoulders, letting her shoulder blades rest on his forearms. This allowed him to hold her close, pressing her round, firm breasts to his warm chest so she could feel his heart beating against her warm body. His lips found hers, and he gave her a taste of her own tart sex. Nita savored it, simply because it was being given to her by Alps. The white lupine slave held her tight, kissing her for a while, before he lifted his head up, gazing into the queen’s eyes lovingly, and saying, slowly, confidently, with tingling emotion running up and down his spine,

“Nita... I love you.” Nita closed her eyes as he said that, twin streaks of wetness over her cheeks as tears of happiness slipped from the corners of her eyes. Alps kissed her again, and she squeaked out, trembling,

“I love you too, Alps.” and with her words, her tender admission of Alps’ happiest dream, he pressed his hips forward, his masculinity squeezing between her tight, quivering labia, finally held tight inside her. Two strokes found Alps completely pressed into her, his hips tight against hers. The slave groaned deeply, shuddering from the heat that coursed through his trembling body. Nita had her eyes shut tight as he pressed into her, filling more than just a physical space within her body. She heated up fast, while Alps held her, perfectly still. She trembled softly, emotions and sexual sensation tearing at her mind. The slave smiled lovingly and brought his lips to Nita’s, slipping his tongue into her mouth again to let her savor a deep and sensual kiss to go along with the way she was being so deeply filled. As he kissed her, Nita released a long, loud, shuddering whimper through her nose, and Alps felt her tighten HARD on his shaft.

He held the kiss as Nita climaxed, without a single motion, just in feeling full, and being kissed. It wasn’t a terribly intense climax, but it left her shivering with sensation from it, her nectar making her lover’s sack wet and warm as it rested against her quivering, convulsing cunny. Alps finally released Nita from the kiss, and she panted softly, shaking, finally looking up into his eyes again. He lowered his chest against hers tightly, hugging her tight as very slowly, very tenderly, he began to stroke against her, his hips sliding back a few inches, then slowly forward, letting him feel her tightly clenching walls pull and suckle on his

hot, throbbing length. He could not remember ever being so hard, so swollen with need. His heart was pounding, and he felt a slow sinking sensation in his chest of anxiousness. He lowered his head over Nita's shoulder, and listened to the sweet sounds which passed her lips as he slipped his length slowly, so slowly and lovingly, in and out of her longingly accepting body. She was so incredibly wet now, and so tight as she lingered on the edge of climax with every slow stroke of her slave's hips.

"Let yourself go, Nita..." Alps said, making her gasp, "Don't hold back... I love to hear the sound of your happiness, and know that you feel so wonderful. Let it happen... I'll feel really wonderful really soon... right there with you, I promise." he whispered into her ear. The queen shuddered heavily, and then released along, low moan as Alps began to thrust deeper, still slow, but drawing himself almost all the way out, and pushing back in fully. After just a few strokes like this, Nita squeaked loudly, and dug her nails into Alps' rump, making him hold still, as he felt her inner walls flutter hotly around his shaft. Searing wetness poured down his sac again, into the sheets, spilling over the base of her tail, as the queen floated through another sweet sexual release in Alps' arms. She had her eyes closed tightly.

"Don't stop... Oh don't stop!" Nita whimpered, as Alps held still to let her enjoy her orgasm. "Go slow..." she said. Alps nodded, and he continued to stroke in those long, slow strokes. Had he been going at a brisk pace, Alps would have lost it long before, but even at this slow, gentle pace, because of his intense emotions and the tightness of Nita's trembling body, he could feel himself getting closer. She panted hotly against Alps as he stroked against her so slow and tenderly, his length sliding in and out with an even rhythm, his hips lurching upward and grinding against hers on occasion as his own body began to quiver with impending release. Nita tensed up again, gasping, and crying out loudly! It was the first hard cry he'd heard from her since he started, and she squeezed his shaft again, tightly.

Her lover continued to go however, with those long, smooth strokes finding it hard to push into her now, as she clenched him tightly inside. She cried out again, her body shaking, as Alps felt the heat beginning to boil inside him. He slowed down a little more, wanting to prolong this. She continued to pant, kissing his neck, licking his cheek from time to time, as the hot queen writhed softly underneath him. He pressed in as deep as he could, groaning as he felt his sack start to draw up against his body.

"Nita... I'm starting to get close, beloved..." he said, his eyes closing, panting rising in his voice. He swallowed against his dry tongue, and leaned forward, trembling as he felt Nita's mouth on his throat, biting very faintly, tenderly with heat and love.

"Yes... Now! Let yourself go as fast as you want!" Nita whimpered, holding

Alps' rump, her hands clasping tightly, as he pressed in deep again. Alps held the queen tight to his chest, as he began to use long but brisk strokes, listening to Nita gasp with each motion. He opened his eyes looking into hers, and the queen's eyes opened too, filled with love and lust together. She gritted her teeth, panting through them, arching her back with Alps' more passionate strokes. Her hard gasps were accompanied by a tight squeeze of her sex, which Alps timed so that pressing in was easy, but pulling out made him feel like he was being suckled hard by her shaking body. The queen moved her hands to Alps' shoulders, and wrapped her legs around his waist. She then just threw her head back, releasing a long, plaintive, begging, echoing howl in a beautiful crystal tone.

Alps pushed her through her climax, feeling his own approaching, listening to her sharp, happy barks of pleasure, everything making her own climax harder and longer as he rutted against her. Alps wanted to say something to Nita. He wanted to tell her how he felt, but through his heavy panting, and soft, ever increasing moans of pleasure, he couldn't. Finally, his body tightened, and he pressed in deeply, crying out his lover's simple, beautiful name. He listened to her squeal again, clamping tight on his shaft as he flinched and spasmed over his queen, sending rich, thick jets of his hot essence deep inside her, feeling it well within her tight walls as he pressed into her tighter still.

Nita's arms wrapped tight around his back, holding him in place as she sobbed with severe physical and emotional release. Alps grunted softly, and groaned loudly, before all became quiet and still, heavily panting bodies pressed together, the slave's head over Nita's shoulder as she whimpered with lingering pleasure into his ears. This caused him to tense once in a while, jetting the occasional left over pulse of thick, hot seed into her softly shivering body. They held one another for an exceedingly long time, just resting, petting each other, and kissing one other, whispering soft admissions of love. Finally, Nita spoke a little louder, to get her slave's attention.

"Alps?" she asked softly.

"Yes, love?" the white lupine replied tenderly, still a bit out of breath, and still intimately held tight inside his queen.

"You said... you were still my slave... yes?" she asked. Alps lifted his head, looking warmly into her eyes.

"Yes... I am. I am happily your slave, and will always want to know the joy of being subject to your will. I am your slave now by choice, beloved, to do anything you desire, and be anything you wish me to be. This is the reward I wanted for myself." he said, wagging his tail slowly and weakly.

"That you have to do anything I tell you to... Anything I want you to." she

said softly, looking deep into his eyes, filled with earnest love and devotion.

“Yes, Beloved, I did mean that with every part of my heart. I will follow any order you give me to the very end. This is the trust and happiness I have in your service, my mistress. My queen. My love.” he said, his voice softer and deeper than normal as he spoke very willfully, a trait he had found he could only really share with her.

“Alps...” she said slowly, inhaling deeply.

“Yes love?” Alps asked curiously.

“I want you to marry me.”